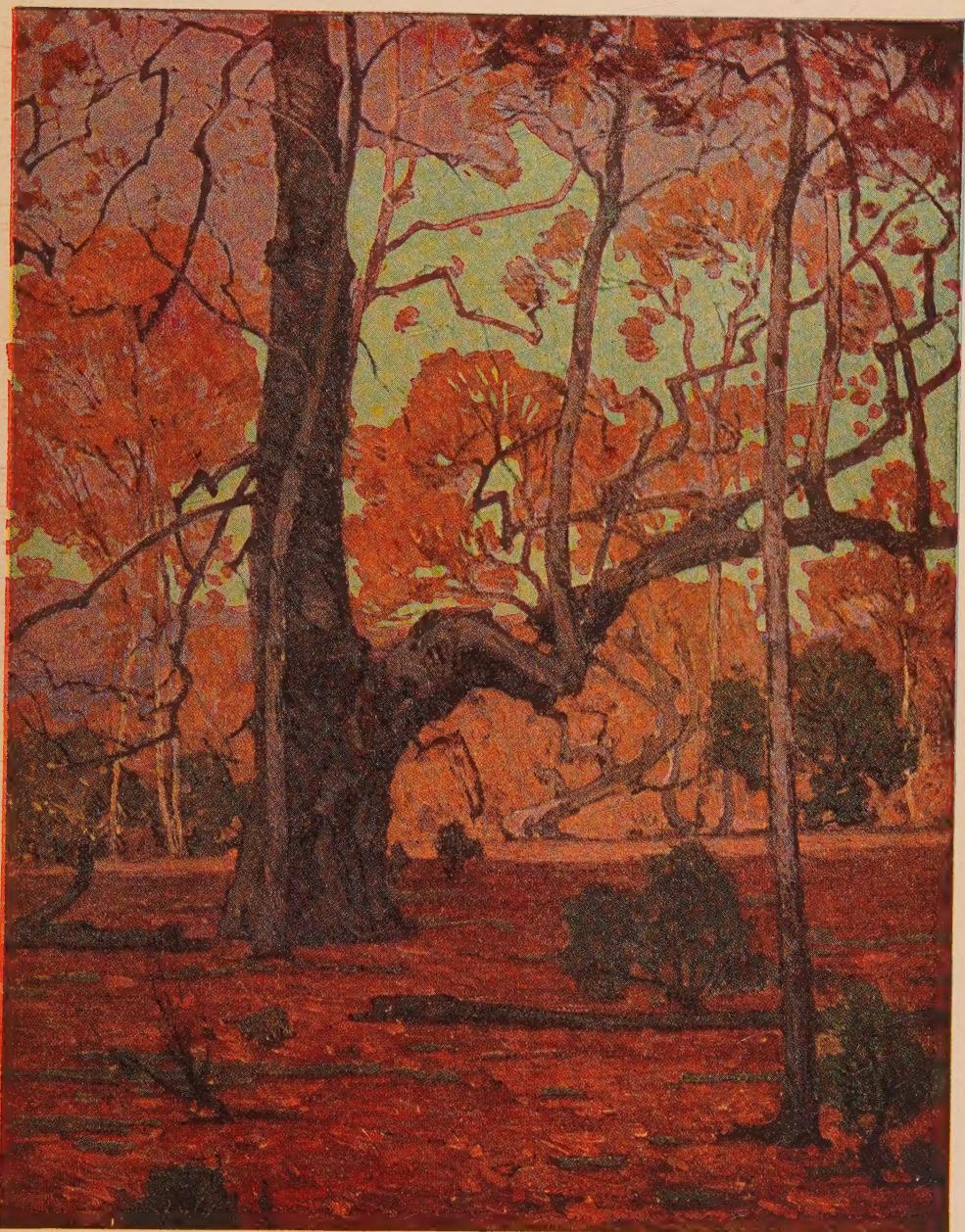
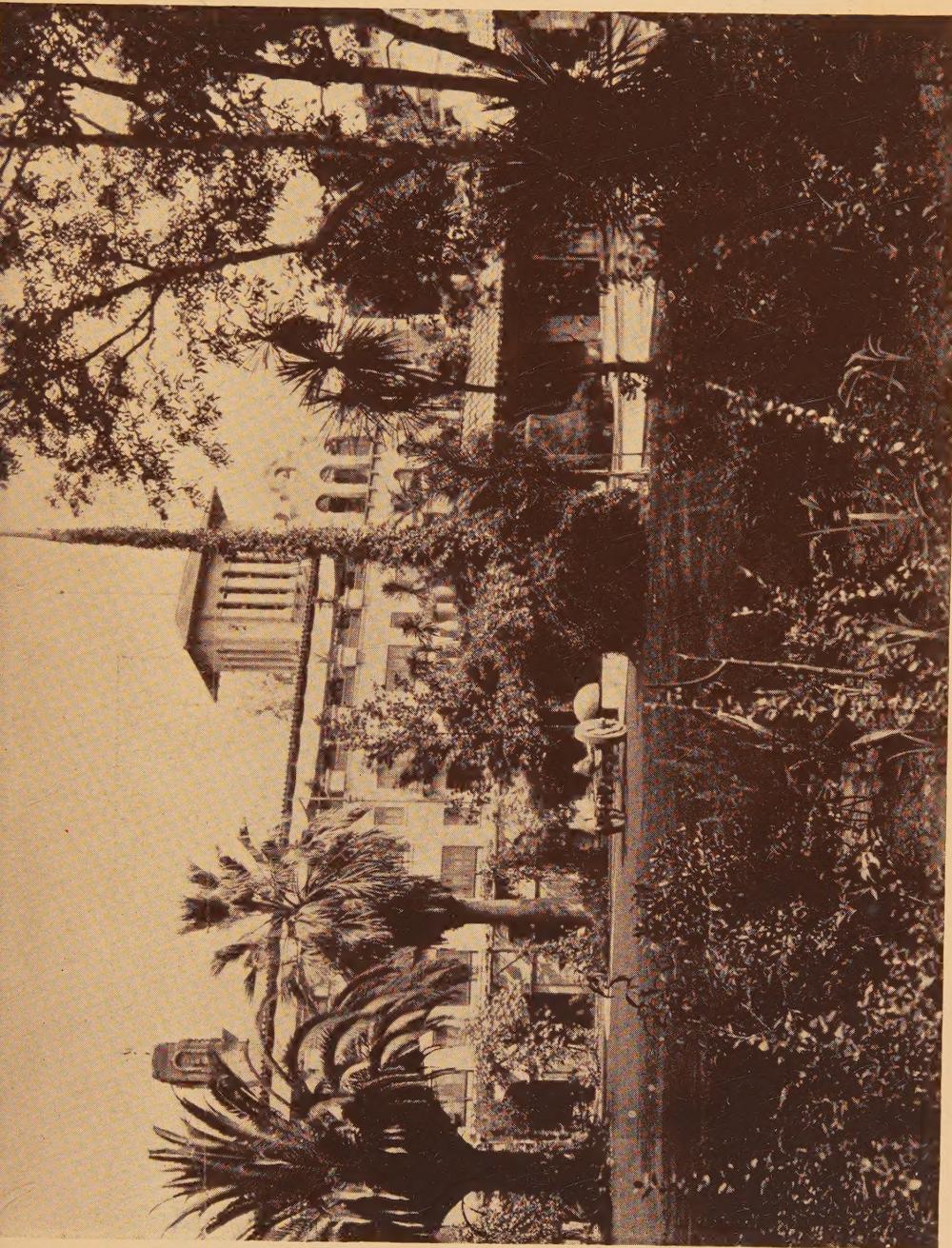


25
D. Taylor Young
5/5/28



Patriarchs of the Grove, by William Wendt—Stendahl Galleries.



One of the truly romantic spots in all the romantic Southland is at the Mission Inn in Riverside.



Mount Whitney—Paul Lauritz.



A Southland Canyon—John Frost.

THE ROMANTIC SOUTHLAND OF CALIFORNIA

INCLUDING ALL OF THE REGION LYING
SOUTH OF SANTA BARBARA AND
BAKERSFIELD TO THE MEXICO LINE
WITH MORE THAN 1,000 CALIFORNIA
PLACE NAMES DEFINED

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The Romantic Southland of California

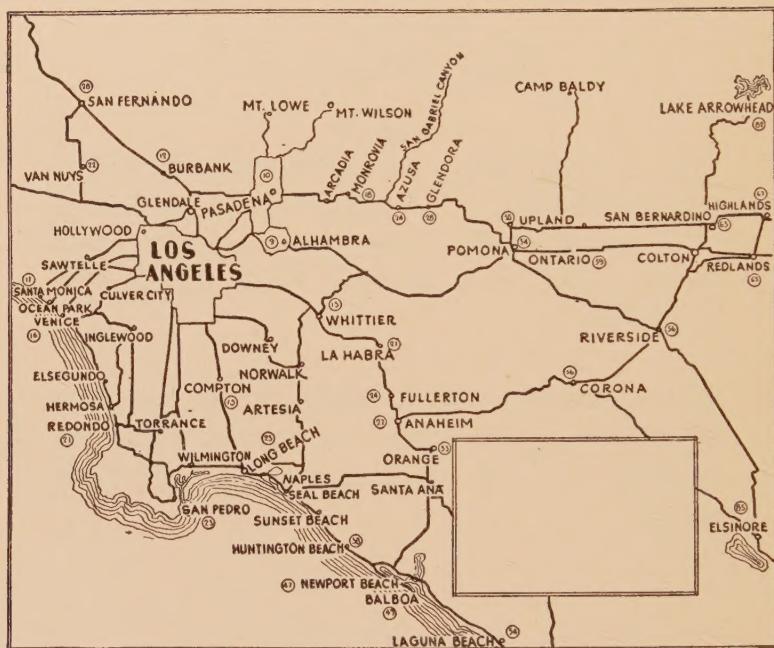
PREPARED BY
MARSHALL BREEDEN

WHO WROTE
CALIFORNIA, All of It

LOS ANGELES, is a magnificent collection of individual centers. These once outlying clusters of stores and homes have grown until, meeting on all sides, have formed THE CITY OF TOWNS.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, is a place where young folks need pay no attention to the weather, and old people can keep their shins warm.

Los Angeles
The Kenmore Publishing Co.
1928



The great heart of the romantic Southland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

IT WAS my intention to give my authorities in full, but I find that the names of some of them have been lost. However, I wish to give myself the pleasure to mention those writers and publications from which I helped myself most bounteously.

Therefore, to the following I give cheerful and grateful acknowledgment for their assistance:

Mr. Norman Sprowl, Mr. Norman Clyde, Mr. Fred Archer, Mr. Philip Johnston, Mrs. Margaret Romer, Mr. Phil T. Hanna, and others.

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The California Place names, as given, are the usually accepted definitions. I am aware that some may find fault with some of them, because it seems to be practically impossible to find authorities who all agree upon the meaning of various place names.

The illustrations are from many sources, including the Standahl Art Galleries, the Palos Verdes Estates, Chambers of Commerce, and those showing specific places.

I am therefore proud and glad to give full credit to every source from which I secured information which, gathered together, has made this book possible.

MARSHALL BREEDEN.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Twilight in Los Angeles.....	10
I.	This Romantic Land.....	11
II.	The City of Towns.....	14
III.	Crowds	18
IV.	About Some Hotels.....	25
V.	More Interesting Places.....	30
VI.	California Missions.....	36
VII.	The Mission Play.....	41
VIII.	Easter Services.....	59
IX.	Hollywood Bowl.....	62
X.	The Pilgrimage Play.....	66
XI.	The Streets of Hollywood.....	68
XII.	In a Movie Theatre.....	73
XIII.	The Wampas.....	78
XIV.	A Vaudeville Benefit.....	84
XV.	Two Sides to Hollywood.....	90
XVI.	The Magic Island of Santa Catalina.....	95
XVII.	A Trip to Mt. Lowe.....	101
XVIII.	The Beaches.....	105
XIX.	To the Rim of the World.....	110
XX.	The Orange Shows.....	114
XXI.	Riverside, Redlands, San Bernardino.....	120
XXII.	Santa Ana, Orange, Anaheim.....	127
XXIII.	Pomona and San Gabriel Valleys.....	131
XXIV.	Long Beach, San Pedro.....	140
XXV.	Glendale, San Fernando, Burbank.....	145
XXVI.	Santa Barbara, Ventura, Ojai.....	149
XXVII.	San Diego, La Jolla, Point Loma.....	157
XXVIII.	Pasadena, Our Lady of the Crown.....	163
XXIX.	Bakersfield and Taft, via Kern County and the Grape Vine.....	170
XXX.	Beverly Hills.....	179
XXXI.	California Place Names Defined.....	184

OUTLINE MAPS

PAGE	
4	The Heart of The Romantic Southland.....
58	The High Sierra Country.....
61	Coast Highway to San Diego.....
67	Pre-Historic Relics of the Southwest.....
72	County Map of California.....
83	The Imperial Valley.....
94	Highways to Bakersfield.....
94	Highways to Santa Barbara.....
104	Cities That Passed in the Night.....
107	Old Time Stage Routes.....
132	The High Sierras.....
139	Orange County.....
144	Outline Map of California.....
169	Yosemite-Sequoia Sierra Highway.....
178	San Joaquin Valley.....

ILLUSTRATIONS

FULL COLOR

The Stairway of Romance—Jacket.
Blossom Time in the San Fernando—Standard Oil Bulletin—Front End Page.
Patriarchs of the Grove, by William Wendt—Standahl Galleries—Front End Page.
Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles—Rear End Page.
A Mountain Lake—Standard Oil Bulletin—Rear End Page.

IN COLOR TINTS

Los Angeles City Hall—Cover Jacket.
The Mission Inn at Riverside—First Section.
Mount Whitney, by Maul Lauritz—Standahl Galleries—First Section.
A Southland Canyon, by John Frost—Standahl Galleries—First Section.
First National Studios at Burbank—First Section.
Where the Land Ends and the Sea Begins—First Section.
The Bowl of Hollywood on Easter Morning—Second Section.
Outdoor Pipe Organ in Balboa Park, San Diego—Second Section.
Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist—Second Section.
Los Angeles Public Library—Second Section.
Stately Homes Built Amid Stately Eucalypti—Second Section.
A Southland Wharf—Third Section.
Oil Derricks—Third Section.
Land and Sea—Third Section.
Egyptian Motion Picture Theatre, Hollywood—Third Section.
Glass Bottom Boat at Avalon—Third Section.
Mission Play House at San Gabriel—Fourth Section.
Founding of a Mission—Fourth Section.
Easter Services on Mt. Rubidoux, at Riverside—Fourth Section.
Hollywood Bowl Concert—Fourth Section.
Universal City—Fifth Section.
Harbor District at San Pedro—Fifth Section.
A Southland Country Club—Fifth Section.
Christie Comedy Set, Hollywood—Fifth Section.
Dining Room at the Mission Inn, Riverside—Fifth Section.
St. Paul's Church, Episcopal, Los Angeles—Sixth Section.
Mount Lowe—Sixth Section.
A Southland Patio, by David Lauszky—Standahl Galleries—Sixth Section.
A Golf Vista—Sixth Section.
Street in Spain, at Santa Barbara—Sixth Section.
Exterior First National Picture Studio, Burbank—Seventh Section.
Chinese Theatre in Hollywood—Seventh Section.
La Mirada Picture Theatre, Hollywood—Seventh Section.
Spanish Type Homes—Seventh Section.
El Monte High School—Eighth Section.
A Mission Yard—Eighth Section.
Warner Bros. Motion and Talking Picture Studio, Hollywood—Eighth Section.
A Ventura Patio—Eighth Section.
A Southland Church—Eighth Section.

Lobero Theatre, Santa Barbara—Ninth Section.
A California Autumn, by Paul Lauritz—Stendahl Galleries—Ninth Section.
Nature's Teachings, by William Wendt—Stendahl Galleries—Ninth Section.
A Santa Ana Home—Ninth Section.
Harbor at Avalon—Ninth Section.
De Mille Studio, at Culver City—Tenth Section.
A Hillside Home—Tenth Section.
Sailing the Channel—Tenth Section.
Galleria of the Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles—Tenth Section.
Towering Pines, by William Wendt—Stendahl Galleries—Tenth Section.
Pasadena Home Garden—Eleventh Section.
Looking Over the World—Eleventh Section.
Home of a Motion Picture Producer, Beverly Hills—Eleventh Section.
Stairway of the Padres at Old San Gabriel—Eleventh Section.
Sailing the Southland Deep—Twelfth Section.
Mission Vista—Twelfth Section.
Mack Sennett Original Studios—Twelfth Section.
An Outdoor Pool—Twelfth Section.
El Portal Motion Picture Theatre at Lankershim—Thirteenth Section.
Carthay Circle Theatre, Carthay Center—Thirteenth Section.
Sand Dunes Along the Way, by Guy Rose—Stendahl Galleries—Thirteenth Section.
Changing Horse, by Frank Tinney Johnson—Stendahl Galleries—Thirteenth Section.
The Malibu—Thirteenth Section.
Where Drake, Dana and Cabrillo Once Sailed—Fourteenth Section.
Palos Verdes Public School—Fourteenth Section.
Rocks in the Mojave—Fourteenth Section.
An Orange County Oak—Fourteenth Section.
A Hollywood Hillside Home—Fifteenth Section.
Avalon Bay—Fifteenth Section.
The Trail from Redlands—Fifteenth Section.
Street in San Bernardino—Fifteenth Section.
Trees and the Mother Mountains—Sixteenth Section.
Rocks Along the Shore, by Guy Rose—Stendahl Galleries—Sixteenth Section.
The Night Comes—Sixteenth Section.
A Desert Rock, by Gilbert Groll—Stendahl Galleries—Sixteenth Section.
Southland Breakers, by Paul Lauritz—Stendahl Galleries—Sixteenth Section.
Rocks Into the Sea, by Guy Rose—Stendahl Galleries—Sixteenth Section.
The Del Mar Coast, by Conrad Buff—Stendahl Galleries—Sixteenth Section.
Hills, by William Wendt—Stendahl Galleries—Sixteenth Section.

TWILIGHT IN LOS ANGELES



*The hills of Hollywood, turned purple-gray
Against the gold sky of a waning day,
Seem, like a wall'd fortress, to enclose
The city of the Angels in repose.*

*Anon, the never-failing evening breeze
Is whispering softly to the pepper trees,
Which, shivering with unrestrained delight,
Anticipate the near-approaching night.*

*The stately groves of eucalytus show
Black, against the paling amber glow;
While lawns, once parched, take on a greener hue
Of emeralds and diamonds, with the dew.*

*Afar across the city's wide expanse,
A thousand twinkling lights begin to dance;
And then, a thousand more, while as you gaze,
The whole horizon seems to be ablaze!*

*The eager, roaring traffic homeward pours,
Emptying its weary burden at the doors
Of hill-side home or Spanish bungalow,
Italian villa, cottage, studio.*

*Too brief the magic hour of twilight, soon
Aloft the sky appears the yellow moon;
Too soon the spell is gone, again the blare
Of traffic rends the stillness of the air.*

—Daisy C. Breeden.

CHAPTER I

THIS ROMANTIC LAND

There was a time, and it is within the life span of some of us, when the streets of Los Angeles did not exist or, existing, consisted only of narrow lanes or openings devoid of improvement, empty and bare. There was a time when nothing disturbed the solitude of this fair and bounteous land but the gentle breeze in the weeds, the calls of the birds, and the occasional voice of an Indian or a Spanish Californian. It was then that the same lovely nature smiled upon the land and commercial activities were practically unknown. Flour made from their own wheat, or from wild grains, juice from their grapes, water from the rivers, beef from the steers roaming at will, was sufficient. An occasional rodeo, bull feast, many festivals, fiestas and dancing carnivals occupied time not otherwise spent in siestas.

But in less than half of a century all of this mode of life was changed. No longer does the Spanish Don court his lady in the quiet of the star-lit nights, to the soft music of his guitar; no longer does the crooning sound of the pigeon call unto its mate in the scarlet morning. Indeed, save for the Spanish influence found in some of the buildings and homes, progress has so completely changed the old Los Angeles that was, into the bustling city that is, that scarcely anything is left, except the sunshine and the soil, and even they are somewhat changed. No longer are the fields occasionally ornamented and enlivened by the passing of horsemen and carriages. Instead, the fields are now covered with buildings and hard cement, and the traffic, once so beautifully slow and sedately restful, is now so dense as to require safety traffic signals on almost every

prominent corner from San Fernando to the other extremity of the city at San Pedro.

On Seventh street window glimpses give intriguing flashes of interior decorators, haberdashers, artists, banks, garages, millinery, jewelry, antiques, garments, and silverware. The wealth of Seventh street is enormous, its power west of Broadway almost supreme. Here are the smaller retail establishments, catering to an exclusive clientele, displaying attractive merchandise to please the rich woman or moving picture star. Every market of the earth is scoured to bring the treasures of the world and give them the proper setting in the windows. Here also are the show rooms of the automobile dealers overflowing from Figueroa street, each offering service, each enticing the buyer to invest in a better machine, and here are some lesser stores, offering things similar to those found in the grander establishments at less cost.

Yes, times have changed since the first Americans toiled over the barren lands of Southern California, drove their stakes into the sand and spread the hides of the buffalo for their beds. Around them, then, the loneliness of unsettled lands, cracking and sighing, and an occasional sea bird's melancholy cries to break the stillness. Now on this expanse of favored lands has risen a city of surprising loveliness and splendor. Great ships lie at anchor in its harbor, business streets are bustling with commerce, magnificent with pomp, resident avenues are lined with eucalyptus, evergreens, palms, orange, and cypress trees, and with homes like palaces set in the green of gardens leading back to the doorways and around to the inevitable garage.

This is the land which was taken from the native Indians by the conquering Spanish coming up from the south through old Mexico and Arizona; then taken again from the Spanish by the Americans, and lastly taken from the Americans by the peoples of all nations, creeds and ideas . . . world people! It was the province of Southern California to shake itself free from the individual rule or influence of any nationality, and

to crown a monarch of its own. This ruler is the composite individual of all nations, the best of each, in art, literature, agriculture, business, and finance, with pure genius, strong backs and willing hands, each helping to create a new standard of civilization and culture.

In this city now, the automobile, street car, and pedestrian traffic flows in ever increasing density. In the winter time of the year, when, within a scant hundred miles inland, people venture abroad only when covered in furs and woolens; at a time when five or six tons of coal are considered the minimum for an ordinary household; when scarcely an open motor car dares brave the tempest or the still, cruel cold, here is a city in which every individual goes abroad in lighter garments, and has little need for even the half-weight overcoats many carry; in which scarcely a house possesses a coal burning furnace; in which boys wade in the lakes or the sea, or row with indolent oars in open boats, and afterwards carry their coats on their arms as they speed homeward in open electric cars or motors; in which ladies dress in the light colors and materials of spring, and in which flowers are blooming, insects buzzing and vegetables ripening in the warm soil.

CHAPTER II

THE CITY OF TOWNS

When the crops are harvested and the rains are due, Los Angeles welcomes the world with noisy mirth. It is then that the moving picture balls, fetes, and benefits, the Shrine dances, public Christmas trees, and many great indoor gatherings are held. Then, also, the Rose Carnival at Pasadena, automobile shows and races; and State societies hold their meetings in the groves or at the shore. Gay banners festoon many streets, the early hours of the evenings are filled with local celebrations and street dances; where merchants' carnivals hold sway. And miles of foothill streets, lined with evergreens, are illuminated with red, blue, and yellow lights, while the protracted Christmas spirit bubbles joyously beneath.

And there is action in Filmland. The moving picture companies, bearing cameras, tents, sledges, dogs, and talking of doing "snow stuff," embark for the High Sierras or the San Bernardino Mountains, there to make pictures, presumably of the Northwest Mounted Police, Alaska, or of New York State and the Catskills, for the snow falls deep on the mountains within half a day's journey of this broad city of towns.

This romantic city is, by nature, provided with a flat, or slightly undulating terrain, and upon this favored site, the homes, buildings, and monuments of the city have been erected.

The City of Los Angeles is more than forty-five miles long, and is bounded by the Pacific Ocean, the Sierra Madre Mountains, the flats toward Long Beach and the citrus groves of Orange County. The city sometimes approaches and sometimes retires from its geographical center, leaving an average

breadth, if such a dimension can be given, of perhaps thirty miles. On the west and round both to the south and north lies the placid Pacific. Some of its waters lap the shores of Los Angeles, others run upon the sandy beaches of Santa Monica, Redondo, Surfridge, or dash upon the precipitous cliffs of Palos Verdes and the charming Malibu.

The soil upon which the city is built varies in many particulars. Sandy loam merges with stiff adobe, which becomes red or gray clay; black earth mingles with rocks and decomposed granite, and shifting sands change daily with the tides. Hills appear at frequent intervals; some of them are worthy of being classed as mountains, in the same sense that the low peaks of the Alleghanies are so classed, but none of them approximate the gigantic height of the Rockies. In the center of a broad valley between high hills on the north and northwest, and rolling hills giving way to flats and depressions on the other sides, lies the business heart of the city.

In the holiday season, Los Angeles experiences cool nights and medium warm days. In the Southern California spring, nights, except upon rare occasions, are balmy, albeit it is during this season that occasional frosts damage the orange groves, and the heavier rains come tumbling down in bucketsful from a sky overcast for days.

A small Indian village known as Yang-na first stood on the site of Los Angeles. The surrounding country was thickly wooded with cottonwoods, alders, willows, and sycamores. Their branches were festooned with wild grapes and gracefully hanging mosses and wild flowers were abundant.

The first white men to come upon Yang-na were Portola and his party. They were journeying northward in the summer of 1769, from the newly founded San Diego Mission, in search of Monterey Bay, which had been previously discovered and lost again. They reached the village on August 2. According to the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church, this was the day for the special observance of the Virgin Mary,

"Our Lady of the Angels." The party, therefore, remained to rest and commemorate the day with fitting ceremony. They camped a little distance from Yang-na and called the spot "Our Lady of the Angels."

Colonel Felipe de Neve later became governor of Alta California. He was a natural law-giver and ruler. Considering the time and the country, he showed marvelous wisdom, foresight and justice. He was kind and agreeable, yet a prudent leader. When De Neve first took office he found turmoil and disorder. The laws were few and vague. There was constant friction between church and civil authority. The executive, De Neve, immediately set about improving conditions.

When De Neve first saw "Our Lady of the Angels," he immediately decided upon it for the location of his southern pueblo. He submitted his recommendation to Carlos III, king of Spain. Carlos returned a formal regulation or order for the founding of the pueblo and commended De Neve for his energy and good judgment.

It was very difficult for De Neve to find desirable settlers for this new venture in a still newer country, because Spain had for years discouraged the simple industrial and agricultural classes in favor of the soldier class. It was to Captain Rivera, of Lower California, that De Neve assigned the task of gathering together the settlers. Rivera was to secure twenty-four families. They were to be healthy, strong and of good character and regular lives. Rivera was an excellent man for this work, but with all his efforts, he could not secure more than twelve of the twenty-four families that De Neve wanted, and one of them fell out before the party reached California. This left only eleven families, or forty-four souls to start the new enterprise.

In the meantime, at "Our Lady of the Angels," the plaza had been laid out and the building lots around it marked off. The original plaza lay north and a little west of the present one, overlapping it only on the northwest corner. It was laid out on the bias; that is, its four corners pointed to the four

A-24



Where motion pictures are made at the First National Studio in Burbank.



Where the land ends and the sea begins.



The Bowl of Hollywood during an Easter Morning Service.



The great outdoor pipe organ and stand in Balboa Park, San Diego. Located not more than twenty minutes ride from the U. S. Grant or the San Diego hotels.



Exterior, Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, on Normandie Avenue, Los Angeles.

cardinal points of the compass. This De Neve did to give sunshine to all four sides of the houses. The streets originally ran northeast and southwest and southeast and northwest.

September 4 was the day set for the founding ceremony. The settlers had arrived and the Indians of Yang-na were on hand to witness the spectacle.

An impressive processional was formed, with Governor De Neve at the head. Next came a detachment of soldiers bearing the banner of Spain; then the priests from San Gabriel with their Indian neophytes. The male settlers came next, followed by the women, who carried a banner with the Virgin Mary painted upon it. Lastly came the children, the future citizens of the pueblo. "The procession marched slowly and impressively around the plaza." The priest asked a blessing on the new pueblo. Next, Governor De Neve delivered a glowing address to the settlers. No copy of this speech has been preserved, but, knowing the nature of the man, it is quite certain that it was full of hope, encouragement, and good, sound advice. The priest then offered prayers and a benediction. "The ceremony was probably the most impressive that was ever held over the founding of an American city."

The town was that day christened, "El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reyna de Los Angeles," meaning the Town of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels.

CHAPTER III

CROWDS

Midnight finds the main streets nearly as thronged as does midday, but there is little or no pushing or crowding. The elbowing, driving, forcing strength of Chicago or New York is as yet lacking. Life is easier here, and it is taken easier in spite of the tremendous crush and urge for money and position. News vendors display their wares on the corners, offering papers from all cities and magazines of every sort, kind, and degree of pulchritude. Orange drink stands are scattered at frequent intervals, each presided over by a beautiful young lady, who perhaps came to dazzle the Film World and now is content to draw drinks from a crystal fountain. The voices of the streets are understandable; sounds of laughter, chatter, street cars, business conferences, syrens and policemen's whistles. Pantages Theatre disgorges its afternoon audience, and in the crowd streaming forth can be seen the fair Scandinavian with cheeks like the apple in its rosy bloom, the Mexican senorita with warm brown skin, and voluptuous, drowsy eyes; the mountain girl with lithe and undulating form, the grande dame with proud manner, looking here and there to see if by chance she is discovered by some of her social friends issuing from this vaudeville house; the moving picture extra girl, off for a holiday or perhaps watching herself flash on the film within, or the patient, middle-aged housewife, seeking an hour of relaxation from her arduous duties. Every sort, kind, color, size and shape of humanity gathers in the Los Angeles amusement centers.

Perhaps the best of all times for viewing the downtown spectacle of Los Angeles is as the sun sinks toward the distant

sea and begins to throw oblique shadows on the buildings. It is usually pleasantly warm in January, and comfortably cool in July, and people seem fond of walking, lounging, window-gazing, or just roaming after the middle of the day. At this time it is pleasant to be one of the crowd, with leisure to witness the passing of those who are compelled to hustle hither and yon in the chase for the elusive dollar, no less valuable here than elsewhere.

The corner of Seventh and Broadway is as advantageous a vantage spot from which to catch the lilt of the spirit of the magnificent city, as is any other place. On this corner, each angle is occupied by a great building, street cars are loading, unloading and turning in every direction. Four traffic officers are guiding, urging, slowing and controlling the dense foot and wheel traffic. It is a place where it seems as if most of the world must eventually pass. On this corner a senator, a governor, a general, a gambler, a truck driver, a lawyer, a dentist, or housewife is often of no more interest than a Japanese picture bride or a Hindu fakir; but let even one of the lesser moving picture stars attempt to pass, and instantly the senator, the governor, the general and all of the local universe jams the corner to catch a glimpse of the celluloid personage. For the capital city of the moving picture world is more crazy over the flickering favorites than any other region on the face of the earth.

When the noise of the fire wagon syrens blare above the roar of the multitude, the four traffic officers go into swift action. In a twinkling the crossings are cleared, and the great red engines race down a Broadway swept free of any obstructions. Instantly the last of them has passed, the flow of traffic plunges on and the street again becomes congested.

Los Angeles banks, especially those along Broadway, are as much like clubs as they are financial institutions. They are usually filled with clients, customers, loafers and visitors. Men from Arizona in high boots and ten-gallon hats, frock-coated men from the Eastern seaboard, soft shirted Mid-Westerners,

Southern gentlemen with goatees and flowing ties, an Indian or perhaps a few Hindus, several Japanese, many assorted women, children and an occasional prince of finance or business. They all seem to wander aimlessly about the vast marble foyers, stand in front of the many cages, lounge over the railing at the executives' desks or write on the tablets strewn on the counters, read newspapers, books, use the battery of telephones, or just stand around, looking. Some are in groups, telling yarns or bargaining for real estate, others exchanging news or swapping corner lots, others staring from the windows at the passing throng, always two or three special policemen in gray sauntering alertly through the lobby, watching everything and saying nothing. With scarcely a sound, great armored motor cars drive up. Two or three men armed with shotguns or repeating rifles jump out, a sack or box of money is taken within the bank, while as many passersby as possibly can, peer into the depths of the armored car to see what it looks like inside.

Strolling along Broadway, means rubbing shoulders with Gentiles, Jews, sinners, saints and jazz babies, gathered from many quarters of the earth, each making the city in his own way. This crowded thoroughfare was once known as Fort Street, where the song of the Spanish Caballero, the tinkle of the guitar, the patter of the dancing feet of sloe-eyed senoritas, and the clink of heavy spurs of the Vaqueros delighted the quiet air. Once this street was a grass-grown pasture, peopled only by Indians and native Californians, or the first new-coming Americans; where the birds had nestled in the palms and cypress, and pigeons found their grain in the wheat fields, now forever covered with buildings. But Fort Street has now become Broadway, and Broadway resembles Fort Street in not a single particular except perhaps that both run mostly North and South. And yet, it is almost safe to say that the oldest building on Broadway is younger than the Brooklyn Bridge.

The tall buildings occupying Broadway are filled with stores, shops, and theatres. In the early evening, or late after-

noon, when some of the window lights come on, half of the buildings are already plunged into darkness, while the cornices which adorn the structures above are drowned in a splendor of sunlight. The light-posts standing at frequent intervals at the curbs cast their long shadows on the pavements. So great indeed are the numbers of these metal columns, each surmounted by a cluster of lights, that Broadway is light as day when all are illuminated. There are no telegraph poles, and, save only for the trolley wires, the space above the pavements is free from any unsightly obstruction, except when some moving-picture house spreads a banner over the street. The buildings running North proceed in an orderly, dignified manner until they are lost in the massive outlines of the Hall of Records, City Hall and the Broadway tunnel. Southward the buildings end at a flatiron corner occupied by a three-story structure with a gay electric sign on its top. Northward from Seventh, the business houses of Broadway gradually disintegrate until, after passing Third Street, the establishments are perhaps to be classed as being in the popular grade, as the popular grade is known on Spring Street, but higher than those on Main Street. South from the same corner, the stores perk up a bit, newer, more garish and modern. Westward begins the triumphant march of the new retail center, and eastward shows the start of the wholesale and manufacturing section, which has its main home on Los Angeles Street, a wide thoroughfare lined with wholesale and jobbing houses of every description.

The electric signs of the mercantile establishments are a joy to behold and a pleasure to the unaccustomed eye. Surely for a short distance down town, Los Angeles is as illuminated as Chicago, or New York City. Some of these signs are made of ordinary bulbs, white, red, blue or yellow; others spread their message in living written words of yellow, purple, blue, red or amber. The lights of the automobiles differ from the ordinary automobile lights of elsewhere. Some cars are content with the regulation white headlights. Others have

added red or even triple spots, blue side runners, red, yellow and white tail lights, beacons on their hoods, and smaller eyes under the fenders. Going and coming in the darkness, they seem like animated stars or enlarged fireflies, each adding its bit to the beauty of the night-time spectacle.

In the early evening the populace surges over the sidewalks and frequently into the streets. The throng, as it wanders around the corners, down the walks, or stands in line before the moving picture ticket booths, leans against the buildings or waits for its turn in the cafeterias, is like an idling, loafing, happy, scrambling mass of more or less animate objects, going nowhere and getting great joy out of whatever it is doing or not doing.

At the corner of Sixth and Hill is an entrance into Pershing square. Here in the early evening new waves of humanity begin to surge. Hundreds of people, men, women, half grown ones and very old ones, are listening to various and sundry orators holding forth in this public rostrum. Pershing Square, a portion of Westlake Park, North Main street, San Pedro street, Crocker, Los Angeles street, Temple and Brooklyn avenue are the principal public speaking grounds within the downtown city. San Pedro and Wilmington each have their own soap box parks, as have one or two of the other outlying centers. On these improvised platforms may be found exponents of every idea, thought, lack of thought, hunch, creed or dogma under the sun. In Pershing Square the larger throngs gather, and here can be heard the calls of street salesmen and women, urging passersby to take a free trip with them in a real estate 'bus, or selling papers, toys, oranges, drinks, neckties, or almost any other sort of thing.

One man, dressed in what appears to be white pajamas, or rather pajamas that were once white, issues loud invitations to the world, "Come to me and I will aid thee. Sinners, come to me and gain thy soul's salvation." Beyond him another faker, this one dressed in corduroy breeches and high-topped boots but no coat, begs loudly the divine privilege of reading

fortunes. This last soothsayer works at a disadvantage. His tenor voice is fighting the deep bass of a man with a telescope who beseeches everyone to look at the planet Mars or at the full moon. A woman, dressed in flaming garments of red and purple, begs and implores everyone to gather closer while she delivers her message of health salvation through a system of eating. A little man, with a matted beard a foot long, sells printed tracts, while a giant Negro offers witch medicine fresh from Africa, guaranteed to bring good luck. Above the turmoil, the noise of conversation, speakers and the hawkers' cries, may be distinguished the sound of drums, trumpets and tambourines, and the honking of many automobile horns. In other places within the square, the sedate, the quiet, the elderly, are resting in sheltered nooks.

Among the people near the fountain, flocks of pigeons fly down on the pavement and throw themselves upon the proffered popcorn, crusts, or peanuts; like variegated spots in motion, these flocks now rise in the air, with a loud flutter of wings, and now again alight in a spot vacated by the crowd. From time to time the groups separate or stand aside to make way for someone who evidently knows where they are going. An occasional policeman saunters by, alert to see that no mischief is afoot, yet not interfering with the speakers. On all sides the Spanish of Mexico is heard nearly as frequently as is English, spoken by the Yankee, Southern or Mid-Western tongue.

Opposite, on Olive street, the towering Biltmore Hotel lords it over the multitude hailing from the four corners of the earth. Pershing Square is the whirlpool spot of the California world, in which the Spanish Californians are lost in the throng, representing practically every state and every nation. In this square appear for a brief time natives of South America, with small feet and short, quick strides; big boned, light haired men and women from the Dakotas, or perhaps transplanted from some village along the River Rhone; Italians in corduroy coats and slouch hats; Greeks dressed in the height of fashion, as

fashion is known among the restaurant trade, and Russians, with beards drooping on their ponderous, loose-tailed shirts. Slant-eyed men from the Orient; people from the snows of Quebec; a few Hindus, with their voluminous turbans; Mexicans from the border, with their black, questioning eyes and great personal dignity; farmers from the Imperial Valley and Arizona, their skin tanned brick red from the sun; husky men from the fields of Kansas or Nebraska; bearded men from the mountains of Idaho or Montana; bespectacled people, perhaps from New England; lank Southerners; smart and dapper New Yorkers, with their supercilious manner; others from Chicago, New Orleans, Duluth, Europe.

Among the nightly Pershing Square crowds are many women, some in long skirts, and not a few wearing knickers; golfers passing on their way from the links; men with dangling hands, broad shoulders, twisted ears and broken noses, resting after an afternoon's training at one of the several fight club gymnasiums. A United States senator is not infrequently seen hurrying towards the Biltmore; occasionally the czar of the moving picture exhibitors, a smallish man, walking rapidly, with toes pointed straight ahead, eyes diverted, head carried a little to the right-forward, passes. Usually United States marines, in their trim blue uniforms, are strolling by; sailor boys, with their trousers flying; soldiers in olive; a Chinese woman in silk pantalettes, her lips stained a brilliant scarlet, and, finally, a considerable number of apparent vagrants, who nightly congregate here and make up the majority of those listening to the extemporaneous speakers, while they pick up discarded newspapers and thrust them under their coats as a protection against the chill which descends in Los Angeles always when the sun goes down.



The long, low, wharf of a south coast city, reaching into the ocean.



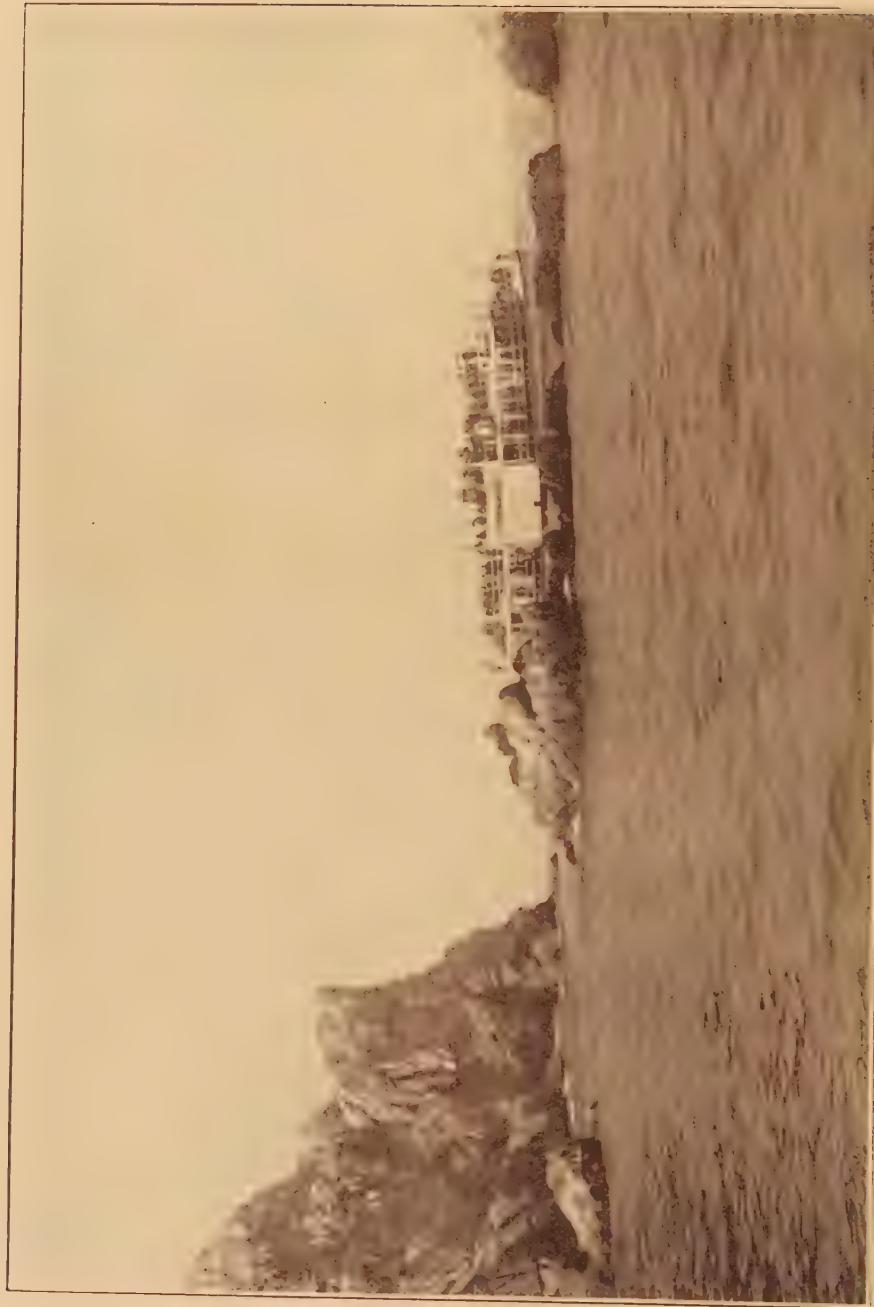
A forest of oil derricks, like those to be seen in many favored Southland places, such as Long Beach, Santa Fe Springs, and Taft.



A south coast land and seascape with the mother mountains in the distance.

The Egyptian Motion Picture Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. This may fairly be called the first of the "NEW TYPE" picture houses to be erected anywhere. Since its completion there has grown quite a vogue for ornate movie houses.





A glass bottom boat in the harbor at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, standing over the gorgeous kelp beds.

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT SOME HOTELS

Not the least romantic things about this Southland are some of the hotels. In Pasadena, the Huntington, Maryland, Vista Del Arroyo and others are justly famed. The Green and the Raymond, old timers, have retained their flavor, even if some of their former patronage now goes elsewhere. These hotels are of the winter variety. That is, they are filled with wealthy visitors during the winter months, but business slacks considerably in the summer. They are pre-eminently tourist places and, with the possible exception of the Maryland, take little part in the summer activities. At Santa Barbara are three unique places: El Mirasol, a sort of scattered affair composed mostly of individual cottages; the Biltmore and the Samarkand, a building done after the Persian style, built on the top of a hill some distance from the shore, but within sight of the blue Pacific. And as Samarkand, the original, was in the days of Timur the seat of the intelligentsia, and lavish magnificence, so is the Samarkand of Santa Barbara in the present day.

This is a place of gardens—an orderly riot of color—partly enclosed by walls whose architectural simplicity enhance with studied artistry the tout ensemble of one of Southern California's most beautiful spots.

This is a place of romance, for who can resist the odors of Araby wafted beneath arched porticos from luxuriant gardens on the salt-freshened breezes of the Pacific, or fail to indulge in reverie under the spell of moonlight in shadowed spaces beside pools in which lotus raise their ghostly heads.

Each nook and recess of Samarkand's night-time garden is pregnant with new thoughts—the pleasing children born of

reverie. And, when the floodgates of the new day are opened in the East and Aurora rolls the tenuous draperies of mist upward like slow-lifting curtains of chiffon, morning distills its parfum de jeuness, its incomparable spirit of youth, to lend to the early visitor in the gardens a new conception of the divine.

There is atmosphere in Samarkand. The aura of sweet-ness and clean living, of kindliness combined with beauty, and all sense of the adventitious is lost in the perfect union of man's handiwork and nature's most benign moods.

Here, too, there is a sense of complete isolation—far from the marts of Mammon, where men thread the tortuous canyons of business, in constant fear of the ensuing moment striking them down.

Perfect peace pervades the place. No raucous noises cudgel the ear. Only a low hum, the genteel conversation of those who have come to enjoy quiet and glowing beauty, leaves the Arabic setting with the quickening sense of human companion-ship—at hand, but unobtrusive.

In Los Angeles proper, of course, the Biltmore leads, with the Ambassador, the Chancellor, the Mayfair and Alexandria following. The Alexandria is by far the most romantic one, for here is where the original moving picture men once con-gregated. In its lobby, a rug was called the "Billion Dollar Rug," because of the number of film contracts made while the participants were standing in the lobby upon the rug. In Hollywood, the Mark Twain, Roosevelt and Christie Hotels have taken the place once occupied by the Hotel Hollywood, the latter, in its day, famed for the number of screen luminaries who lived, danced and loved, and also quarreled, under its wide-spreading roof.

But the true romances in the hotel world in the Southland are in the Mission Inn at Riverside and the Hotel del Coro-nado at Coronado.

The lobby of the Inn is essentially Mission in its furnish-ings. The Indian baskets used as decorations, and the pottery ollas hanging from the beamed ceiling, are reminders of Mis-

sion days. Among the unusual furnishings of the lobby is the unique hatrack, made of French bayonets of the Franco-Prussian War. Over the registry desk is an interesting painting of the Mission San Juan Capistrano. Guarding the painting is a quaint image of St. John of Capistrano, made by an Indian artist and presented by Father O'Sullivan of Capistrano.

In the Inglenook are hanging a number of the smaller bells belonging to the Mission Inn collection. One of the very rare attractions of this most romantic place is the collection of bells, perhaps the most valuable collection, historically, in the United States, if not in the world. These bells, hung in many places throughout the buildings, have been gathered from many lands and represent many peoples, ages, uses and forms of beliefs.

For centuries, bells, together with flags and standards, have formed the most coveted spoils of war. Gongs and bells of stone, wood, iron, brass and bronze, have been in use in India and China for more than three thousand years, but they were first used in the Christian Church about the seventh century. As early as the eighth century, bells were dedicated with religious ceremonies very similar to those used in baptism. They were sprinkled with holy water; exorcism was spoken over them to free them from the power of evil spirits; a name was given them; a blessing was pronounced, and they were anointed with oil.

In the Garden of Bells at the Mission Inn is a copper cow bell that once belonged to Pope Paul III. His name and title in Latin is engraved in the bell. Another bell was cast during the reign of King James I of Arragon, Spain, by Quintana and Salvador in the year 1247, the date being plainly visible. When this bell was cast, the Magna Charta was but 32 years old, Richard the Lion-Hearted had been dead but 48 years, the Sixth Crusade was being organized by Louis IX of France, "Knighthood was in Flower"; it was 200 years before the first book was printed, and 200 years before Columbus was born,

and about 436 years before you read this book about the Romantic Southland of California.

There are far too many bells to attempt to describe them all, but one of the most interesting is at the angle of the arches in the Garden of the Bells. It is Father Damien's bell, which hung in his church in the leper settlement of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands.

In the lobby, again, the yawning fireplace, with its ruddy crackling blaze, the handsome carved wood door in the corner is an old Spanish sacristy door. At the top of the steps leading into the Curio Shop, and on the gallery above the entrance to the shop, on the ledge of one of the windows, can be seen the town crier's bells of Bedford, Massachusetts, which aroused the people of that town on the night of Paul Revere's ride. This bell gave the alarm that led to the first incident of the Revolutionary War. Here also, are a number of interesting items in the way of old Colonial furniture and fixtures from the eighteenth century, and in the inglenook of the Colonial landing is a collection of United States one-cent pieces from 1793 to 1857.

The Cloister Music Room represents the old baronial or knighthood hall of a Spanish castle. In addition to being used for daily organ concerts, it is the assembly room for conventions, for weddings, and for holding the Inn dances. When the shadows of evening gather, and the lights in this room are turned low, when you can see but faintly the royal banners and escutcheons with their gleaming gold, the colors, mellowed with age, of the ancient paintings, and the glint of warworn knightly armor that adorns the walls . . . when the rarely beautiful St. Cecilia windows are softly lighted from without and glow with a sort of hidden fire of life . . . then is the time that one can best appreciate the solemn, many-toned voice of the great organ. Then is the time to go and dream under the wooden beams overhead, beams which are copies of those in the ceiling of the San Miguel Mission, from the balcony of which same Mission was also copied the Minstrel's Gallery.

The arches at the side of the Music Room lead into a corridor over three hundred feet in length, representing the cloisters of the Franciscan Monastery of Assisi. The cloister walk is divided into several sections and each one of these contains a statue and a painting of the patron saint of one of the California Missions. The Dolores Mission at San Francisco is represented as it existed in 1850, and that of Santa Clara as it was in 1851, but most of them are depicted as they were in later years. In this cloister walk is the Baptismal Chapel, showing La Natividad, the Manger group as used in the Catholic churches at Christmas time . . . The Pontifical Court or the Consistorio is a semi-circular space built especially for the placing of the Vatican group, which represents Pope Pius X, Cardinal Rampola, Cardinal Mathieu, the Chamberlain, the Mace Bearer, the Fan Bearer, two officers of the Papal guard, two soldiers of the Swiss guard, and four Chair Bearers. Another chapel is in honor of Santa Clara, the most famous woman member of the Franciscan Order.

Leaving the Cloisters, you come at last to the Carmel room, reproduced from the old Mission San Carlos, in Carmel Valley; the Spanish Art Gallery; the Spanish patio, a delightful place for luncheon amid surroundings distinctly Spanish and Moorish; the Fuji-Kan, a treasure house of Japanese art, and the Oriental landing.

Well can anyone familiar with this spot understand and sympathize with the spirit that actuated Carrie Jacobs Bond to compose such a beautiful song as "A Perfect Day" in such ideal surroundings as the Mission Inn at Riverside.

CHAPTER V

MORE INTERESTING PLACES

One of the really notable buildings and sights in this city of towns, is the City Hall. Rearing its height to the skies, the building presents itself in all its structural strength and impressive mass and proportion. A group of capitals, sculptured out of granite, arranged alternately, adorn the sixteen columns of the forecourt, those in the rotunda being of Botticini marble capping monolith columns of such beautiful marbles as Tinos, Culy Green, Levantos, French Graiotte, Verde Campan Melange, Esique, Acajon and several others, all in deep rich tones, colors emphasized by the light gray of French limestone forming the rotunda walls.

This great entrance hall has an intricately patterned floor in geometrical forms, consisting of numerous marbles which, together with the columns, create a harmonious color scheme which prevails throughout the first floor. Perhaps the most distinctive note is the forecourt forming the approach to the main entrance. It is from here that the lofty tower in all its impressiveness is best seen, from its base to its sheer height. The arcade forming three sides of the court has groined ceiling and opposite each arched opening at the wall decorative tile panels appear, each in deep blue and gold, giving an effect of great depth.

Within sight of the City Hall, and only a three-minute walk, is the old Mexican plaza, Chinatown, and the Mission Church.

Chinatown is a region of narrow streets, twisting lanes and lantern-decked balconies. John Chinaman goes slip-sliding down the street, and Mrs. John Chinaman appears in the gay colored pantaloons of her country, while daughter passes

garbed like a flapper direct from the extra ranks of Hollywood. Fat little Chinese babies toddle about in the sunshine, and are jerked from beneath automobile wheels by grandfathers who, otherwise, sit on boxes with their hands tucked in the flowing sleeves of their silk tunics, while they puff at queer pipes. The stores display Chinese herbs, candies and roots, and from the numerous Joss houses comes the sweet odor of burning incense. Just over the street lies the Plaza.

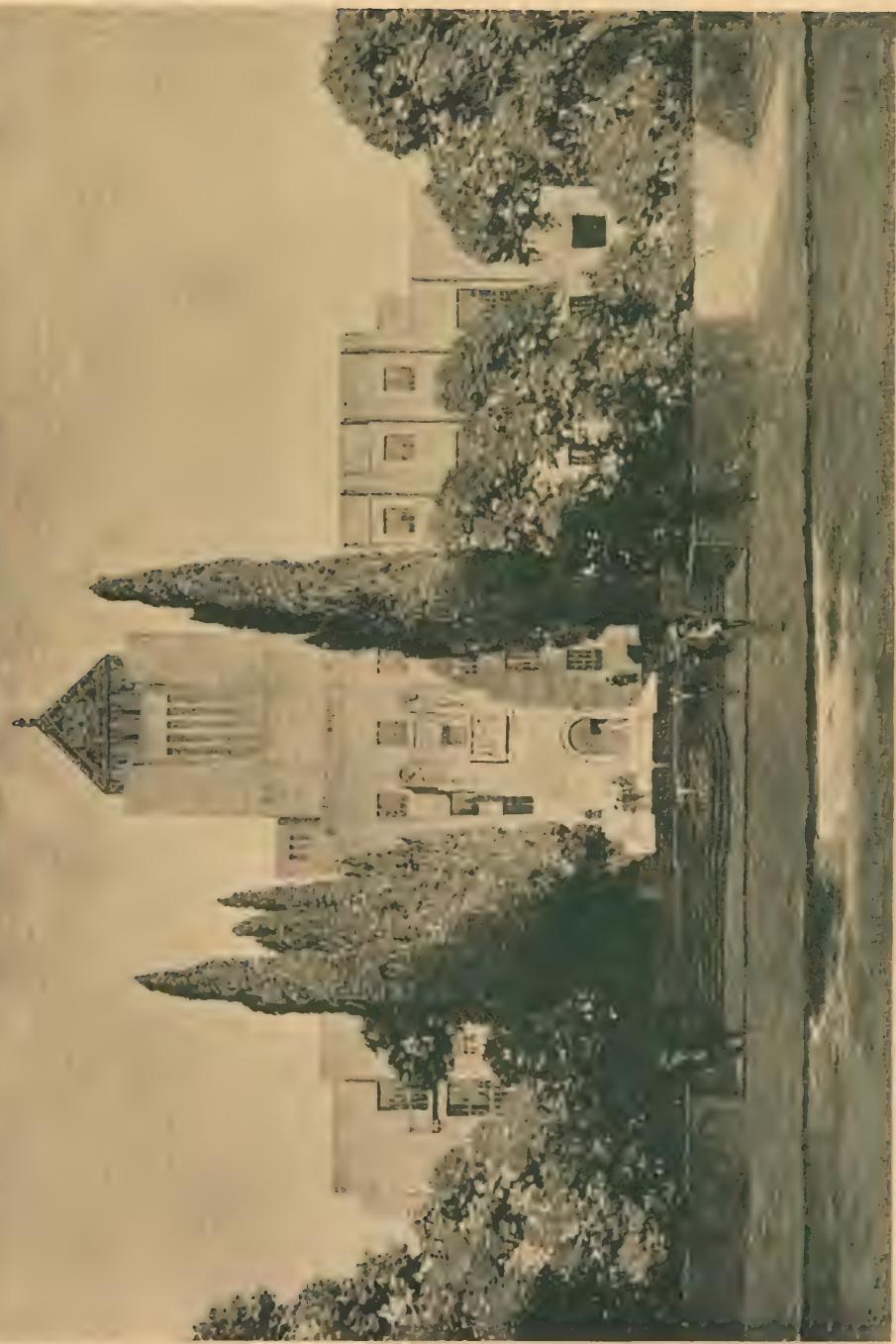
This Plaza is as Mexican as when the Pueblo of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels centered about the park and its Mission church. Mexicans in tall, sugar-loaf hats and bell-bottomed trousers mingle with the younger blades in virulent green and blue "American" suits, high-belted and usually one-buttoned. The Senoritas cast a smile upon the youths of their fancy, but seldom look even sidewise at an American, for they speak a different tongue and live a different life, even if it is not as sequestered as it was in the older days. The Plaza is by way of being historic ground, for it has been the scene of much knifing and gun play, and fierce battles between Mexicans and the American conquerors for the possession of Los Angeles. Occasionally, the Chinamen come over to indulge in their national sport of going to war with another tong.

The old Mission church close to the end of the Plaza is the religious Mecca for Mexican Catholics. It was a place of worship when Fremont and Kearney were building forts on the hill back of the Mission. While not so beautiful architecturally as the other Missions of Southern California, it is typical of the churches of old Mexico. It stands today exactly as when Indian acolytes tended the altars under the kindly tutelage of the Franciscan padres, the only change being the modern pews. On Easter and on other religious festivals, the old church is thronged with pilgrims from all over the Southland.

So much now for that ancient and romantic section, and, in the flash of an eye, we are set down in a bit of Australia. The place is the Los Angeles Ostrich Farm. Here are raised

the largest ostriches in the world, and the plumes produced are gorgeous in the extreme. It is well, however, to let mamma select her own ostrich feather fan or boa, otherwise papa might get the wrong color, and that would mean a new dress as well as a bit of ostrich feather. Here the great birds are born, live and die. The span of life is to be seen extending from the hatching of the giant eggs to the finishing of the lovely plumes, but nowhere will you see fried ostrich or a cooked drumstick lying around. Here are some of the tallest birds in the world, and the largest and most gorgeous plumes. Children and grown folks, if so inclined, can also enjoy the unique experience of riding one of the great birds. A race track for the ostriches also offers considerable amusement, even in spite of the fact that the races are strictly on the up and up, with nothing crooked about them. Either an ostrich races or he doesn't race, and that's all there is to it. The farm is located close to Lincoln Park in East Los Angeles. The park covers about forty-five acres, has a lake, nurseries, sunken gardens, playgrounds, race course, State Exposition Building, State Armory, Museum of History, Science and Art, La Brea Fossil Exhibit, a menagerie, and band concerts on Sunday afternoons.

In this same neighborhood is the California Alligator Farm, one of the strange sights of the country. Here are hundreds of alligators, from tiny 'gators the size of a lizard to hoary patriarchs of five hundred years or more. I think they would look better made up into suit cases, for, if I were an alligator, I wouldn't want to live to be five hundred years old and never take a ride in an aeroplane. All of these reptiles are incubator babies, and the eggs may be seen incubating, or whatever an egg does in the machines. I asked the guide once which came first, the egg or the alligator, and I guess he was not listening, for he never replied. Feeding time is quite interesting, for then the great reptiles receive large hunks of meat which are cast into the water to them. The alligators fast all winter, regain their appetites slowly during the spring, and become voraciously hungry during the sum-



The Lane Institute Library, located on the corner of Fifth and Grand, between two blocks of the Biltmore, and almost adjoining the Bible Institute and the newer shopping district.



Stately homes built amid stately Eucalypti.



In this Mission Type Playhouse is presented the great California Mission Play. It is at San Gab ie, two miles or so from Alhambra.



An allegorical picture depicting the founding of a Mission.

mer, which is just the reason why I would sooner look at than be one. This region surrounding Lincoln Park is a rare one, for now we step around to the Selig Wild Animal Farm.

This zoo contains the largest collection of wild animals on the Pacific Coast, except a moving picture casting director's office when he is preparing for a mob scene. Indeed, many of these wild animals are veteran motion picture actors, having appeared in many films, especially during the early days of the movie. The farm is in reality an attractive park, with gardens and shade trees, benches and picnic grounds, and there's no risk of a boa constrictor or a hyena sneaking up on a bunch of Iowa State picnickers and swiping their lunches, because they are all secured in quarters that are as similar as possible to their native jungles.

We now jump clear across the city and come out at Moonstone Beach, near Redondo. Here, in the white sands, are sometimes found the treasure contained in a moonstone. Here the waves are continually washing up semi-precious stones, such as jasper, sardonyx, water opals, agates, and moonstones. If you are lucky, or were born on a Friday, you sometimes have what you want for the picking, and then pay about three times what the stone is worth to have it polished. However, these lovely stones, lost by Neptune from his "dark, unfathomed caves," make really beautiful gifts and souvenirs when made up into rings, pins or brooches. The opals and moonstones are especially prized for their beautiful coloring and translucent loveliness.

Returning now past green fields and fine homes, we take a bath at Bimini Hot Springs, with its great pools and private plunges of mineral water, located right on Vermont avenue. Here are bathing girls by the score and marvelously skillful masculine divers and swimmers, splashing about in the velvet waters that are continuously pouring fresh into the tanks, all of it filtered through special and expensive machines. These baths are open every day, even if the larger crowds do come on Saturday night, but then everybody knows that Saturday

is the proper time to take a bath. The full benefits of these mineral waters are to be obtained in the Turkish bath and treatment department for ladies and gentlemen, where competent physicians are available day and night, especially on holiday nights. There is also a fine open air swimming pool that is enormously popular with young and old, on almost any day of the year, for this climate lends itself to outdoor swimming almost as evenly in January as it does in July. From here to Exposition Park is not a long drive.

The attractions at Exposition Park include a mile race track and athletic grounds for the use of the children of the city, as exemplified in school and college athletics and football. The Los Angeles Coliseum is here, and within its great circumference a hundred thousand people have gathered to see this or that event. The park also contains a fireproof Museum Building, an Armory, a large, modern Exposition Building, a band stand, swimming pool, a fine permanent State exhibit, a museum, and a grove of State trees. In this grove nearly every State and Territory of the United States is represented by a native tree. This is the closest downtown park, with the exception of Westlake.

Westlake has a lake covered with boats, fine walks, a dance hall, cafe, band stand, flora and fauna, and a view of the Elks Club Building. Proceeding westward on Wilshire boulevard, we soon come to the Fossil Beds of Rancho La Brea, or what is left of them.

These beds are a series of crater-like pits, containing oil-soaked sand and earth in which the bones of ancient animals, birds, and reptiles are embedded. Even today, small pools of oil, in many cases less than an inch in depth in the fossil-bed area, are constantly trapping small mammals and birds. What is happening now seems to explain satisfactorily what must have happened on a vastly larger scale long ago.

The oil in the pools became more and more sticky through evaporation of the lighter components; the pools were concealed by incrusted dust, or water may have lured the victim into the

sticky mass. Many animals approaching to drink would be caught, their bones being gradually deposited beneath as their bodies disintegrated or were devoured by carnivores. The great number of victims represented in these deposits is almost incredible, but many of the mastodons, wolves, and saber-tooth tigers have been reassembled and may be seen in the museum at Exposition Park or in the Southwest Museum.

Facing Sycamore Park, than which there is no greater State Society picnic ground, the Southwest Museum is not the hobby of the intellectuals nor the showcase of the rich. It is the hope, the inspiration and background of learning for the masses, and it is well worth many visits.

The entrance is at street level through a portal (the motif of which is the ornate facade of the Casa de Monjas at Chichen Itza, Yucatan, where the chewing gum comes from) cut from solid rock a distance of more than two hundred feet, leading to a waiting room. Within the museum itself is a splendid collection of art objects ranging from Russian lacquers and enamels to rare canvases of old masters. The Caracol Tower contains more than 12,000 volumes about Arizona, Sonora, New Mexico and the Southwest. Rare examples of pottery from Pueblo ruins, of primitive stone carvings, shells, coral, star fish, and other water creatures are exhibited for you to look at, but not to eat. Butterflies and moths, birds who should have dined on the moths, and wood specimens arranged according to their habitat.

CHAPTER VI

CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

No one can visit this glorious Southland without at least encountering the influences of the old Missions as they flourished more than a hundred years ago. The start of the Missions might be said to have begun in 1769 when the Spanish King, Charles the Third, sent a military expedition from Mexico City to Upper California, under the leadership of Gaspar de Portola, with instructions to establish forts or presidios at San Diego and Monterey Bays.

The object in building forts, in what was then an uninhabited land, was to keep back Russia from any southward move into Spanish territory. The fact is, that Russia got a sort of toe hold in California, although not a foothold, and has left us a reminder of that fact in the name of one of our rivers . . . the Russian River north of San Francisco. If Russia, and not Spain, had gained possession of Upper California (which means all of the state northward from the present Mexican line), the history of the Pacific Coast would have been very different. Perhaps we would all be running around with long whiskers and our shirts hanging out!

In the history of Spain, the sword and the cross have always gone together, and so it was here. With Portola and his troops came Fray Junipero Serra and his fifteen Spanish Franciscans. The purpose of those sandaled, corded and brown-robed sons of St. Francis was to effect the spiritual conquest of Upper California; that is, the conversion and civilization of the Indians, of whom there were quite a number then. This military-religious expedition reached San Diego Bay in July, 1769, and the founding of the first Mission was celebrated there at that time.

Of course, there was a great difference between the founding and the construction of a Mission. The "founding" consisted of the erection of a rustic cross, the ringing of a bell, swung from some nearby tree, the celebration of mass and the naming of the Mission. The building of the Mission was a very different matter. The Mission of San Juan Capistrano was founded in 1776, but it was not completed until 1806. Practically all of the Missions resembled each other in their general characteristics.

The Missions, of course, varied greatly in regard to size and economy, yet in the striking and beautiful style of architecture, roughly known as Moorish, which the fathers transplanted from Spain, but which seems, by reason of its singular appropriateness, a native growth of the new soil, they were alike. The edifices which now, whether in ruins or restoration still testify to the skill and energy of their pious designers, were the work of the fathers assisted by the Indians. At the outset, a few rude buildings of wood or adobe were deemed sufficient for the temporary accommodations of priests and converts, and the celebration of religious services. Then, little by little, substantial structures in brick or stone took the place of these, and, what we now think of as the Missions came into being.

The Mission San Luis Rey, near Oceanside, was perhaps the most completely typical of all the Missions. This edifice was quadrilateral and about one hundred fifty yards long in front. The church occupied one of the wings. The facade was ornamented with a gallery. The building, a single story in height, was generally raised some feet from the ground. The interior formed a court, adorned with flowers and planted with trees. Opening on the gallery which ran around it were the rooms of the monks, majordomos and travelers, as well as the workshops, schoolrooms and storehouses. Hospitals for men and women were situated in the quietest part of the Missions; here also were located the schoolrooms. The young Indian girls occupied apartments called "el moujerio," and

they themselves were styled nuns (*las Moujas*). Placed under the care of trustworthy Indian women they were taught to spin wool, flax and cotton, and they did not leave their seclusion until they were old enough to be married. The Indian children attended the same school as the children of the white colonists. A certain number of them, chosen from those who exhibited most intelligence, were taught music . . . plainchant, violin, flute, horn, violoncello, and other instruments. Indians who distinguished themselves in the carpenter's shop, at the forge, or in the field, were termed *alcaldes*, or chiefs, and given charge of a band of workmen. The management of each Mission was composed of two monks; the elder looked after internal administration and religious instruction; the younger had the direction of agricultural work. . . . For the sake of order and morals, whites were employed only where strictly necessary, for the fathers knew their influence to be altogether harmful, and that they were apt to be gay dogs and lead the Indians to gambling and drunkenness. To encourage the natives at their tasks, the fathers themselves often took a hand, and everywhere furnished an example of industry.

Around the Mission were the huts of the Indians or neophytes, and the dwellings of the white colonists. Beside the central establishment, or main buildings, there existed, accessory farms and branch chapels. Opposite the Mission was a guard house for an escort of soldiers, who acted as messengers, carrying orders from one Mission to another, and, in the earlier days of conquest repelled the savages who would sometimes attack the Mission settlement.

Between 1769 and 1823 there were founded twenty-one Missions extending along the California coast from San Diego northward to a point beyond San Francisco Bay. They were placed at strategic points, thirty or forty miles one from the other, or "a day's journey apart," and they were connected by the "Camino Real," or King's Highway, along which we "Jitney" with such ease and comfort, but which was traveled

then by the sandaled, brown-robed Franciscans, through heat and dust, slowly, step by step.

When the Missions were in their glory, the daily life and routine was strictly adhered to. At sunrise, the little community was already astir, and then the Angelus summoned all to the church, where mass was said, and a short time given to the religious instruction of the neophytes. Breakfast followed, composed mainly of the staple dish, atole, or pottage of roasted barley. This finished, the Indians repaired in squads, each under the supervision of an alcalde, to their various tasks in workshop and field. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, a wholesome and sufficiently generous midday meal was served. At two, work was resumed. An hour or two before sunset, the bell again tolled for the Angelus; evening mass was performed, and after supper had been eaten, the day closed with dance, or music, or some simple games of chance, participated in by the Indians with the white men excluded, because, toward the Indian girls, their intentions were neither honorable or remote.

But this pleasant monotony of existence came to an end. In 1833 the Mexican government, by a decree of sequestration, confiscated all the Mission property, and the buildings passed into private hands. The new owners stripped the tiles from the roofs, tore the heavy beams from the ceilings and hauled away the hewn stones that entered into the massive construction. The Mission period was at an end. The Franciscans were scattered; the Indians were dispersed, and the great Mission buildings plundered and despoiled. But not all of the fathers deserted their charges.

In 1842, among the ruins of San Luis Obispo, lived the oldest Spanish priest then left in California, who, after sixty years of unremitting toil, became reduced to such abject poverty that he was forced to sleep on a hide, drink from a horn, and feed upon strips of meat dried in the sun. Yet this faithful creature still continued to share the little he possessed with the children of the few Indians who lingered in the huts about

the deserted church; and when some efforts were made to induce him to seek some other spot where he might find refuge and rest, his answer was that he meant to die at his post. And shortly before this year at Mission La Soledad, long after the settlement had been abandoned, and when the buildings were falling to pieces, an old priest still remained to minister to the bodily and physical wants of a handful of wretched natives who yet haunted the neighborhood, and whom he absolutely refused to forsake. One Sunday morning in August, 1833, after his habit, he gathered his neophytes together in what was once the church, and began, according to his custom, the celebration of the mass, but age, suffering and privation had by this time told fatally upon him. Hardly had he commenced the service, when his strength gave way. He stumbled upon the crumbling altar and died, literally of starvation, in the arms of those to whom, for thirty years, he had given freely of whatever he had to give. Surely these simple records of Christ-like devotion will live in the tender remembrance of all who revere the faith that, linked with whatever creed, manifests itself in good works, the love that spends itself in service, the quiet heroism that endured to the very end of the Mission system.

So the California Missions are today, in the majority of instances, nothing but mournful, although picturesque ruins. The one notable exception is the Mission at Santa Barbara that has never been allowed to fall into decay. Out of it all stands forth the one man prominently and pre-eminently, Fray Junipero Serra, the apostle of Christian civilization on the Pacific Coast, and one whose place and name grow larger as people come to understand more fully what the task was he set himself to perform, and how unselfishly, wisely and heroically he labored for its realization under very many and grievous disadvantages.

CHAPTER VII

THE MISSION PLAY

When the reign of the Spanish Padres was supreme in California, life was different from what it is today. Then the natives, under the guidance of the good fathers, offered their souls to the Catholic God and the work of their hands to the Missions. Vast estates were developed around the Missions. Wheat for the flocks, wool from the sheep, horses so numerous as to almost be nuisances, corn, vegetables, grapes and much good red wine came from these mission estates, and all produced by the hands of the Indians under the direction of the Fathers. But it was not all work in those days. Many were the festivals and frequent were the fiestas, and small gatherings. As more Spanish people came to live around the Mission walls, more frequent were the happy events. Young vaqueros, their great silver spurs rattling as they walked, strummed their guitars, while the black-eyed Senoritas listened, perhaps with eager ears, perhaps with cold ones, but always they listened. Through this happy, easy life the stalwart, unrelenting, devoted Catholic Fathers walked with the cross in one hand and a shovel, pick or drawing pencil in the other. There was time for play, there was time for religious instruction, there was time for work, and as the Angelus sounded over the quiet plain or hill, all bowed in silent prayer to the Creator. Now, all is changed. Gone are the Mission estates, gone are the fiestas, gone the strumming vaquero, gone the brown robed fathers, for in their stead has risen this great state. But even if commercial progress has put the old Mission days into the limbo of the past, yet a California poet has preserved the spirit of the Missions for all to see. The honor

goes to John Steven McGroarty. Amid the sublime setting of old San Gabriel Mission, scarcely a half hour's ride from the heart of the magnificent city, which would never have been built, save for the work done by the Missions, as depicted in the Mission Play.

At San Gabriel, some of the spirit of the old Mission days still lives. There, amidst people modernly attired, walk characters as unchanged as if they actually lived during the activities of good Father Junipero Serra. Los Angeles is new, San Gabriel is old. It is well that some of the styles and manners of the old should linger and not be entirely absorbed by the new. Here are black-eyed Senoritas, mantillas over their long black hair, voluminous, many colored skirts trailing the pavement; here are also Senoras of the more modern type, yet still retaining the hair-dress or some little distinguishing manner of their elders. Old Senors in blue denim or corduroy, with wide colored sashes and enormous sombreros; young caballeros in velvet and satin, with wax on their mustachios and green paper cigarettes in their well kept hands; young Vaqueros strutting about, spurred and booted, with quirt dangling from wrist, even if no horses are visible. Indians with their long hair done in bright rags, one or two bucks with painted faces and with beaded moccasins which give forth a scratchy sound as they walk. It is a touch of old California. This fact is heightened by the crumbling adobe walls and church-yard of the Mission San Gabriel. Within the old structure, where the floor boards are worn with the tread of countless feet, are Latin Bibles, gold crosses, statues, oil paintings, and benches worn into hollows through a century and more of use, and the brown robed monk who moves silently through the cloisters like the spirit of old. And not far distant from this sanctified church, the new Mission Playhouse waits to receive the thousands of guests who take this opportunity to see the work of the California poet.

The Mission Play is an historic institution known throughout the civilized world, and with only one other dramatic

production, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, to compete with its universal fame. Even that noted play has not had as consecutive a run as has the Mission Play of California.

Since this is really an important feature in the life of the romantic southland, it appears wise at this point to give rather a lengthy synopsis of the Mission Play. (With permission.)

THE MISSION PLAY

PRELUDE

The Mission Play is preceded before rise of curtain by a prelude in pantomime symbolizing the three great epochs in the play, as follows:

- I. The Savage sensing the Approach of His White Conquerors.
- II. Spectre of the Faded Military Glory of the Spanish Conquest.
- III. Spirit of the Ever-Living Faith in the Cross of Christ.

A master man planned the prelude in pantomime of the Mission Play. Against the soft, luminous blue of the old Spanish curtain, nothing could be more significant of world dramas than—first, the Indian, the savage clad in skins, looking out into space, hand shading his eyes, seeing the invisible, the inevitable approach of the white man, spelling his doom and extinction.

Then he vanishes like a spectre, and in his place is the soldier of the Spanish conquest, the fierce follower of Cortez, the oppressor of weak races—his glory departed, his finery faded—also disappearing from the world's stage.

Then the Franciscan in brown robe, hands uplifted, pointing to faith in spiritual things which never fade.

The Mission Play in three acts tells the story of the Franciscan missionary enterprise in California, beginning with the

arrival from Mexico of Fray Junipero Serra and Don Gaspar de Portola with the first expedition of 1769 at San Diego; the rise and full glory of the Missions fifteen years later, shown in the second act, and their decay and ruin in after years (caused by the confiscation of all the Mission property by the Mexican government), as shown by the third act, where the scene is laid amid the broken and deserted walls of San Juan Capistrano in 1847.

With unerring dramatic perception, the author chose Junipero Serra as the dominant figure of the Mission Play. Of this "Eighteenth Century Saint Francis," he says:

"Fray Junipero Serra, the first Father President of the Missions, and actual founder of the first nine establishments, was one of the greatest figures in the history of any country. He was a native of the village of Petra, Isle of Majorca, Spain, and was fifty-six years of age when he arrived in California to found the Missions. He died in his own Mission of San Carlos of Carmel, at Monterey, in the year 1784. He was not only a great priest, but also a great administrator with a profound genius for organization, a poet, an orator, a musician, a scholar and a master of the arts and graces. His labors in California during the sixteen years of his ministry were herculean and were marked by extreme self-sacrifice and a Christ-like love. Though he never sought for world honors, his name is now nearly a century and a half after his death, the one great, immortal name in California and one of the immortal names in the history of the human race."

The leading roles of the Mission Play are taken by the best actors and the best-suited types to be found in the country, but the play as a pageant is a personal pride of San Gabriel. Members of the old Spanish and Mexican families of the Mission town enact the minor roles year after year, sing the songs that their forefathers and mothers sang at the fiestas, and dance the dances of other days. It is this that gives the Mission Play its beauty and sincerity.

The children of the play are the most irresistible, dusky-skinned, liquid-eyed mites to be found under the sun. It is all real to them and they live their parts instead of playing them. It is interesting to see them outside of the playhouse when they meet their beloved Fray Serra. It is always "Padre mio" or "Si Padre." He never loses his holy character to them. The most envied person in the entire play is little Elinor, the tiny Paula who presents Fray Serra with the bouquet of wild flowers in the second act.

ACT I

The first act opens on the shores of the Bay of San Diego, in the fateful year of 1769. A corporal, three soldiers, and a Franciscan "padre" are sitting dejectedly in the sun, the weary padre asleep against one of the rude huts that had been reared to shelter the expedition. They are all worn with anxious waiting for the return of Don Gaspar de Portola, the gobernador of the expedition, who, with a chosen body of men, has gone forth more than half a year before in search of the port of Monterey. Disease, hunger and death had made sad inroads in the ranks of those who had remained in the garrison at San Diego. Discontent is rampant, mutiny is in the air. Only one steadfast soul remains, and that is Junipero Serra, the great-souled missionary, who is the central, dominating figure of the play.

Even in the face of starvation, the three "Leatherjackets" and their corporal are most amusing. The parts are well played and their antics furnish a rich vein of humor running through the first two acts. Their admiration and reverence for Father Junipero is their saving grace.

Father Junipero is sad and constantly at prayer because no conversions have been made among the savages of San Diego. His heart yearns over the land and its people. The lines are the purest poesy:

"How beautiful is this land of California; how bright are the waters of yonder bay, that noble and lovely Harbor of the Sun. The wild grape grows in the valleys and the roses are like the roses of Castile. How my soul longs to bring this land under the banner of our Lord and Savior!

"Grant, O Lord, that Thy unworthy servant may convert this heathen land to Thee. Save starving San Diego and bring back Don Gaspar and his men safely from Monterey, that we may go there also and complete Thy work. Desert us not in this hour of our bitter need," prays this Christian zealot.

Calling for the Christian neophyte, Vincenzo, Father Junipero, assisted by Father Fernando, loads him with bright beads and begs him to renew his efforts to bring a child for baptism, for up to that time not a single convert has been made to the faith in San Diego.

While Vincenzo is gone to the hills, great excitement develops, for after the dreary months of waiting, Don Gaspar and his men return.

Alas! they are in terrible plight. Monterey has not been found, and the men are wounded and starving. It is here that the dramatic announcement is made of the discovery of a marvelous harbor to the north.

Portola realizes the fact that the garrison at San Diego has not accomplished anything, not even the conversion of one single Indian to the faith, and that not one baptism has been performed; he orders everybody, including Father Junipero, to be on board the ship at sunset to sail with the tide back to Mexico. California is to be instantly abandoned, and those who are still left living saved from starvation while there is yet time. Cries of gladness arise from the hearts of the re-assembled survivors of the ill-starred enterprise. Yet, again, that one great soul flames out in opposition. Junipero Serra will not go. He vehemently declares that he will remain alone in California to prosecute the work which they had come to do.

Then in the play comes the great conflict between Serra and Portola and the survivors—the conflict between despair on the one hand and sublime faith and dauntless courage on the other. Father Junipero pleads with Portola for one more day of time, reminding the gobernador that the relief ship which had been promised might still arrive. Portola laughs the idea to scorn.

They are interrupted by Vincenzo, who announces the approach of a small party of Indians bearing a babe for baptism. Father Junipero is transported with joy. All is made ready for the rite. The Indians appear, the most degraded and ignorant savages, clad in skins, as fearful and reluctant as wild animals. The Indian father hands the babe to Father Serra, who places it in the arms of Don Gaspar, who is to be godfather to the child.

Just as the holy water touches the brow of the infant, the Indians set up a shriek and snatch him away from Father Serra and disappear with wild shouts. Father Serra drops on his knees in despair, crying "Mea culpa, mea culpa."

The purple shadows of evening begin to creep over the bay. With infinite pity for Father Junipero, but believing the case hopeless, Don Gaspar orders all on board to sail for Mexico, and says he will have to force Father Junipero to accompany them.

Father Junipero begins a frenzied appeal to heaven, and priests, neophytes and soldiers kneel with him.

"Almighty Father, hear my prayer. Desert us not in our hour of need. From the face of the great waters, from the waves of the ocean, send us the ship that was promised." The dusk of night deepens, while the sunset flames low in the west, and as Serra reaches the end of his agonized prayer an old Spanish galleon rounds Point Loma into the Bay of San Diego—the relief ship.

Vincenzo, on the lookout, first beholds the miracle, and

his wild shouts thrill the audience as well as the waiting throng on the stage.

"A sail! A sail! Look, Father Junipero. God has answered your prayer."

San Diego is saved, and the first act of the Mission Play ends with a thrilling and triumphant climax.

ACT II

A period of fifteen years is represented by the interlude between the first and second acts. The curtain rises upon a darkened stage, and vaguely revealed is the beautiful church of San Carlos at Carmel near Monterey, "Father Junipero's own Mission," at the right, and the spacious court or patio of the church with its tall, ivy-covered cross near the center. Through the mission arches that enclose the patio is the shimmering sea of the Bay of Carmel.

The familiar bird twitter is heard. Then another, and another, till a whole chorus of bird songs peal forth as the sky reddens with dawn and the full light of day. The priests and Indians of the Mission begin to chant the morning hymn, and the procession headed by Indian acolytes, preceding Father Junipero and the priests, stream into the church for early mass.

The procession is most picturesque—Spanish señoritas and señoritas, Indian women and children, muleteers, priests and neophytes—and, yes, our old friends, the three Catalonian soldiers, and Senor Corporal, those gay dogs; but their hair has grown gray with fifteen years' service in a heathen land.

After the last straggler has passed into the church, two pretty señoritas, as vivid and gaily garbed as two bright birds, with rebosa and lace mantilla, arrive, and their faces fall when they hear the music of the mass.

"Dios mio," exclaims one of them, "we are late for mass; what shall we do? They are singing the 'Kyrie.' "

"We'll sing it outside," decides the other, and with two of the soldiers they sing the "Kyrie." So beautiful and heart-



Easter Morning Services are held at the break of day on Mt. Rubidoux, at Riverside. They are attended by thousands who come from all over the Southland.



On a summer's night the orchestra plays to the thousands who flock to the Hollywood Bowl.



Airplane view of Universal City and Universal Pictures Corporation studios. This is one of the largest motion picture plants in the world, covering an area of more than 600 acres. It is located in the San Fernando Valley and only about ten minutes ride from Hollywood.



searching in its sweetness is the old mass and so liquid pure and golden are the voices of the singers, with the obligato from the worshipers within, that one bows in reverence.

The soldiers do not attend mass. They say, "The shortest mass is too long for a soldier," so they remain on guard in the patio, and discuss the great day that has come to Carmel, the convocation of the Fathers Superior of the nine missions of California—to make their reports to Father Junipero. Then the Indians of Carmel are to show the visiting fathers what they can do in the way of work—and then the fiesta.

"Ah, it is great change that has been wrought by Father Junipero and the padres in these fifteen short years that we have been in California," says Pedro.

"A great change," echoes Andres; "you may well say it. Madre de Dios! Were savages so stupid, so dirty, so hopeless, ever seen as these Indians of California when we landed at San Diego fifteen years ago?"

"The Indians of San Diego are now good Christians," says Miguel. "It is a miracle. When I see these Indians at work in the fields, planting the seeds and reaping the harvests, when I see them making tile and brick and working at masonry, building churches and houses; when I see the women weaving and making garments, and all these wild red men who were naked when we found them now wearing clothes like Christians, I can hardly believe my senses."

After mass follows the meeting of the Fathers Superior. They make their reports to Father Junipero, who in fifteen years has grown noticeably old and tremulous, though, as comes out in the gossip of the soldiers, he makes the trip on foot from mission to mission, from San Diego to Monterey.

The reports of the nine fathers, even in their brevity, are eloquent of the tremendous labors of the Franciscan missionaries and their Indian converts. Father Palou of San Francisco reports 400 Christian Indians trained to work and speak Spanish as well as to read; 1,700 sheep and 1,800 head of

cattle, 3,200 bushels of grain, and "a splendid supply of other needful things."

Father Sitjar of San Antonio reports the best horses in all California. "Thousands of bushels of grain, thousands of sheep and cattle, and one thousand and eighty-four Christian Indians."

"Ah, that is news that we want to hear," exclaims Father Junipero; "the harvest of souls for the Lord is the harvest we have come to reap."

"One thousand Christian Indians, all trained to work. We have built a ship at San Gabriel which our Indians launched in the harbor at San Pedro," announces Father Calzada of San Gabriel.

Father Caraller of San Luis Obispo reports that in spite of destruction by fire, this mission has six hundred and sixteen Christian Indians well taught in trades, "and the curved tile we have invented for roofing are now used in all California."

"Four hundred Christian Indians sheltered, fed and taught, at our Mission of San Juan Capistrano," reports Father Ammurria. "Our crops are wonderful, our Indians are gentle and quick to learn. We are about to begin the finest church in California, which the Indians themselves will build."

Father Murgia reports from Santa Clara one thousand eight hundred Christian Indians, two thousand fine head of cattle, eight hundred sheep and bursting granaries, besides a splendid church which the Indians built with their own hands."

Father Dumetz of San Buenaventura has little to report, as his mission has been established only a few months, and then Father Lasuen of San Diego, where California began, reports good progress with fully half of all the Indians in the section Christianized.

Father Junipero Serra then tells his brethren that he will not be with them much longer on earth, and bids them a touching farewell.

Some of the most beautiful lines of the play occur here. Father Palou says:

"You have greatly loved California, Father President. Nor in the centuries to come will you be forgotten in the land you loved. California will regard you as her patron saint. Your name shall be spoken in these sweet valleys that sleep in the purpled dusk of time; yea, and from the shining mountain tops—your name shall be spoken even among the Gentiles until California is no more and God calls back the sea and rolls the heavens as a scroll."

Junipero's reply is a classic, in which he reminds them that he has never sought worldly honor, and would gladly be forgotten when he lies down with death in the poor robe of the Franciscan brotherhood. "But, oh," he adds, "California is dear to me. It is the country of my heart. It were sweet to be remembered here by the people which shall some day crowd these golden shores and possess these sweet valleys and shining hills I have loved so well. My feet have wandered every mile of the way between our Mission of St. Francis and our Mission of San Diego, so many, many times. And on this last journey which I have just taken I stopped often amid the oaks and cypress, kissing the ground in loving farewell. I have looked down from the hills and embraced in my soul every vale carpeted with wild flowers, as the mocking bird and linnet sang to me on the way. To be remembered in California—ah, God grant I shall not be forgotten in this dear and lovely land."

The convocation is here interrupted. Galloping horsemen are heard without. Captain Rivera, commandante of all the king's soldiers in California, is announced with a troop of cavalry from the presidio of San Francisco. He enters and demands the custody of a half-blood girl named Anita. Father Junipero being informed by Father Palou of the commandante's sinful designs upon the girl, refuses to give her up.

This is the most dramatic scene of the play. The commandante flies into a rage and declares he will carry out the

purpose for which he came to Carmel and that he will take the girl in defiance of their authority.

Age falls from Father Junipero. His eyes flash with the fire of youth. He demands the presence of the girl Anita and the Indian neophyte to whom she is betrothed, and there, in the presence of the commandante, he declares them espoused.

"I suppose," says Rivera, scornfully, "you think I am to be impressed with your mummary. Well, I tell you, Father Junipero, that it does not impress me in the least; I don't give that for it," snapping his fingers. "Bah! What do these Indians know about marriage or care for it either? I am still here to demand the custody of this girl."

Then Father Junipero rises to his old stature and in a magnificent scene of wrath and powerful mastery threatens to call down the curse of the church upon the sacrilegious wretch, excommunicating the commandante and driving him from the Mission.

A charming incident occurs next which brings out the other extreme in the character of Serra. Father Junipero is still shaken with the storm of righteous wrath and he stands alone in the center of the stage, when a tiny Indian maiden of about four years of age runs in, and with the utmost confidence plucks at his robe and offers him a bouquet of wild flowers. As he does not pay attention to her she gives the cord of his robe a good shake, and her little, high voice is heard:

"Padre, padre mio!" Slowly the old saint comes out of his reverie of wrath and takes the little one up in his arms, talking to her with the utmost tenderness and love.

Little Paula is succeeded by the appearance of an impressive Indian figure, Capitajeno, chieftain of the Indians of Carmelo and Monterey, in feather bonnet and full regalia.

Then follow the Indians, bringing pieces of their work for the delighted inspection of the fathers. There are baskets and blankets, and saddles studded with silver, and bricks and the famous red tile, and many other samples of their arts and crafts.

The Mission bells ring and a throng gathers for the fiesta, but pauses for a moment of prayer, after which Junipero says to them:

"My children, in honor of our Father St. Francis these hours that remain before darkness shall be given over to innocent pastime. We must work and we must always pray, but it is permitted to us to enjoy ourselves in innocent pleasure. God grant happiness to all."

FIESTA SCENE

The fiesta scene is like the sudden blooming of a gorgeous flower, the beauty of which assaults one's senses. The color and the life are intoxicating, and nowhere out of a Latin land could such delirious action in dance and song, such allure of music and motion, of gaiety and youth, of love and laughter be found to make a holiday. The brilliant hued gowns of the Spanish women, the picturesque caballeros, the savage chiefs in war regalia, clad with immobility as with a garment, the bronze bodies of the Indian dancers, all add their barbaric color to the dazzling group in the patio of the Mission.

"El Sombrero Blanco! El Sombrero Blanco!" is the joyous shout from many throats and the apotheosis of all this life and color is seen as four lissome young couples open the festivities and make you rhythm-mad with the melody and motion of the dance of the White Hat. Father Serra's own dance, composed by him, tradition says, and handed down like the songs of Homer, for it has never been in print.

"Quieres que te ponga mi sombrero blanco?
Quieres que te ponga mi sombrero azul?"

The words possess delicious humor and are sung by the pretty señoritas and their partners as they whirl through the measures. As an encore, "La Senora," danced with the tamborines.

The barbaric background of the Spanish California next asserts itself in a weird beating harmony played by Indian

musicians, and the Indian dancers bound upon the stage and begin their war dance which never fails to thrill one. Young Eagle is the leader, with his war bonnet of eagle feathers and porcupine quills reaching clear to his moccasined heels. The dance is a remarkable exhibition, with its accompaniment of war whoops and thrumming of the skin drum.

Song follows dance in rapid succession, and the entire company then praise the festival day in a chorus of richest beauty, "El Dia Festivo."

"Margarita, Margarita, with the Castanets," next comes forward with a swirl of skirts and dances with those "merry feet," to the click of castanets and the delighted plaudits of the spectators. Margarita's beauty puts a spell on them.

"La Jota, La Jota!" shout he revellers—presto the tempo changes—and a whirlwind of romance follows with the click of the castanets as "La Jota" is danced, which closes the fiesta with the vivid, music-mad favorite of Alta California.

Sunset approaches, the sky reddens in glory and darkness falls—the fiesta is over. All the gay company leave the Mission patio. Lights glow from the windows of the church. Someone begins to chant the evening hymn, which is taken up by many voices and finished. The church bells ring and the lights go out. A woman's provocative laugh is the last sound heard.

The Mission San Carlos de Carmelo stands beautiful and shadowy in the moonlight, the sea and the white breakers seen rippling in silvery splendor through the arches of the patio.

Father Junipero, bent and old, enters and silently kneels at the foot of the great cross. It is his last appearance in the play. The moon silvers his white head with a halo as he prays:

"Hear, O Lord, Thy servant whose days upon the earth are about to close, even as the day has closed upon this scene. Bring to the foot of Thy Cross these wild Gentiles of the plains and hills. Bless this dear land of California, and all its people—now, and in the centuries to come. This is the prayer of

Thy servant, Junipero, who is old and worn, and who must soon say ‘Farewell.’ ”

ACT III

The third act is one of lamentation and sorrow. It depicts the decay of the Missions after the seizing of the Mission property by the Mexican government. The brave, glad days are no more. The work of the padres is undone and the Indian neophytes have been driven forth to starve and to die.

The setting for the last act is the beautiful ruin of San Juan Capistrano. The scene is a symphony of color, like a prayer rug let down from the sky, subdued purples blending into soft pinks and tender blues; the walls of the ruin, the sagebrush of the mountain side, the little group of Indians, all bathed in the pink glow that precedes twilight.

Ubaldo in the last act, that same Ubaldo, first gift to the faith in California, the one-time Indian baby whose parents snatched him away in the moment of baptism, now an old, old man, and gone over to the enemy by becoming caretaker of the cattle in the Mission grounds of San Juan Capistrano, with instructions to drive the Indians away.

He has relaxed his vigilance at the rise of the curtain—is asleep on a rude bench, and a little group of his Indian friends are sitting about. There is Anita—that once beautiful half-blood girl whom the commandante sought—and her husband, both old and decrepit. An Indian lad is playing on a guitar. Yes, it is that old, haunting melody, “La Golondrina.”

“That is a sad song to be singing in this old place,” says Juanito, a young Mexican lad.

“It is the song of a swallow with a broken wing,” says Anita, “and a lover with a broken heart.”

The little group talk of the old glad days agone, when the Senora Yorba makes one of her rare visits to the Mission at San Juan. She places flowers upon the ruined altar and looks sadly about the place. Seeing Ubaldo, she speaks bitterly to him at first: “Ubaldo, you grow grayer and fatter every

year in this starving country. It pays, it seems, to be friendly with robbers."

Gradually they begin to talk of happier days, and the senora tells of the time her grandfather, El Coronel Yorba, took her on a visit to all the missions along El Camino Real. The shades of evening begin to fall.

"Look, Ubaldo; there are Indians coming down the pathway through the mustard fields. They seem to be carrying some kind of burden," she exclaims.

Indians enter the grounds, carrying a rude litter upon which rests the body of a dead Franciscan friar.

"Amigos! Friends! We wish to enter the churchyard with our dead padre," say the Indians. Ubaldo is greatly frightened, but the senora compels him to allow the Indians to enter. She talks with them and learns that the padre went out into the wilderness with his neophytes and there starved to death.

"Starved—starved—oh, God! The Lord's anointed!" exclaims the senora in horror.

"Starved! Oh, Michael, archangel, where is the sword of fire! Lord God of Justice, where is Thy wrath!"

"Poor Indians," says Ubaldo. "Mis amigos. My own people." The Indians ask permission to bury their padre in the holy grounds of Capistrano. Senora Yorba says: "Yes, yes—but wait," and she takes the flowers from the altar to place upon the brown robe of the friar, when she discovers a golden chalice hidden in his robe.

"The holy chalice!" she exclaims, in wonder.

"Si, Senora," says Sancho, the spokesman of the Indians. "We want to bury it in the grave with our poor, dead padre."

"Why, this is the chalice of this old altar of San Juan Capistrano," says the senora, lifting up the gold cup in her hands. "It is pure gold and studded with precious stones. It is worth a king's ransom—and yet these poor, starving Indians would neither steal nor sell it."

"Oh, spirit of Father Junipero," she cries, lifting the gold chalice on high, "look down from the star-spangled pavements

of heaven on the glory of your work. Your dusky neophytes whom you loved so well have kept the faith." She starts to replace the chalice on the padre's bier, but suddenly withdraws it and tells the Indians they must not bury the holy vessel in the ground for sacrilegious thieves to dig up; she will carry it with her own hands to Santa Barbara, where the one Mission altar yet remains on which the lights are still burning.

"Go, amigos, in God's name, and bury your dear, dead padre in the holy ground."

The Indians lift the bier and Sancho speaks in praise of the padre—a funeral oration brief, primitive, exquisite.

"He was our father—we his children. We will think of him always when we speak his name—at sunrise when we say, 'Good morning, God,' and at evening when we lie down to sleep under the stars and say, 'Good night, God.' "

"Farewell, San Juan," says the senora; "I shall never look upon your broken walls again."

"Perhaps the Americans, who are so great and strong, will restore these broken walls, senora," says Ubaldo.

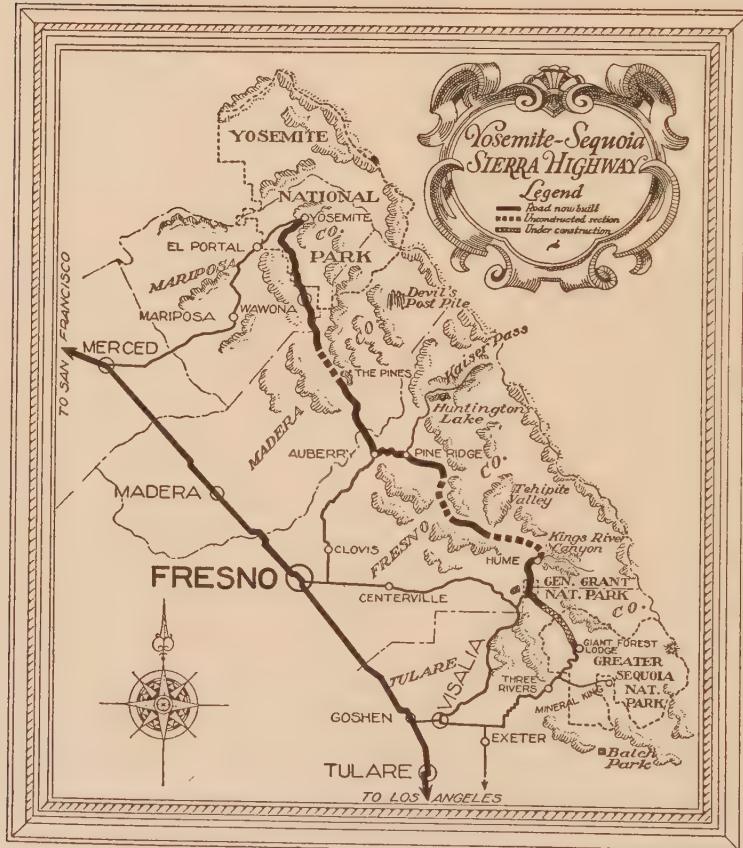
"If they will but do so, God will bless them, Ubaldo," replies Senora Yorba. "Surely when the Americans are building their great cities and their tireless hands are making California the wonder of the world, so also will they think, sometime, of these holy places where the padres toiled and builded, too—so well. Though we shall not see it, Ubaldo—neither you nor I—maybe, in God's good time, the Mission bells will ring again their old sweet music, even in Purisima and lonely Soledad, and all the way from San Diego's sunny waters to Sonoma's moonlit hills. Maybe so, Ubaldo—maybe so. Oh! the Missions restored—and again a cross on every hill on the green road to Monterey!"

"Oh, Cross of Christ!" exclaims Ubaldo.

Then follows Senora Yorba's touching soliloquy: "Farewell, dear place. Farewell, San Juan, that lingers in ruin besides the Sunset Sea. Sleep well, ye who shall here abide until

God's judgment day. Farewell, my countrymen, brown priests and all. Farewell, San Juan—farewell, farewell!"

The sorrowful and beautiful close of the Mission Play comes with the illumination of the cross that stands upon the hillside above Capistrano.



CHAPTER VIII

EASTER SERVICES

This magnificent city of towns has of course many churches. Some of them are magnificent edifices, surrounded by lawns, flowers, shrubs and trees; some are set among the marts of trade, while others have their meeting places in lofts, business offices, homes, stores, or street corners. It is not necessary to be a believer in the Holy Trinity, in Buddha, Confucius, Christ, Mohammed, Brahma, or any sect, creed or thought, to attend services in Los Angeles. If one does believe in the older and more established doctrines, then there are an abundance of houses of worship, but if leanings are towards the occult, Science, New Thought, or any other thought or lack of thought, a place is ready and a gathering is waiting to receive the newcomer. For surely there are more ideas and religious creeds in existence here than can be found in any other one city in the wide universe. But no matter what their teachings are, no matter how profound the talks, no matter how vague the ideas back of any particular dogma, there is one day in the year when nearly all unite in the hour of service, if not in the motif. This is on Eastern morning, when sunrise services are held in many places from the rim of Death Valley to the shores of the beautiful Pacific Ocean.

On Easter morning, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children gather on hilltops, at the beaches, in verdant vales and on shining desert stretches, to celebrate the anniversary of the resurrection of Christ. Perhaps the greatest services are those annually held at Mt. Rubidoux, in Riverside; in the Hollywood Bowl, the Coliseum at Exposition Park and at Eagle Rock.

Men of God greet the sun with poems and praise, while eminent singers chant the coming of the dawn. On Mt. Ruidoux, the gigantic Serra cross is illuminated throughout the night and the mountain chimes are played at frequent intervals to still the impatience of the multitude which starts to gather before sunset. The automobile road is open at two A. M., and all cars are allowed to go to the summit of the mountain, discharge their passengers and may then be parked at the base of the hill, returning for passengers directly after the services, which commence at about five o'clock. Amplifiers make it possible for every one to hear the program clearly, and boy scouts are on hand with flashlights to guide the unfamiliar footsteps of the pilgrims.

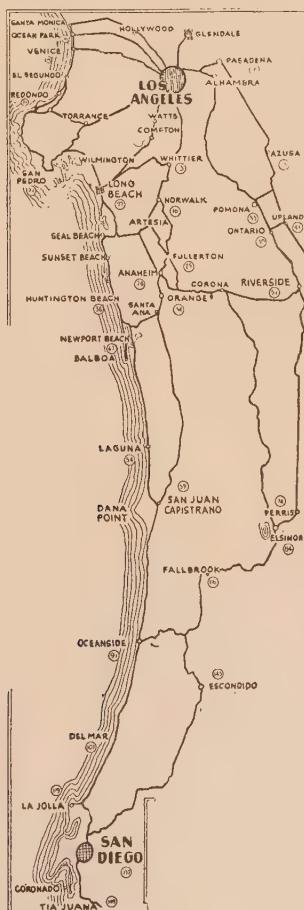
At the Coliseum in Los Angeles, just as the stars fade into dawn, the conductor raises his baton and the audience, numbering many thousands, listens to the music as played by an orchestra composed of nearly one hundred musicians. This sacred music, beginning perhaps an hour before sunrise, is broadcasted to thousands of people who prefer to listen in over their radios. A bugle call announces the rising of the sun, at which time a deeply religious program of music, song and discourse commences. This lasts for about an hour, thus permitting the vast assemblage to return home in time for breakfast.

At Hollywood Bowl, almost an equal number of people congregate to listen to a similar service. The music of a great pipe organ is broadcasted from one of the nearby churches, and here, also, trumpets announce the rising of the sun. At Forest Lawn, which lies in Glendale, in the Hollywoodland hills between Los Angeles and Glendale; at Occidental Bowl, at Eagle Rock; at Hermosa Beach, in the desert at Palm Springs, and also near the edge of the Salton Sea and in Death Valley vast crowds gather, as they do in many other places, on this Sabbath morning.

At nine o'clock, John S. McGroarty's colorful pageant, "The First Easter," is given by the cast of the "Mission Play,"

on the lawn in front of the Hotel Huntington at Pasadena. In this pageant the Padres, with Fray Junipero Serra as guide and inspiration, endeavor to convert the Indians to their Christ; the red men, timid and curious; the pleasant-voiced, brightly dressed Mexicans; soldiers in Spanish uniforms and the gaily attired troubadours, make this a very picturesque as well as sacred gathering.

And so the populace, in church and on hillside, in country club or by the seashore, all unite on this day to honor the rising of the Lord.



The coast road from Los Angeles to San Diego.

CHAPTER IX

HOLLYWOOD BOWL

The Bowl of Hollywood is carved out of God's eternal hills.

It is green as jade and clean-cut as a cameo.

Round and about it are shadowy mountains that are like scalloped velvet against the evening sky.

The Bowl of Hollywood is more beautiful than hammered brass or chiseled teakwood or ancient pottery.

It is as holy as the place where Christ sat when He said:
“Blessed are ye——”

Men seek the Bowl of Hollywood even as they sought the Holy Grail—the wine cup of the Last Supper.

A woman had a vision of music under the stars.

Her dream came true.

Behold we have the precious Bowl of Hollywood.

* * *

It is twilight.

It is very, very still as thousands enter the splendid Bowl of Hollywood. They step softly, as if they walked on ground where the “burning bush” is growing. The voices of the mighty throng are sweet as nestling birds, as they climb up and up to the high places and lay their blankets and cushions on the wooden seats.

Darker the night comes on. It is an enchanted Bowl. The air is warm and fragrant. The sky blazes with stars, and the moon is a silver ball. The tall arc lights are aflame, and in their yellow radiance the Bowl of Hollywood becomes a land of many moons.

Suddenly out of the darkness, where the shadows have been blackest, comes the blazing glory of the stage that swings into place like a comet.

It is half of a golden world, swarming with men tuning their glittering instruments that flash and flame in the dazzling light.

* * *

A woman greets the multitude.
A single note on the throbbing drum.
A high chord on the harp of gold.
The clear voice of the bugle.
The leader waves his magic wand.

Ten thousand lovers of music adventure into a mystical land where blue lakes are made of hyacinths, where golden seas are yellow lilies and salt meadows are white as crusted snow—a wonderful land where all the birds on earth and all the angels in heaven are singing a song of rejoicing in the Bowl of Hollywood.

They are close to God.

Their iron spears are transmuted into shepherd's crooks. They are living 2,000 years ago and are watching for the Star of Bethlehem. Gone are their battle scars. They are living in the age of everlasting peace. They have come out of the fiery furnace. There is no smell of smoke on their robes. They are wearing the garments of praise. They are singing the song triumphant.

* * *

It is over.

All the instruments with throats of brass are still. The violin's pleading voice is mute. The harpist no longer touches his golden strings and the voices of the singers are hushed.

The Multitude has gone.

The Bowl of Hollywood is deserted.

Then God's orchestra "tunes in" on the stillness.

* * *

Crickets sing the old, old songs they sang by the hearth-stone when the kettle was steaming on the crane.

They sing the songs they have sung in the prisons of the world—the songs that have given men courage and kept their hearts from breaking.

They sing the comforting songs they have sung on battle-fields where soldiers lay dying.

They sing songs of hope that are embalmed in the memories of those to whom the nights have been long and sorrowful.

Oh, little black crickets, that sleep all day and sing at night, how do you make music with your wings? Do you know the secrets of singing because you were taught by the Master? Did He teach the lark to sing his thrilling song? Did He make the parrot of green and gold and scarlet feathers and teach him to speak the language of men?

* * *

Little crickets, what do you think of the music made in the Bowl of Hollywood?

Do you love our music as we love the songs you have been singing since the world was made?

For centuries we have listened to your vesper service.

Again you are saying your evening prayer.

You are praying even as sleepy children pray with half the words forgotten.

The crickets have said amen.

Again the Bowl of Hollywood is very, very still.

—*From the L. A. Times.*



Not so many years ago a refined, intellectual and energetic lady, residing in Hollywood, conceived the idea of outdoor concerts. She persisted with the notion until, from her feeble beginning, has grown the great Hollywood Bowl Asso-



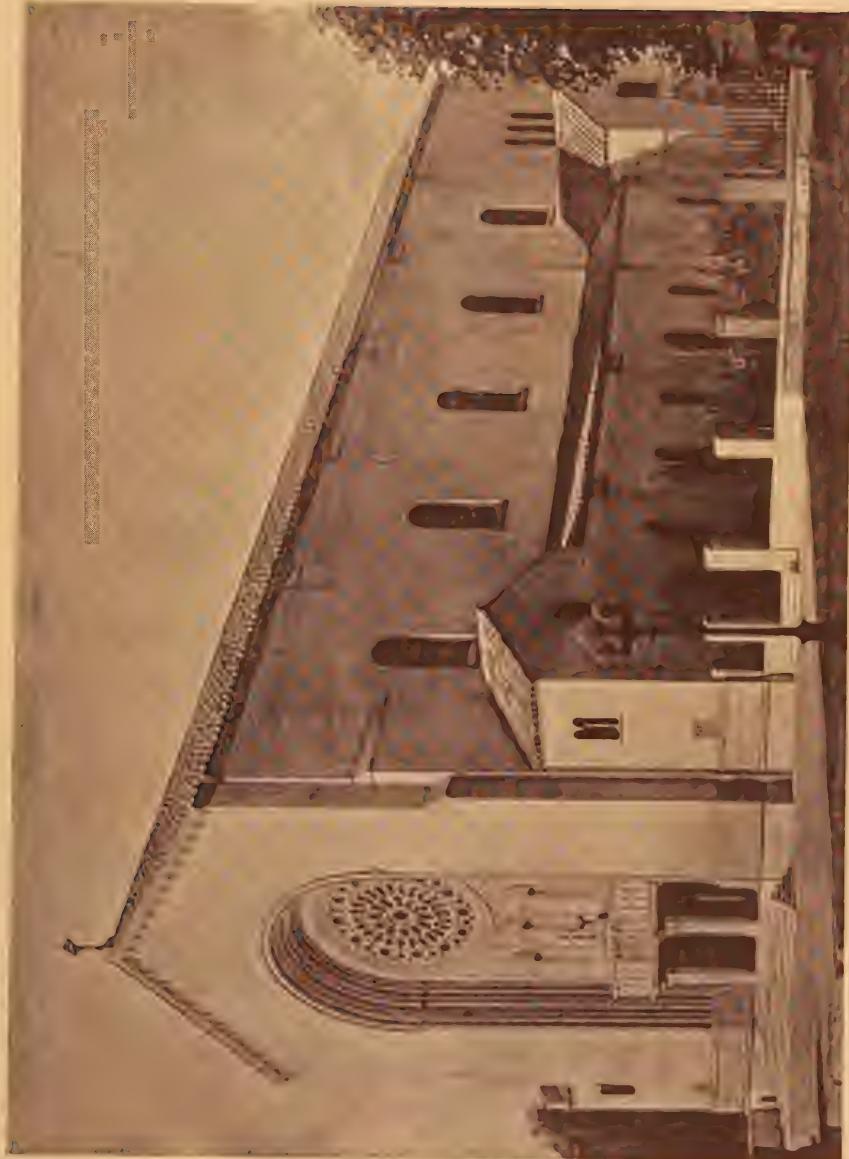
A Southland country club.



Set for a Christie Comedy in Hollywood.



Open air dining room at the romantic Mission Inn at lovely Riverside.



St. Paul's Church, Episcopal, Los Angeles.



Various views on Mount Lowe, reached via electric cars. Mt. Lowe is located back of Pasadena in the Mother Mountains.

ciation, which sponsors the nightly outdoor concerts, to which thousands flock and at which assist some of the world's greatest leaders and soloists.

To know and to enjoy a city is to know and enjoy its favorite pleasures. That countless thousands really enjoy what Los Angeles offers is certified by the extraordinary success, season after season, of the Hollywood Bowl concerts.

That every season of the "symphonies under the stars" is more brilliant than those preceding it is known to every follower of this musical event, from the point of view of the music-loving magnate, who always has his box, to the little stenographer who hastens from the office to have dinner and catch a red car for Hollywood in time to get a good seat. Early in July of each year, the baton of some world-famous conductor lifts to guide the hundred-piece orchestra through the first of thirty-two nights of musical enjoyment, to continue on every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday night thereafter, well into the month of August.

The list of the guest conductors for the various seasons reads like a page from "Who's Who in Music." These conductors have come from Europe, as well as from many cities in the United States. The Bowl Association annually selects the outstanding directors and they are responsible for the delightfully perfect music rendered by the orchestra.

And, by way of injecting elements of variety and interest, usually Tuesday nights are "novelty nights," at which time some novel or unusual number is given. Thursdays are usually "symphony nights," Friday, "solo nights," and Saturday, "popular nights." By this arrangement, all music lovers are pleased, the layman and the musical connoisseur alike.

The Cahuenga Pass parking space is large, and a great upper canyon in the bowl grounds has been leveled, so there is room to park two or even three thousand cars. With this great parking space and with more than 20,000 comfortable seats, every possible thought has been given to the comfort of the Bowl patrons.

CHAPTER X

THE PILGRIMAGE PLAY

The road to the Pilgrimage Play passes Hollywood Bowl on Highland Avenue, and continues until it leads into a cup in the high hills, which, while of the same general shape as the Bowl, has not its magnitude. There is ample parking space within the grounds, and the Amphitheatre is reached by a path leading steeply over a ridge to a series of stone steps. This Pilgrimage Play is a serious religious drama, attractive to the more thoughtful type of visitor.

This mighty presentation of the Life of Christ, as recorded in the Four Gospels, is a tremendous drama that makes the sublime scenes of the bible living events in one's mind.

The play usually opens early in July and runs for perhaps twelve weeks, performances being given each night except Sunday at its cement and stone theatre in El Camino Real Canyon, which, as I have before intimated, lies at the junction of Cahuenga and Highland Avenues in Hollywood.

The play is in twelve episodes, a Prologue of Prophecy, and an Epilogue of Promise, and presents practically the whole spiritual life and teachings of the Savior. A large cast of players gives the sacred words of the Bible, telling the story of the most beautiful and impressive life ever lived. The play is presented with no sectarian interpretation, so that anyone may feel its beauty and truth, no matter of what race, creed, or nationality.

The Pilgrimage Play is given at night so that every modern device of effective lighting can be employed. Beautiful beyond words are the impressive scenes, with the lights surrounding the sacred figures as the drama unfolds. The

effect of sunrise, the transfiguration and ascension, produced in glowing colors, bring a convincing beauty that stirs one profoundly. Above are the eternal stars, all around are the everlasting hills, for the Pilgrimage Theatre has been placed in a natural setting that is said to resemble closely Palestine and its environments.



Map showing locations of pre-historic relics, as well as a general outline of the Southwest.

CHAPTER XI

THE STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood Boulevard, or that portion of it extending from Gower to Highland Avenue, is a magnificent thoroughfare, adorned with the arts of a hundred lands, garnished by the purple of romance, bedecked with the architectural delights of many minds, and savored with the gatherings of almost every race under the sun. Through its traffic streams all the talent, the ability and the ambition of the actress and actor, manager and producer, sculptor, writer, and, unfortunately, also those who wish they were one or the other but who cannot quite make the grade.

Hollywood, where the Indians camped in their shelters of skin pitched on the dry hills and dryer plains; Hollywood, where the Mastodon died, the Sabre-Tooth Tiger made his kill, the Giant Sloth slept in the sun, is now a city within a city, a town within the great jumble making up Los Angeles, the City of Towns. Hollywood, a place where the pauper and millionaire, saint, sinner and fiddling doll congregate, brought usually by the same motive: personal aggrandizement as built and exploited through the motion picture. On the streets, in the hotels, buildings, flats, apartments, homes, cafes and studios, the talk is of this or that motion picture celebrity, or, if not that, then certainly of this or that real estate deal, prize fighter, or, among the prosaic ones, the state of retail business and the possibility of collecting for merchandise sold on credit.

The main side streets, such as Gower, Vine, Highland, and the boulevards, such as Hollywood, Santa Monica and Sunset, are lined with stores, buildings, hotels, theatres, movie

houses, auto parks, and hot dog stands. Away from the business zones, on the neighboring hills to the north and west, or the flats and gullies to the south, palatial homes rivaling the famed domiciles of the Caesars mingle with cottages and bungalows, apartments, boarding houses, churches, schools, and elaborately named and fiendishly decorated cafes, lunch counters and cafeterias. The residential streets are comparatively narrow, and the thick fringes of trees often bury them in deep shade, forming a sort of series of broken tunnels, through which the over-population of automobiles stream, making everywhere a series of noises louder than the chimes of the California Missions, or the voices of the "Yes-men" of the studios. Flowers bloom on roofs, porches and balconies. Vast houses, made like fairy palaces of brick and stone, stucco and marble, sit majestically in great estates surrounded by trees and gardens. Small places crowd against one another or, perhaps, are themselves lost in the swirl of oncoming business.

Hollywood Boulevard is the principal street of the movie City. It is bordered with stores, where the silks and spices of the far East, the garments of the Orient, the diamonds of Africa, the pianos of Chicago, the radios of New York, the perfumes of Vienna and Paris are offered for sale. But Vine Street with its magnificent stretch of pavement and its theatres and hotels is striding into the business world, as is Highland avenue or any other number of lesser streets and corners.

On any of its splendid thoroughfares a dozen languages and dialects can be heard at once. Hollywood folks care not who listens when they speak. And why should they? The listener might conceivably be a movie magnate, and listening, like that which he is hearing and perhaps offer the talker a job, starting at the very least of say \$200.00 a week. The speakers are worth more than that—for do they not frankly acknowledge it?

Dutch and Italian, Scandinavian, Spanish, New Yorkese, Yiddish, English and French, Japanese and German words

fly back and forth over the pavements with great and daring abandon.

At certain times in Hollywood so many costumes are displayed as if to give the impression the universe is going to a fancy ball. Sometimes a truck filled with movie soldiers goes by, the sun dying on their drab helmets, or glittering against the polished shields, should they happen to be Roman soldiers. Then three or four villainous appearing unshaven cowboys stumble past, their spurs jingling on the pavement as they go to take a truck which will convey them to the location, where their mounts are waiting patiently, after having been, themselves, subjected to a ride in an open motor lorry. Or, perhaps, a man dressed in the habiliments of a monk, with his cross suspended over an arm crooked to light a cigarette, pauses on the corner to survey the world as it flits by. A bevy of extra girls giggle as they glide along, their Dutch, Colonial, French or South Sea costumes dancing in the sun, which is also tanning their uncovered legs and shoulders. A hermit, with long tangled hair and matted beard, gathers his flowing robe about him as he moves with eyes downcast and face a vacant countenance. No movie man is he; just one of the drifters brought in the backwash. Orientals, and others from the East, with white turbans or skull caps and voluminous robes, and perhaps with them a group of tattooed and painted Indians, their feathered head-dress dangling almost to the ground, chatter in many tongues as they await the pleasure of the assistant director who is conveying them to some location lot. Occasionally a gorgeous automobile rolls by with a flaxen-haired doll, half hidden by the luxurious upholstering, the while with supercilious half-closed eyes she gazes upon the rabble from whence she came, and may yet return. Next, a director, in golf knickers and white shirt open at the throat, receiving, as he walks along, the over-anxious salutations of ambitious extras, resting between contracts. And, of course, the ordinary citizens themselves. Shop girl, chaffeur, restaurateur, clerk, lawyer, housewife, and plain-clothes

police officer, all hurrying to and fro, or idling in the shade watching the passing of the others.

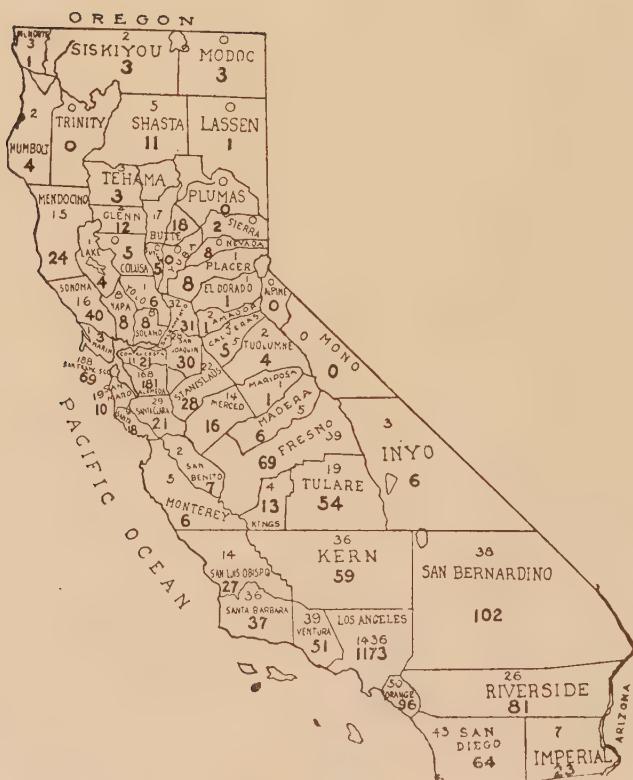
Automobiles line the curbs and fill the streets, making it difficult for the red street cars to pass and for the pedestrians to cross. Trucks, delivery cars and moving palaces rub fenders and go their honking way. Tourists gape at other tourists, each thinking they are seeing a man or woman high in the secrets of the studios. Writers, poets, philosophers, politicians, pass unnoticed, a prize fighter gathers a considerable following, and one or two of the picture stars block the street when they are so foolish as to appear, but usually the public is content to look rather than to follow.

In the entrances of the movie theatres hawkers go about in Chinese or Egyptian costumes offering souvenir photos, cards, candies and cigarettes, and usually calling their wares in loud tones. One theatre with a Chinese motif has the imprint of the shod feet of several moving picture stars of both sexes imbedded in the pavement on the sidewalk and in the foyer. It would not be fair to say which is the largest, but it would not surprise me at all if upon measuring them you would find the smallest belongs to an ex-comedy bathing beauty.

Then the visitors, the tourists, the sightseers, bright-eyed world people who stroll industriously back and forth, who lounge through the ornate courtyards of the theatres, or who stand in groups watching everyone for fear one made familiar on countless silver screens may pass and not be recognized.

So passes the Hollywood street-life day, and with the first hours of darkness the noise and turmoil increases, but the costumes disappear except, occasionally, when an extra gang is having a hurried meal in a cafeteria before returning to the night set. Two hours after sunset the automobile traffic increases a dozen fold. The music of orchestras oozes loudly forth and mixes with the sounds of laughter from the cafes. Lights are bright, eyes sparkle, and the theatres, movie houses and outdoor amusements do a very satisfactory business. By

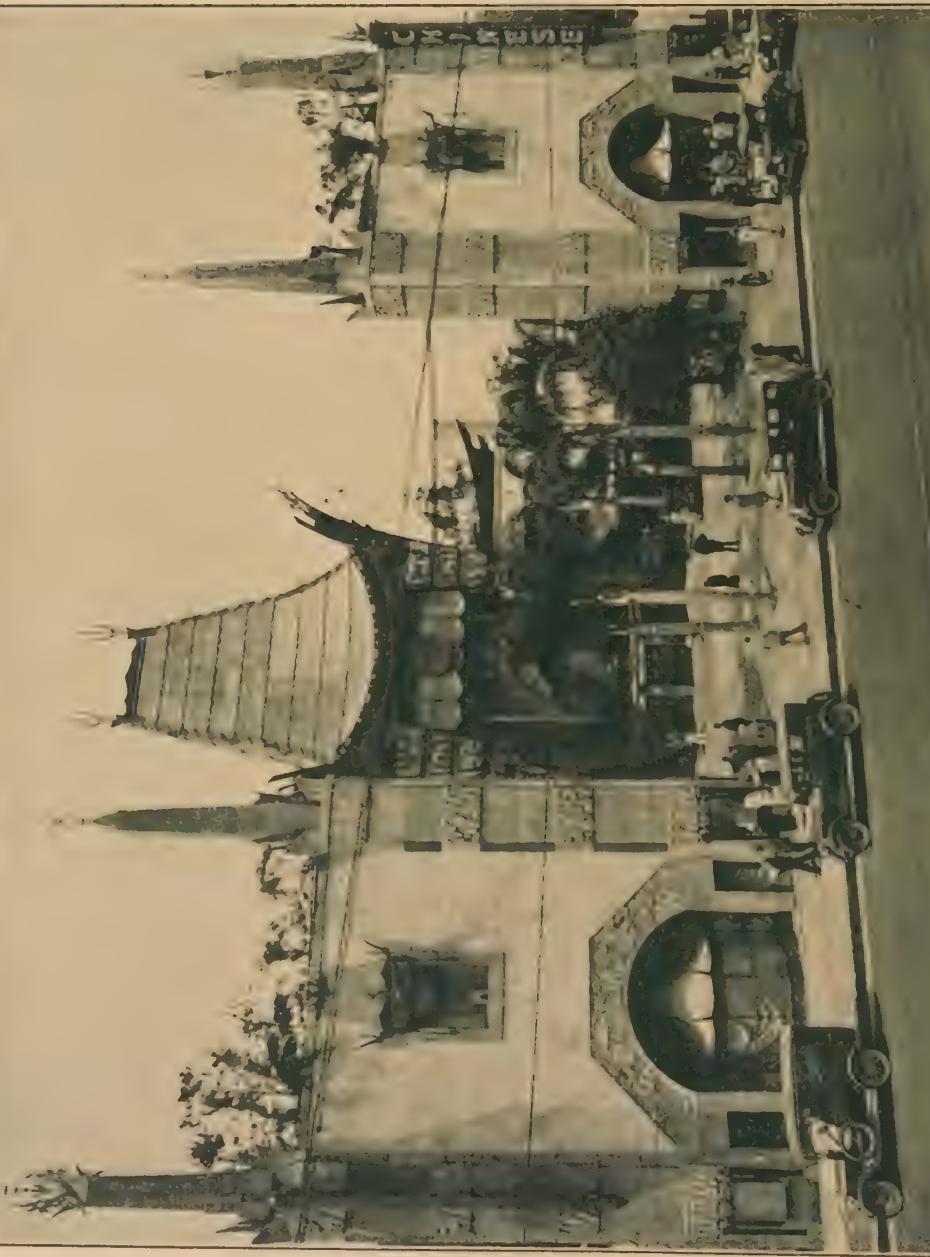
ten or eleven the auto jam reaches its tip-top peak, for visitors from afar are going home and, when they have gone, Hollywood, being left to itself, yawns a couple of times and turns over in its sleep, for it is rather small, rather meek, and certainly dull, albeit beautiful.



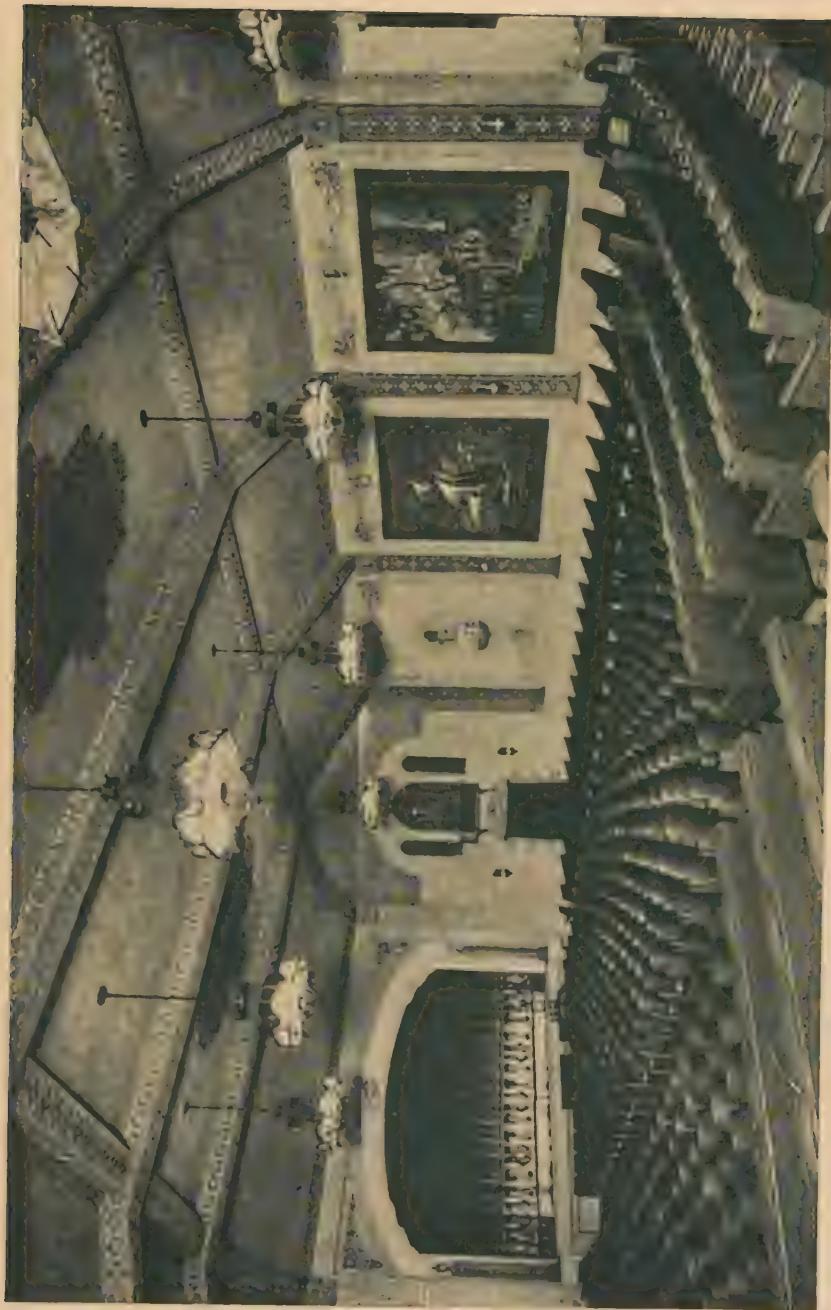
County Map of California.

An exterior view of the First National Picture Studio, near Burbank.





The Chinese Motion Picture Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. In the cement of the forecourt are the imprints of the stars and hosts of famous celebrities.



The auditorium of La Mirada Motion Picture Theatre in the Heart of Hollywood.



Spanish style homes decorate the hillsides throughout all of this romantic Southland.

CHAPTER XII

IN A MOVIE THEATRE

The moving picture people are fairly entitled to our gratitude, for certainly they have brought luxurious entertainment to this magnificent city. Whenever an innovation has been tried and found good, before it is accepted as a regular part of the moving picture theatre exhibiting business it comes to southland movie houses. Thus, the prologue started in California, and thus will any other big new thing in this ever changing, highly competitive game start here. To describe any movie house in Los Angeles is to describe all of the important ones except the Chinese and Egyptian houses in Hollywood. To portray the interior of any house is to give the readers an idea of what all are like. The owners and operators are, of course, intent only upon making money; they are not philanthropists, but they do give the patron a run for his money, and they are daring, hardy, enterprising men. They offer to every ticket buyer something to suit his pleasures and so at least are entitled to their financial rewards. At any rate, the movie theatres give good shows, and perhaps this brief description will portray the style and the manner of an important movie theatre.

Outside the house, a tall and reasonably handsome young man directs the flow of potential patrons toward the box office, itself a gilded glass cage large enough for the lady cashier but not big enough for her to entertain therein. The young man's speech, like a phonograph, "All seats going in now, just in time for the performance," lures the customers to enter. If the place is crowded, one must stand around until someone goes out. After the golden-haired goddess of the ticket booth

provides the ticket, you stroll up a slight incline of marble, highly colored.

Another tall and reasonably handsome young man guides you towards the main entrance, where another tall and reasonably handsome young man takes the ticket and turns you over to another tall and reasonably handsome young man, who says, "Second aisle to the left, please."

Turning into the aisle, you are escorted down the dark space by another tall and reasonably handsome young man, accompanied by a hand electric torch. At first you may imagine the house to be shrouded in an eternal gloom, and you will consequently look about you with surprise and, perhaps, a feeling of awe when the lights blaze up in their great and overwhelming brilliancy. It is certainly a very pleasing impression for a stranger.

From above, through half concealed openings, varicolored and bright lights are revealed, which break into a thousand sparks over the orchestra pit and stage. A group of dancing figures, with a blue light in the center, designed to ornament the top of the stage arch, is surrounded by lesser figures receding in size until they are lost or absorbed in the walls. It is evident that the builders love colors, for color, growing in ornate regular and irregular columns, waves and curves, is everywhere, as are also many sapphire-colored rosettes, whose plaster sides are silvered by the spray from some hidden globes. Among the dwarf spires and balustrades are half concealed light sprays, and amid the dense overglow of lights are discerned bronzed statues of birds, children, nymphs and fauns. In one corner a bronzed lady inclines her head, turned greenish by a shaft of light, to a bronzed gentleman just beyond her reach. The floor of the theatre is thickly carpeted. The walls, part faced with reddish-brown stone, and in part decorated with paintings representing trees, lakes, fishes and dancers, caress the eye with their display of color. The casings of the chairs are ornamented with heavy iron or bronze, and upholstered in deep springs

and thick velour. Everything evidences a financial plenty, not far removed from outright luxury, but perhaps a little too garish to be truly dignified.

But there is in this country nothing like the Chinese Theatre. It is doubtful if in any other place in America, save Hollywood, such a theatre could be conceived. But on Hollywood Boulevard at Orchid Street, with a famous oriental residence looking down upon it from a hilltop above the theatre, the burnished towers of the playhouse, gleaming in the sunlight by day or in the bright incandescents at night, are perfectly in keeping with this street of romance.

Red is the dominant note of Chinese art, and it is in the many shades of this color that the Chinese Theatre is decorated. Red, shade of the Tanager's wing, the delicate tints of coral, ruby, blood, crimson, scarlet, wine, every conceivable shading of this most brilliant color of the spectrum is in the great auditorium. This, of course, is only the central note. Almost every color in the chromatic scale is used. The colors are almost breath-taking in magnificence.

In front is a lovely oriental garden, an enormous elliptical forecourt with forty-foot walls. Here are full grown cocoa palms, tropical trees and trailing verdure, for it is the custom of the Chinese to bring woodland life into the heart of their cities. An ornate pagoda garden house in this forecourt forms the box office.

The bronze square-cut pagoda roof, ninety feet above the forecourt, aged to the color of green jade, is underlaid by two immense piers of coral-red. Beneath the piers is a great stone dragon, and in front of the dragon a bronze statue symbolizes the human genius of poetry and drama, while surrounding golden flames suggest the ever-burning fires of dramatic fancy and creation. Directly beneath this statue is the entrance to the main foyer of the theatre. This main room is flanked on either side by smaller vestibules, brilliantly decorated in red lacquer, silver and gold.

The main auditorium, which seats more than two thou-

sand on one floor, has been so designed, it is said, to suggest a shrine during the dynasty of Hsia, when the world was young indeed and the All Year Club of Los Angeles was not sending out its delightfully attractive printed matter. The walls of this great room are of red brick with fanciful trailing leaves, birds and figures drawn in soft silver tones.

It is the center decoration in the ceiling which, perhaps, attracts the attention of the visitor. This is sixty feet in diameter and is entwined with silver dragons in relief, bordered by a circle of gold medallions. Extending to the side walls are a myriad of panels, each presenting some fanciful scene in Chinese antiquity. From the center of the decoration is suspended a gigantic chandelier in the form of a colossal round lantern. All of the comfortable chairs were especially designed and are upholstered in red with floral designs on the back seats, and they are kept company by rugs woven in China after designs prepared to harmonize with the theatre itself.

At Carthay Circle is another showplace of the Golden West. In this magnificent California showplace spectacular motion picture productions, prologue stage presentations and great concert orchestra have made it one of the world's most famous theatres. Housed within its art galleries are paintings by famous Western artists depicting the historical epochs of California from the time of the founding of the first Christian Missions by Fray Junipero Serra to the admission to statehood and the passing of the Pony Express. Included in its rare Western pioneer relics are a section of the original Monterey Customs House flagpole which flew the first American flag on California soil, as well as the flags of Spain and Mexico; a section of the original Junipero Serra oak tree; bronze statues to the Pioneer and Mothers and the Gold Miners, and a memorial to Snowshoe Thompson. The great curtain in the theatre is a reproduction on a gigantic scale of the arrival of the famous Donner Party at the lake in the high Sierras now bearing this name.

It is truly a magnificent building, and yet, in this great place, in the smaller neighborhood houses, in the downtown theatres, the spirit is much the same.

In any audience, of course, are many familiar types. In front, perhaps, two middle-aged ladies, evidently wives of working men, out for a lark, while their husbands attend a lodge meeting. Next them, a Japanese couple, quiet, dignified. To the right, a boy eating peanuts; behind him, someone who has dined on garlic. In one of the box stalls, occasionally one of the movie stars, or someone connected with the studio or theatre.

The lights go out, the orchestra commences. The leader stands up, or advances to the center of the stage, saying, "Hello, folks. Where are you from? I'm from Iowa myself." This audacity always brings forth a flock of cheers and hand-clapping, which continues in intermittent spasms until the cast of the prologue is shut from view by the descending curtain, and the feature picture appears. Then a deep, upholstered silence settles over the vast auditorium, broken only by the sounds of "reading titles," "whispers of 'love,'" "gasps" and the cracking of peanut shells.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WAMPAS

This business of making moving pictures has a lure stronger, perhaps, than has any other business in the world. To those who know nothing of it, it all seems pie and cake, yet there are many crusts in Hollywood, Culver City and Burbank. We see only the presentation of the finished film in exquisite settings in the elaborate moving picture theatres. Yet what caused us to go to see any particular picture? What indeed caused any person to become a famous star with a great drawing power? Usually the answer is *Publicity*; the printed word telling the world about that person or that picture. So in this profession there are men and women of whom you never hear, yet upon whom falls the task of making an expensive picture pay a profit. These are the publicity people, of whom every studio has a trained crew. There are, in addition, hundreds of free-lance publicity writers who exploit actors and actresses, producers, directors, writers and pictures for a fee. In Hollywood it is not unusual for a film favorite to employ as many as five publicity people, ranging from the lowly one who opens the fan mail, and answers it, to the high one who makes the fan mail come in by the quantity, not quality, of the words he can get printed about the person who is paying a handsome salary for the service. So now, after this preamble, we come to the Society whose name adorns the head of this chapter.

The Wampas is an organization embracing writers, artists, and general publicity men and women who are engaged in scattering broadcast words, pictures, stories and gossip about the picture people. The Wampas for a time was com-

posed exclusively of men, but it now has broadened its scope to include women, newspaper writers, some directors and others whose tasks keep them in tune with the business of advertising motion pictures and motion picture individuals.

Once a year, usually during the winter season, January or February, the Wampas gives a monster jubilee at which the successful stars appear; acts of many kinds are produced, and a group of perhaps twelve young lady actresses, known as "baby stars," are advanced publicly for the consideration of those who pay to witness the picture shows. Some of the Wampas "baby stars" go forth and onward to fame and riches, and some fall by the wayside, but they are lucky girls to have been sponsored by this organization.

Let us suppose that we are attending a Wampas frolic being held in the great auditorium on the Ambassador Hotel grounds. Various other places have been used to accommodate this most affluently gorgeous, albeit bizarre, exploitation and money-raising event, but the auditorium at the Ambassador Hotel seems to be best suited for it. The place itself is spacious, likewise the streets surrounding the hotel grounds afford parking space for a vast number of cars. Tickets are offered to the general public, and the general public, including grandmother and granddaughter, are eager to pay five dollars or more to give the affair the once or twice over. Boxes usually fetch many times the price of a single ticket, and some boxes are reserved for time-proven celebrities of the moving picture world. This affair is strictly sponsored by the publicity people of the movie world, so the movie universe attends and is looked at and talked about by thousands of folks engaged in other gainful if not romantic occupations.

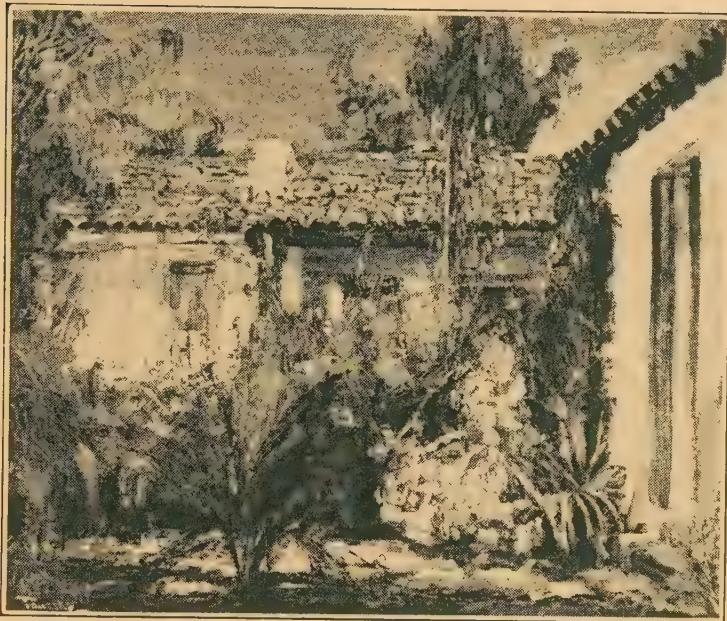
During the frolicsome evening a star of great magnitude graces a particular box, which is itself adorned by the star's name on a large sign suspended over it. Thus identification is possible, because, familiar as a star's countenance may be on the screen, in flesh and blood life they frequently look rather different, to put it mildly. For the affair itself the

advertising publicity is enormously entertaining and extravagant, and of course the response is terrific in the crowds that gather outside as well as inside.

Our general admission tickets entitle us to the assistance of the law in reaching the entrance, otherwise certainly our excitement of anticipation would be cut short by unfulfillment. But with the assistance of one officer and another we arrive at the door where the ticket man takes our admitting pasteboard; then a girl, dressed perhaps as a Chinese lady, gives us a badge showing that we have paid our way in; another fair damsel, this one attired as an American Gob, hands us a program, in exchange for any coin above twenty-five cents that we are of a mind to offer, and thus fully armed with badge and program, we push our way into the extravagantly festooned hall, to find it a very big, barn-like place, greatly filled with other badged and programmed people.

Now that we are inside, it appears as if everybody in Los Angeles distinguished for money, wit, beauty, intellect, or otherwise not at all distinguished, has thronged to this frolic. Since the Wampas desires to reward their patrons, each year sees an improvement over the ball of the previous year. The entertainment must excel, the decorations be more elaborate, the general atmosphere more risque. It is as if they wish to prove that no other organization could possibly amuse and entertain so magnificently.

To the end of making their affair outstanding among all things, the Wampas actually commence their preparation months before. Some of them have been to Europe, the Orient, New York, and it appears as if each of these wanderers brought some thought, idea, or concrete tangible thing back. They send orders to all the film world for talent, beauty, color, extravaganzas, life, and command also the wearing of such jewels and clothes as would increase the splendor of the occasion. The revenues of their entire exchequer are lavished in the gay plans. The Wampas have nothing to restrain them. Their influence in Hollywood for this occasion waxes very



A Southland Patio—David Lauszky.



Many a golfer finds recreation on Southland golf courses.



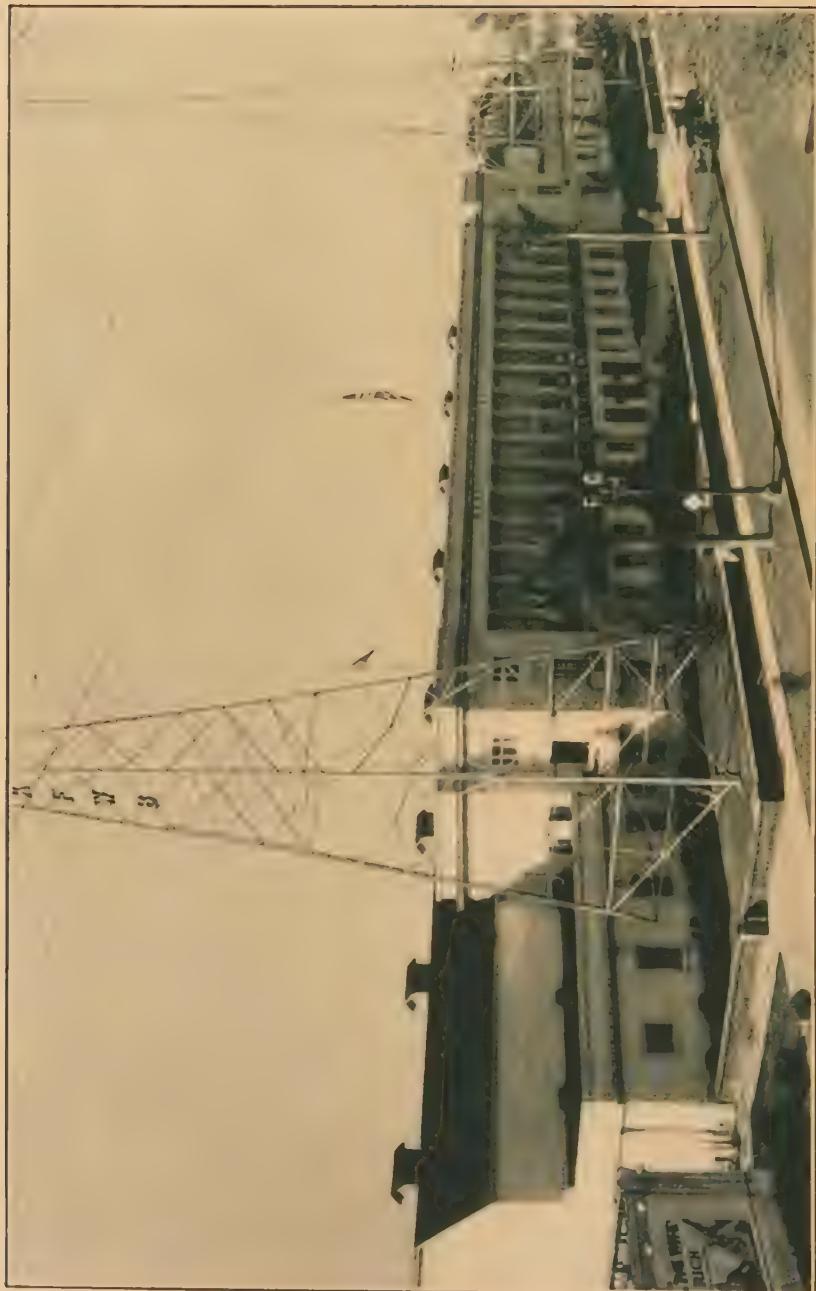
*The east side of "The Street in Spain" in the delightful city of
Santa Barbara.*



The Union High School at El Monte.



Within the Mission Yard.



Warner Bros. Motion and Talking Picture Studio, on Sunset Boulevard, not far west of Western. Here is where the telephone had its start, and here it is where the movies have been turned into speakeasies. Here also is the home of KFWB Broadcast Station.

great. Indeed, in the general course of events their individual influence upon the rise and fall of a favorite is great, and their combined influence truly enormous. Woe to a star, a director or player who tries to "high hat" the Wampas. For this and other reasons the Wampas is perhaps not especially beloved of the film world, but it is indispensable. Individually, Wampas members have sense enough to recognize their own limitations. Knowing that individually they could not compete with the personality of the players, who are conspicuous either by personal appearance, talent, reputation or ability, they exploit them and by them evoke a splendor that dazzles the crowd.

Within the auditorium is a monster stage, surrounded by gilded, silvered and purple curtains. Its edges are decorated with paintings which stand out with all the colors of the rainbow. On every side are groups of photos, nooks, balconies, paper flowers and rosettes. Among all of these are hidden colored lights and silhouettes. The seats behind the boxes running almost completely around the hall are bunting covered, streamers hang from the roof, garlands, red, green and sparkling, play about the air over the heads of those on the dancing floor. The stage, which looks almost like a full color picture, is flooded with colored lights, changing, dancing, bewilderingly lovely.

On the stage a group of girls and men disguised as fish, swans, birds, lions, bears and monkeys, dance and cavort, while the colored lights display faces and forms of marvelous beauty. Under the varicolored lights the dancers seem to be ever changing, altering, advancing, retreating, fading and blooming like the life of the sunlit wilds they represent.

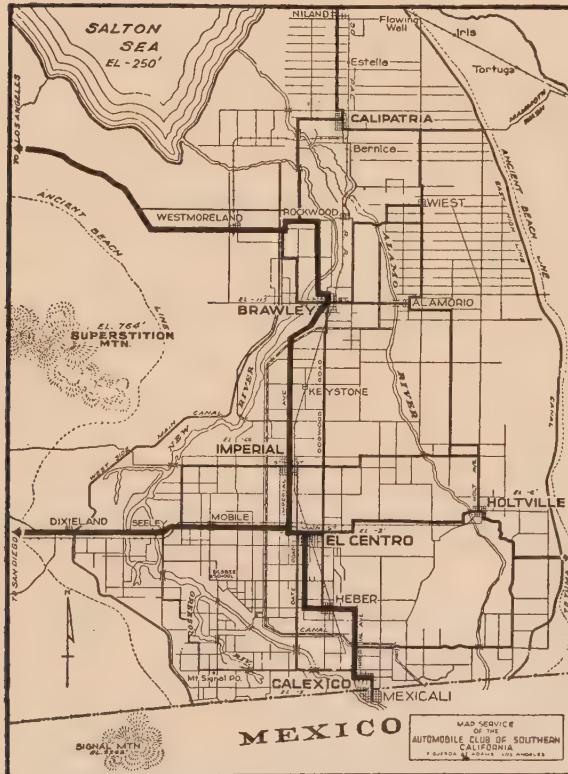
From the other end of the immense room the strains of a double jazz orchestra, presided over by a nationally famous leader, bid those who wish to dance to do so on the highly polished floor set apart for them. From the boxes, lodges, stalls, and the public seats, and from the crowded floor, win-

dow ledges, doorways, from the gorgeous canopies, hiding chairs set there for the night, resound laughter, applause and ardent love making. All of the people in the place and even the building itself respond to the emotional rhythm. The echoes scattering around and seeping broadcast through the openings bring cheers, comments and applause from the outside to swell the hilarious chorus within. The multitude is cheering, perhaps, just to hear its own voice, and, liking the sound of it, adds cheer to cheer in growing volume. Suddenly the din is terrific, as if all the voices of the universe have been let loose in one thunderous roar of applause. One of the most famous of all the lady moving picture stars is on the stage. This personage must be honored. The jazz music stops, every other person vanishes from the platform, lights are cast upon her, and she bows in every direction from the center of the stage. She is supreme, and her face and figure indicate talent and great ability. Now in the full flush of her triumph, health, love and success have moulded her features as if the plastic hand of a master sculptor had taken the famed beauty of Venus and placed it upon her countenance.

The din eases into the conventional chatter as she disappears, to be followed by others of lesser note. The "baby stars" make their bows to some applause, and a basket of roses is presented to each of them. Girls dressed as pages, cupids, demons, pass among the crowd offering candy, cigarettes and refreshments of various kinds. Suddenly from the thicket of bunting overhanging the stage streams a troupe of acrobats, jumping and tumbling like grasshoppers.

The lights are continually changing, edifying the multitude, making it softer and more pleasant. As the evening wears on, the stars who have occupied the boxes, loges and stalls move away and the public comes in. Now a wrinkled and much decorated grandmother is sleeping in a chair over which appears the name of a popular lady star. But what of it? Everyone is there to enjoy themselves and if sleeping

is the most enjoyable thing, well, then sleep, and pleasant dreams, but as for us, the show is still on, the floor is smooth, the music divine, the occasion knows no law. Let's dance! We can go home any time!



The Imperial Valley.

CHAPTER XIV

A VAUDEVILLE BENEFIT

The producers and exhibitors of the Southland give the public a run for its money. The show houses are grand and superb, the shows perhaps not always so grand or so superb, but the advertising and newspaper publicity gives the impression that to miss a single show is a life's calamity. Is it any wonder, then, that when once a year the owners all combine to give one gigantic midnight extravaganza, the advertisements should fairly leap out and bring in the public? Vaudeville is the medium for this annual outpouring of talent, and charity the motif. A stranger in this magnificent city is apt to be astonished to find billboards proclaiming to the world that fifty or more stars of the stage and screen will positively appear on a certain night in three of the important vaudeville houses. Movie queens, whose salary runs greater per month than it should; legitimate actors, some with lasting, others with only newspaper reputations; vaudeville headliners and vaudeville riffraff all actually do combine on one night to make the performance a success. To attend is to see the greatest galaxy of stars possible to assemble under one roof. To attend is to be jammed, pushed and pulled by the other ticket buyers, who are in their turn jammed, pushed and pulled, all for a worthy cause. Ticket holders also find that there are as many on the streets in front of the various theatres on this benefit night as there are inside, and holding a ticket does not always mean the one who spent the money will be able to reach the seat so purchased. But what of it? Any seat is a good seat on a night like this.

The National Vaudeville Association benefit, in short,

means that practically all the visiting actors, actresses, singers and other theatrical celebrities donate their talents to a series of midnight shows, the entire proceeds to go to the pension fund for old, sick or incapacitated professional players. Performances are given simultaneously at three houses. Large sums of money are realized at these shows, by donations as well as by legitimate buying of tickets. Boxes at the Orpheum sell for as high as one thousand dollars. These boxes are usually purchased by some big realtor, hotel man or moving picture producer who derives some benefit from paying the high premium, because of the great red banners which are hung around the boxes for several days before the event giving in some detail the name of the purchaser and the amount of money paid. Then, on the great night, the realtor who spent his thousand berries may take his party to the Orpheum and, sitting in the box, with his banners below, above and around him, consider the state of the nation in its relation to the fact that quite a thousand people are aware that he spent one thousand dollars for this box, in sweet charity's sake and name. However, the money actually goes to the Vaudeville Association and certainly does its fair and full charitable duty.

Orchestra seats at the Orpheum average around twenty dollars, and perhaps it is worth that to sit in an orchestra seat on this one night and let the gallery gods, who paid only fifty cents or a dollar, gaze with envious eyes upon the rich. At Pantages Theatre and the Junior Orpheum (or the Hill-street house, to give it its other name) the prices are lower, but the festooning is just as impulsively grand, and the performance is exactly the same. When an act is completed, the players go to another of the three houses, and so on until all have made their appearances. This usually requires several hours and it is not unusual for such a benefit to continue until the sun is up and the milkman has gone home.

The performances are really quite well worth attending. The introductions of the artists and the announcements are

made for the most part by famous moving picture stars with a flair for personal appearances, rotating from house to house. The bills all carry the names of many moving picture people. This is the bait, for of all cities under the sun Los Angeles will go farther and spend more to see a screen personality than it will for most anything else, unless perhaps it is to see several screen persons. Benefit performances start after the regular evening shows have finished. That makes them start some time between eleven-thirty and twelve. There is no delay and the acts come and go with professional regularity.

Outside each house the crowd is just as interesting as is the throng and the performance going on within; spectators overflow into the side streets and completely fill the main thoroughfares in front of each house. There is no disorder, for, like all Los Angeles crowds, these are extremely orderly, if not sedate. Cheering, and perhaps a little eager pressing forward to catch a glimpse of some one, is about as far as any Southland gathering goes in boisterousness. Great arc and searchlights play about the front of the theatre, illuminating it, setting it in bold relief, so that even the faces of those somewhat distant in the crowd can be easily distinguished. Men are seen hugging their girls. Girls, excited with the novelty of the adventure, talk, giggle and cuddle back. Always there are some unattached young men floating around in the multitude, and somehow they usually drift in with the unattached young ladies also perambulating hither and yon through the throngs.

Occasionally, a near celebrity enters, followed by the loud greeting of those obscure persons in the audience whose recognition, on this and similar occasions, makes him the near celebrity. And the jam itself; the pulling, jostling, happy, harmless crowd is composed of most every sort and kind of human tourist, all set upon seeing everything; old timers with a sort of blasé expression on their faces and in their eyes, eyes, however, which never fail to see everything. Handsome women and homely men, sheiks and just plain barbers or

plumbers. Among the gatherings are Japanese somberly dressed, neat Negroes loudly festooned for the occasion, each perhaps with a ticket for a gallery seat in his possession. Painted girls, unpainted ones, sleek-haired hatless college boys from the University of Southern California, the high schools, University of California, Southern Branch, or from Pomona and Occidental colleges. Laboring men in their Sunday clothes, with daughters or wives on their arms. Rich men, poor men, beggar-men, and perhaps thieves. Young women, girls, middle-aged women and grandmothers; modistes, book-keepers, bankers, ham actors, clerks, police officers, lady barbers, gentlemen milliners, and several nationally known prize-fighters, all laughing and shouting, cheering and applauding, blinking under the terrible lights, struggling for their places, watching, stamping, running with the others, running back again, milling around, borrowing matches, tearing somebody's clothes, stepping on somebody's shoes, spoiling their shines, and crowding forward or backing, or sidestepping with the movement of the whole.

Amid this joyful melee, in the glare of the calcium lights, glitter diamonds and just plain glass, gold and brass, pearls and bone, and no one is the wiser, nor does anyone care for his neighbor, who might possibly be the greatest celebrity of all, unrecognized pro tem. A voice somewhere in the multitude will sing out, "There he goes," as some person known to readers and followers of the screen passes or attempts to enter the theatre. And above these three boisterous, eager midnight crowds booms the starry heaven, scattering peace and harmony with its twinkling tranquility.

Within any one of the houses a man in evening clothes walks out upon the stage, gay with lights, flowers and bunting.

"Hoop-la!" a voice shouts from the gallery, or perhaps one of the thousand dollar boxes, "it's 'Charley'!"

Instantly the place is in an uproar. It lasts for some time, and meanwhile the man on the stage, whom everyone knows is one of the funny men of the screen, tries to make himself

heard above the tumult. In about five minutes silence is restored. All wait to see what this funny man will do to make them laugh, but no matter what he does they will laugh anyway.

He does one of his characteristic screen movements, and the laughing bursts out like the roars of a Niagara. Everybody is there to be amused and, by gum, they are going to be amused.

When he can make himself heard, he says: "Ladies, and what you got with you. I want to introduce—" But the name is not heard, for no one wants to hear it. They want to cheer, and cheer they do. The funny man walks off, not forgetting to make his usual screen exit, and the newcomer enters. The funny man is seen no more at this house, for his duties take him to the others. The newcomer, a man made up as a rookie, plays on a saw to the immense delight of everybody in the house. They cheer and applaud and laugh and yell, just exactly as if none of them had ever seen a man in an ill-fitting uniform before or had ever heard the wail of a musical saw. The machinery of the hour is working smoothly and everybody is geared to the pitch of excitement where everything and anything is a glory and a joy to behold.

All the seats are filled. Every inch of standing room is occupied. It is a tumultuous crowd and a good natured one, not minding the crowding, all eager to be entertained. The noise and laughter and conversational banter when a new act is announced is in a measure like the low roar of the sea.

Now a woman of the legitimate stage, dressed in Chinese costume, performs some mystic oriental act having as props an ivory Buddha and a golden cross. The idea of the act, whatever it is, is so in harmony with the thoughts and wishes of the audience that the pantomime provokes general laughter and great applause in several unintended spots as well as at the finish. As soon as this act is over a lull falls over the entire assembly and a temporary serious mood becomes universal while some words, explaining the meaning of the benefit, are flashed upon the screen. When this is concluded, there is a

slight delay to allow the audience to stretch or ease their cramped and crowded positions.

An elderly man appears. He is dressed as a miner or northwoods sourdough. It is doubtful if ten per cent of the audience knows him. But that makes no difference. They all laugh, applaud, and cheer as if he were a long lost brother returning with a couple of million dollars to invest in real estate.

It continues indefinitely. Every time anyone appears they are met with cheers, whistlings, wavings of handkerchiefs, calls and greetings of all sorts, spontaneous in their boisterousness. It is quickly apparent that the actors are being entertained quite as much as is the audience. Every novelty on the stage is instantly appreciated, and every new form of demonstration from the gallery or orchestra is appreciated both on the stage and by the ticket holders. Indeed, frequently the audience has the best of the exchanges, and that calls forth stamping and extra loud demonstrations. Men come out upon the stage and take their cheers and go away again, women follow; there seems no end of talent. Suddenly a man well known in the movie world stands up in one of the boxes. All eyes are immediately directed at him. He demands recognition and gets it with round after round of cheers and volley after volley of laughter.

Time wears on. One o'clock arrives, and so does two in the morning. At four-thirty the most famous couple of all screenland appears on the stage. They are sleepy and tired and show it. That makes no difference. They are who they are. Great shadow celebrities. The din suddenly grows perfectly infernal and then, quite as suddenly, subsides as the great couple let themselves out and the curtain comes down, bringing to an end the annual vaudeville benefit performance. But the excitement and racket that all have enjoyed within the building, is as nothing compared to the racket and the confusion outside while everybody and his grandmother are trying to get their machines away first.

CHAPTER XV

TWO SIDES TO HOLLYWOOD

The passion for praise is innate in the human mind. It is therefore only natural that throughout all of Los Angeles a spirit of rivalry and emulation should prevail. In every home at one time or another there has been a movie-struck boy or girl, and this condition exists to a more or less animated extent throughout all the world, having had its origin at the typewriters of the publicity men and women of Hollywood. To the unwary, Hollywood has only one side, the glamour of the successful moving picture person; to those who understand the situation, Hollywood has a side far more attractive and romantic. Hollywood is essentially a city of homes and quiet folk, but, scattered here and there, are the bohemians, who lend the atmosphere to the otherwise drab work shop.

Yet in spite of better understanding, a newcomer has difficulty in ridding himself of the idea that all the people of Los Angeles think the moving picture folks are the sum total of the earth's nobility. This supposition is rather natural, for in Los Angeles is to be encountered evidence of the influence of the movies on almost every hand, from the painting of the dwellings to the advertisements in the newspapers. However, as one makes acquaintances in Hollywood among the actors, actresses, writers, technical people of the movies, as well as among the sculptors painters, and artists, this idea becomes much less dominant.

The moving picture people live in a dream world apart from the cold facts of life. They appear either rich or nearly hungry, joyfully buoyant or depressed to the point almost of self-destruction. The sculptors and artists, however, have a

better understanding of life, and this is especially true from its bohemian aspect.

Among the artists and sculptors of Hollywood are several groups whose lives are so romantic as to be almost impossible outside of story books; romantic, that is to say, in their spirit of joyous irresponsibility. Some film actors, as well as some from the legitimate stage, are admitted into the select bohemian circles, and among them are frequently to be encountered those possessing queer mental twists. One particular actor, who is really a charming cultured and educated gentleman when he for a moment forgets that he is an actor, has the happy faculty of persuading himself that there is something vastly mysterious and superior about the entire personnel of the moving picture industry. He often extolls at length as to why he personally is not much of a success on the silver sheet. The answer is, his explanation that there exists some huge moving picture secret organization, controlled by Jewish bankers, into which a Gentile cannot properly force himself except under very awesome and self-sacrificing circumstances. To hear this man, talent means nothing, whereas personal pull and racial blood means everything. This dubious organization has complete control of the great industry and worships the dollar sign, quite ignoring the art symbol. It supplies all the screen material and rules with a rod of iron. It excommunicates instantly anyone, from the highest to the lowest, who dares by look, word, or deed to go against its august wishes.

And again, there are several women with screen ambitions and nothing else who tell harrowing tales of temptations which beset their paths, and how they have withstood them so completely, with the result that they have passed from one casting director to another, and received only vague promises. "This," their story goes, "is indeed the great trouble with the movie world. A capable woman has no chance; that is, no chance unless she is easy and amenable to suggestion, and even then the chances are slim unless you just manage it somehow."

Now along comes a young man with a soulful voice and

soiled linen who declares he is a writer, a great writer. Of course, he does not work at it very hard. Not yet. He has no intention of killing himself, just yet. Some day he will be recognized and then such lovely sonnets will the screen behold. This man's great dream is to catch some powerful movie personage in an unconventional act with a great lady star. Then he'll show the world what a writer he really is. "Just now," he whispers, he is content with making notes, jotting down scraps of gossip heard on the boulevards and outside the studio doors. Later he will publish them and make the very walls blush.

Or a painter comes out flatfooted and says he is not a success because he is inefficient. He does not know enough to get a good job in the moving picture business. And the funny thing is that this painter is the only one of this group that speaks the truth.

The unsuccessful aspirants for moving picture work have weaknesses which make them failures or just hangers-on in the profession, and it would have the same effect if they chose to be business people, lawyers, or truck drivers. They are filled with an almost impossible idealism and romance which distorts everything in their lives out of proportion. They all, or nearly all, naturally incline to the arabesque and the grotesque, but in no balanced way. Their dreams are too wild, their moods at all times too utterly romantic, their deductions far beyond what a sane contemplation of the facts warrant. The facts are simply these. Either you have a dramatic sense or you haven't. Either you are willing to slave at the treadmill or you are not. Either you are blessed with a screen personality or have none. And, if you have none of those things, you belong elsewhere in the business world. There is no mystery, no chicanery, no nostrums. This moving picture business is about as cold and hard a proposition as any in the commercial world. And so those children of the make-believe who actually think that through some unkind manifestation of fate they

are excluded from the spotlight and the payroll, are simply unable to deliver the goods.

But there is another and far more pleasant side to Hollywood, and it consists of the sculptors and artists and their friends.

There is a group of wayfarers of undoubted talents who take life as they find it and, finding it good, rejoice all the time. There are Italian painters, Greek artists, Swedish poets, some Frenchmen, and a few weird and wonderfully entertaining men and women so different, so brilliant, so endowed, that to be with them is a continual hour of joy. One sculptor has a large studio like a barn. It occupies the second floor above a tin shop, in a sheet iron building on a side street, in the heart of Hollywood.

In that place there are frequent parties. Poems are often read, original first hand compositions, stories, discussions, little one-act dramas, made up as the play progresses, and with neither costumes or scenery. Cheese and crackers and occasionally a cake appears. The atmosphere is thick with smoke, yet wonderful are the singing voices that have stirred that smoke laden air.

And there is the sculptor himself, bless his enthusiastic artistic, Scandinavian heart. He seems to take fire from the joint companionship of his parties. His mind is so wrought up by the rich pattern which life is forever weaving before his eyes that he can scarcely live between the parties and the poker games, so eager is he to do something, play something. There is something in his eyes, a ray. There is an aroma to his spirit which is delicious. He sees beauty and romance in many and strange ways and places.

Then there is an artist of exceptional talents, a bearded Italian, with a Hungarian wife. A most charming couple, cultured, refined, always polite, always eager to be friendly. He wears a medium length black cape of broadcloth thrown about his shoulders, and a soft hat which he draws rakishly over his eyes. He radiates pure artistry. That face, drawn,

dark, sensitive, with deep, burning eyes and a frail body. That cape. That hat. His manners, culture—charm. It is a part of Hollywood which does not have paid publicity men, and therefore does not get into the public prints. It is a part of that happy middle world which is superior to wealth, poverty, fame, degradation. In it moves freely, talent, artistic ability, noble thought, ingenuous action, unhampered by conventional thought and conduct. Strange that the great world which knows intimately and instantly of any action of some insignificant movie extra, knows nothing of this world of true Bohemia. It is part of Hollywood.

The rotund sculptor has analyzed Hollywood in approximately these well chosen words:

"Oh, Hollywood! Kismet! Allah is Allah! We may eat tomorrow; if not, we can look at those who do! Allah and Buddha, and Mizpah!"



*Routes north, inland to Bakersfield,
coastwise to Santa Barbara.*

CHAPTER XVI

THE MAGIC ISLAND OF SANTA CATALINA

Where the City of Los Angeles dips her arched and lovely foot into the blue waters of the untroubled sea, beneath the blue roof of an unclouded sky; where the flowers never perish; where eternal summer smiles; where mere existence is voluptuous and life itself a sensual joy: there the Catalina Island Company have docks from which its great steel steamers ply to the magic isle, an island happy with sunlight and built by nature in a fairy form; around it the deep, tranquil Pacific; within it, violet, gray and azure valleys, eucalyptus groves, and green lakes of waving grasses, flowers, shrubs and trees. At its front gate, a blue lagoon where graceful ships glide at the whim of the breeze and whose waters give views of surprising grandeur of the plant life beneath.

It would seem that all the wonders and scenic glories of the Southland are duplicated on this Isle of Enchantment. There are the sun-kissed waters, towering mountains, fern fronded canyons, entrancing coves and bays, gardens, both land and submarine, and, for the physical pleasures, dancing, cottages, cafes, theatres.

From the heights of one of its rugged crags, well above the sea, sweet-toned chimes peal forth their notes of haunting, seductive music, wafted by soft breezes to ships plying the China trade. To the listening traveler, these notes are as irresistible as those played on the harp of gold by the enchantress who lured Ulysses' men to the Utopia of Mythology. But stopping one's ears with cotton does not shut out the allure of this California island.

The Catalina shore line is washed by waters of the deepest turquoise hue, and it is distant from the mainland only some twenty-five miles. At night, a million lights twinkle along its undulating shore line, and from the tower of the Catalina Island Yacht Club a powerful searchlight points its beckoning finger across the sea and bids the world, his wife and grandmother to come, to play, and to rest a while.

The Spanish navigator Cabrillo first discovered Catalina, and called it San Salvador. During all the years since the Spanish eyes rested upon it, this island has been a land of romance. In prehistoric days it was inhabited by a superior race of "White Indians," stalwart men averaging from six to seven feet in height. Following the advent of the European discoverers, many expeditions came, all seeking the fabled cities of Cibola, and later the island became the rendezvous of adventurers, freebooters, robbers, and pirates who pillaged the rich galleons from the Philippines and the East Indies. But that illegal freebooting was long ago. Today the island is served by two splendid steamers, making the trip morning and evening. An orchestra plays a joyous bon voyage as the ship leaves the island, and on the transchannel trip there is music and dancing.

The voyage is not arduous. The sea between the mainland and the island is unusually smooth and placid. About the prow of the ship often frolic a school of porpoises, leaping and splashing in happy mood; frequently a graceful flying fish, the butterfly of the sea, comes out of the water to wish everyone a "Merry Christmas." Many whales have been seen spouting, and great blackfish, fifty and more feet in length, often disport themselves on the surface, or the fin of a sword-fish may be seen breaking the water. Nearing Catalina, speed boats race out from Avalon Bay to meet the incoming steamer, and overhead seaplanes form a welcoming convoy to the pier at Avalon. This is a picturesque little town, a part of Los Angeles, which is the center of the island's life and gayety. It is located on the landward side and protected from the



A Ventura Patio within sight of the blue Pacific, yet receiving the ozone from the everlasting hills.



A California Autumn—Paul Lauritz.



Go forth under the open skies and list to nature's teachings—Wm. Wendt.

ocean winds by the island mountain range. Nestling in a sunny cove are hotels, stores, bathhouses, tennis courts, golf links, the island Villa, and Island Villa Park, great hotels built entirely on one floor and composed of one-room bungallettes, and the cozy homes of Catalina residents.

In Avalon Bay are hundreds of pleasure craft, both large and small; majestic yachts, hailing from the four corners of the world, floating palaces which make Catalina their "social port of call"; graceful sloops, cruisers, speed boats, launches equipped for deep sea fishing, canoes and row boats, and the unique sidewheel glass-bottom boats which journey over the submarine gardens.

The wondrous submarine gardens of Catalina are known the world over. Seen through the "sea-windows," with which the glass-bottom boats are equipped, a glimpse of how the bigger and wetter half of the world lives is obtained. The gardens are encountered but a few hundred feet from the rocky shore line of the island. A huge forest of kelp, its leaves folding and unfolding in the gentle currents of water, the long branches held aloft by small balloon-like bulbs, forms a beautiful picture of amber against the vivid turquoise of the sea.

In and out of the underwater forest dart countless fish, large, small and medium and of many colors. Some, seemingly as curious as the human observers, stop to peer up through the glass of the boat. There are some thirty species of kelp found in the submarine gardens; among them are the featherboa moss, hundreds of feet in length; ribbon kelp, giant bulb kelp, rainbow kelp, and the red and lavender algae. Most beautiful of all are the sea mosses and flowers, for in the wealth of submarine verdure are sea glades, forests, and moss covered ravines—replicas of many scenes found on land. There are sea anemones, sea violets (colorless out of water, but a beautiful violet blue as seen growing at the bottom of the sea); yellow rock weed, coral moss, cactus-moss, sea-oak, sea-endive, sea-lettuce, and countless other flora, all forming a fascinating picture of another underwater world.

Catalina's great game fishing, for which sportsmen from all parts of the world come to the island, is another attraction which certainly is different. Oh, the fish stories that are told! Tales of fish, taken on rod and reel, weighing several times as much as the anglers, and of battles lasting ten, twelve, fifteen or more hours with sworded monsters of the sea are plentiful enough. Some of these stories are almost as unbelievable as the tales of the riches of Catalina's silver mines, yet are all substantiated by records and statistics of the Tuna Club, an organization founded for the furtherance of deep sea fishing as a gentleman's sport.

The rules of this Tuna Club are the strictest of any similar organization found in the world, and do not permit taking of any fish on other than specified tackle. All fish are officially weighed, and the misstatement or exaggeration of even a quarter of a pound is a serious offense, although in the case of a catch tipping the scales at two or three hundred pounds it would seem to the ordinary angler to matter but little. Buttons and prizes are awarded for each season's tournament.

For an angler to become an active member, a tuna weighing one hundred pounds or more must be caught on regulation tackle, for which a blue button is awarded. The leaping tuna caught in Catalina waters weigh from 80 to 250 pounds and more, and are the hardest battling fish known to be caught with rod and reel, unless the broadbill swordfish, also caught in Catalina waters and on the same tackle, is called an exception, by the anglers who have had the courage to take on one of these purple gladiators of the deep as an adversary.

The marlin swordfish, often called the striped tiger of the sea, is another great game fish of Catalina waters and a magnificent fighter. This galloping bronco of the sea often turns the tables on the angler, and has been known to take the fisherman home, towing the fishing boat to the Tuna Club landing, sometimes from a distance of several miles out at sea. Some of the most spectacular battles with marlin swordfish have been

fought in Avalon Bay within full view of hundreds of spectators watching the thrilling combat between angler and fish.

Another species of fish on the entertainment program in Catalina waters is the flying fish. During the summer months, cruisers equipped with powerful searchlight reveal myriads of winged fish dancing nightly over the smooth water of Avalon Bay. Like sheets of silver, they rise from the black sea, turned turquoise in the rays of the light, shimmering as they cavort around the excursion cruiser.

But coming back to "earth," as it were. Dancing and music is as free as the air at Catalina. A marine band plays nightly concerts during the summer season in a great open-air theatre, and summer and winter there is free dancing in the big pavilion and Sugar Loaf Casino. You will not find the ordinary concessions here, because there are none; no jimp-cracks, no shoot-the-chutes, no merry-go-rounds and throwing balls, or dice games; only natural, wholesome entertainment.

A three-mile boardwalk extends from Descanso Canyon, where the fashionable Hotel St. Catherine is located, around Sugar Loaf, Catalina's historic cliff and landmark, along the entire waterfront of Avalon and to Pebble Beach, illuminated the entire distance with garlands of electric lights. Picturesque settees, or "spoon holders," with gaily colored awnings along the promenade afford comfortable resting places for those who would enjoy the calm, wide vistas of sea or watch for the moon as it rises out of the ocean like a ball of fire.

It is in keeping with its fame as the world's year-round resort of outdoor sports that Catalina should boast of perhaps the sportiest golf course of the West. At the picturesque Country Club House, surmounting one of the most sightly locations in Avalon, gather lovers of golf and tennis. The wide veranda of the club house commands a magnificent view of both mountains and sea, while the golf course tests the mettle of the country's best players. Every trap and hazard of this course is a natural obstacle.

From the Country Club may be seen Mt. Ada, and, in that direction, one of the most beautiful hikes is up Avalon Canyon, past the Catalina High School, the Wrigley Gardens, the Chicago Cub baseball diamond, the fig orchards, and up over the trail to the lee side of the island, where huge breakers crash in silvery spray against rugged cliffs; thousands of mountain goats may be seen scampering through Silver Canyon, fronted with fern, wild cherry, cottonwood and oak. After the spring rains, a myriad of wild flowers cover Catalina's hills blanketed by an emerald carpet of luscious grass. Yellow violets, blue lupines, dainty shooting-stars, fragrant wild hyacinths, wild sweet peas, Mariposa lilies and many other wild flowers grow in great, glorious and charming profusion at Catalina.

Among the many cruiser or boat trips to be taken at Catalina are those to Seal Rocks, where the seal rookeries are; to the Isthmus, from which point the famous Chinese junk, the Ning Po, may be seen in Catalina Harbor, protected by its Indian dyke.

There are many automobile tours over the hundred miles of mountain boulevard to the Summit, the great Thompson Dam, Middle Ranch, Eagle's Nest, Little Harbor and to the Isthmus, with stops at the various Indian townsites and burying grounds, where many interesting relics of Catalina's by-gone days may still be unearthed.

CHAPTER XVII

A TRIP TO MT. LOWE

Mt. Hood, Pike's Peak, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Whitney, and Mt. Lowe are perhaps the best known of the mountain summits in Western America. In all of these lofty peaks we find nature growing wild, beauty rampant, and the lure of high altitudes. Of them all, Pike's Peak in Colorado is the best known, but it is safe to say that to Mt. Lowe in Southern California belongs the honor of having the most visitors. This is probably owing to its closeness to Los Angeles, as well as to its unusualness. A visitor on Pike's Peak looks out over the vast worlds of Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Kansas; but a visitor on Mt. Lowe sees not only Southern California and the majestic Pacific Ocean, but all of the planets, stars and satellites as well. For on Mt. Lowe is one of the best of all astronomical observatories.

Indeed, it is true that California people who go to the Alps in order to get wonderful mountain views, would do well to first take a trip to the top of Mt. Lowe, and it is not much more than an hour's journey out of Los Angeles. There's a magic lure to Mt. Lowe, an unforgettable enchantment which the years will not dim. A sky-high spot of pleasure, rest, play, comfort and thrilling inspiration.

On this mountain trip visitors see things which they long remember with pleasure. The rugged beauty of Rubio Canyon, Echo Mountain, the circular bridge, the famous Mt. Lowe tavern and cottages, the leafy Sunset Trail, Proposal Arbor (perhaps some remember this latter with considerable awe), and the glories of a sunset as seen from that grandest of all places, Inspiration Point. From this lofty pedestal can be

seen the pink and lavender glimpse of Catalina Island on the turquoise Pacific, and the jewel box of diamond-glistening cities on the carpet of San Gabriel Valley. It is all a fairy-land of inexpressible vastness. Then there is the glory of the trip to the summit, the hikes far back in the mountains, and the trout fishing not many miles away.

The great poet of the Sierras, John Muir, has expressed the thought in these delightful words: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees, the winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares drop off like autumn leaves."

Great red electric cars are waiting at the Sixth and Main street station in Los Angeles. They pass through the aristocratic Oak Knoll section of Pasadena, with its millionaires' residences, homes so beautiful as to seem like paintings on a gigantic canvas of glory. Continuing, they traverse the section of tourist hotels and the busy business streets of Pasadena, the tree-lined streets of Altadena, a picturesque city in the foot-hills, and through Rubio Canyon's wild beauty, till they arrive at the foot of the great incline.

Now another car commences the crooked, steep ascent. It rises some twelve hundred and forty-five feet in a journey of only twenty-six hundred and eighty-two feet. Some folks have walked it and counted the steps as they proceeded, so the figures will have been verified, but not as often counted as have been the steps in the Washington Monument in our National capital. This incline railway to Echo Mountain is one of the world's great engineering feats, and in all its more than thirty-three years of operation there has never been a single accident, or a double one for that matter.

At Echo Mountain, which is the top of the incline, is the Mt. Lowe Observatory, where the wonders of astronomy are brought to mortal mind and eye through the great telescope. This observatory is open to the public on Saturdays, Sundays and holiday evenings. It, unlike many things in the world, is

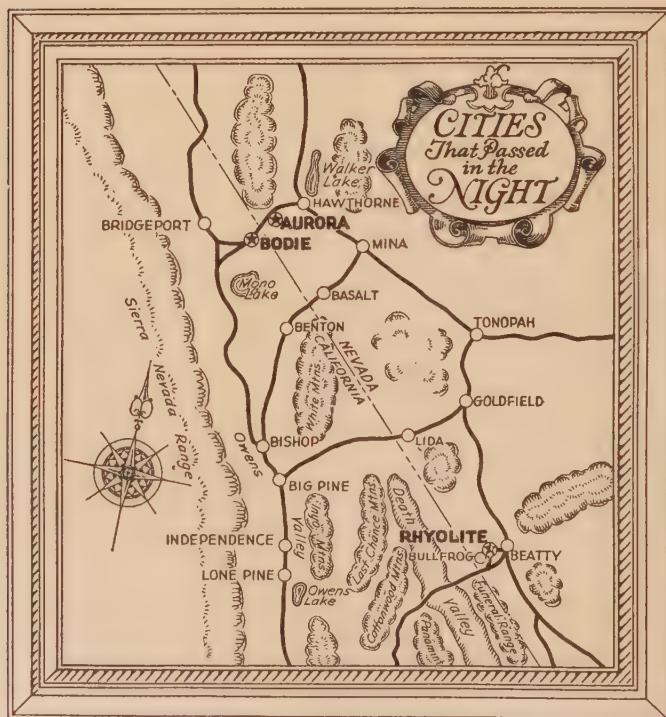
absolutely free and visitors have the opportunity to look at the heavens through the gigantic telescope. On these evenings, also, the three-million candlepower searchlight plays over the valley and mountains. There is no record of any statistician ever having counted the million candles or their power, but the light seems bright enough for twice that many wax tapers.

Now another and a different type of transporting car appears. This one wends its twisting way along some three and one-half miles of track and makes one hundred and twenty-seven curves as it goes, which makes it rather a crooked affair! It passes over eighteen bridges and gradually climbs to an elevation of almost five thousand feet above the Pacific level. Bridging rugged canyons, skirting the walls of cliffs on a road-bed of solid granite, with ever changing vistas of the valley below and the towering peaks above, this ride is one of spectacular variety. The longest piece of straight track is two hundred and twenty-five feet. The curves combined into a great curve in one direction, which fortunately they are not, or the car might get excited and know not where it was going, would make sixteen complete circles. Midway through this trip of enchanting mountain beauty and pleasureable thrills, the car passes over the celebrated Circular Bridge. This bridge is good and strong, but it gives the impression of being suspended in mid-air with no place to fall, if it should ever want to take a rest.

The railway terminates at Mt. Lowe tavern and cottages. The sumit, twelve hundred and thirty feet above, is made by leg power over the trail clinging up one side of the mountain and down the other. It affords an endless change of panorama: sea, mountains, valley, canyons, painted villages and toy trains. However, if you are disinclined for the exercise, horses may be hired cheaply enough, considering that they must do so much work. It is easier to reach Inspiration Point, because there is a paved walk which leads to this place of a never to be forgotten view.

Mt. Lowe Tavern is a Swiss type of hotel amid a forest

of oak, spruce and cedar. It is open the year round. Handsome furnishings, hot and cold water, private baths, steam heat, two mails a day, long distance telephones, radios, daily papers, perfect ventilation, cold storage plant and ice machine, orchestra, ballroom, pool tables, cement tennis court, circulating library, children's playground, and up-to-date hotel service provide all the comforts to which everyone has grown accustomed, and thus the illusion of splendiferous grandeur, while at the same time roughing it, is easily maintained. This Mt. Lowe trip is worthy of several days, but it requires actually less than one day to see the delights, and later a longer stay may be arranged for. It usually is. And descending into the valley again, it is only half an hour's swift run to the sea.



The high Sierra country and Nevada, showing locations of old time mining boom towns.



Medina Picture Studio of Cecile R. DeMille at Calvert Glass on Washington Boulevard, half way to the tree where I once

Reposing amid the flowers, the eucalypti and the hills





Galleria of the Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles.



Towering Pines against the soft sky—Wm. Wendt.

Sailing the channel waters between Santa Catalina and the mainland, near Point Firma.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE BEACHES

From Santa Barbara to Old Mexico, the wide soft sands of the Pacific form themselves into delight beaches. Some of these stretches are miles in extent, while others, as at La Jolla or Balboa, yards only. Between the expanse of sand washed by the soft waters of the mighty ocean are bluffs of rugged strength and in some places actual mountains. Wherever a commodious beach appears are to be found cottages, tents, bathers and parked automobiles. In certain seasons the sky is obscured by a layer of high fog. This blanket creeps in from the sea and gathers out of nothing in the coolness of the dawn. About nine o'clock of a winter's morning a weird brilliance appears all at once to permeate the air. The heavy, inert clouds seem suddenly infused with life. A glimpse of overhead blue is hinted at and instantly obliterated. Then, between three minutes, simultaneously, all over the cup of the heavens, the dark clouds thin to a veil. The veil is rent in two, twenty, a hundred places. It dissolves. A few shreds drift down, a new freshness that arises from the sea, and quickly they melt to nothing, before your very eyes. Magically, the blue sky is clear, and the sun is sending down its showers of golden warmth upon the crowds that, on holidays, throng the beaches, along the curved sands stretching from the Malibu to Palos Verdes, known broadly as the Santa Monica Bay district.

The city of Santa Monica is distinguished for its palisades, rugged shore, and background of mountains that rise in grandeur. From here, south through Ocean Park and Venice, extends a four or five-mile stretch of fine bathing beach paral-

leled by a wide cement footpath, facing which may be found every conceivable seaside resort feature, including boating, bathing, fishing, lounging, hot dog eating, and beach clubs. At frequent intervals long concrete and steel piers thrust themselves into the ocean, their surface being covered with amusements of almost every kind. Here is Rastus, the colored boy, who falls into the water when a well thrown baseball connects with the red trigger; Japanese offer prizes for those lucky enough in the magic circle, rolling the balls, or at any number of such games of chance. Dance orchestras blare their music to the tune of shuffling feet gliding over the smooth floors at five or ten cents per glide. Now a trained seal performs besides the barker of a side show, or a ventriloquist lures the people with the movement of his voice. Everywhere on these places is life, shoddy, perhaps, but interesting, and everywhere the people throng. Fat and lean, young and old, they move along the walks, eating ice cream, sucking candy, munching a succulent hamburger, or just idly looking at other folks who are enjoying themselves, patronizing the merry-go-rounds or roller coasters.

The streets of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey, and other nearby shore towns are lined with homes of brick or wood artistically painted and ornamented with climbing vines which somehow find food in the sandy earth. Beyond the breakers, the bay waters are a favorite fishing ground, and the piers, daily thronged with fishermen, present, when the fish are running, a scene of great activity. Motor cars, beach clubs with their idling guest members, bathing girls, bathing boys, dogs, life-guards, and often an aeroplane circling overhead, make this most crowded of all the stretches a worthy spectacle, surely the equal of Atlantic City, while, should the thronged Venice and its counterpart, Coney Island, take it into their heads to return to their ancestral homes, Palestine would be quickly overpopulated.

The fishing is good at Santa Monica, but not as good as it is at Redondo Beach, which is located in a half circle on

the edge of very deep water. Here also is the largest warm salt water plunge in the world, with a continuous flow from the ocean and a continuous stream of bathers now disporting themselves in the warm waters within the bathhouse, now emerging and plunging into the ocean, soon to come shivering again to the warmth of the enclosed pool. A mile or so north is Hermosa Beach, perhaps the most beautiful of all the sands. The crowds here are never so dense as are those to the north, but they enjoy a better swim and certainly a cleaner and more attractive ocean. On the sands is erected a several story brick building, which is one of the best of the beach clubs, and one that is financially sound.

Skipping south into Orange County, Balboa Island presents a still-water harbor with bathing and fishing. A quaint old place is Balboa, with its streets like lanes and the water sometimes coming up from under the paths laid with planks over an arm of the sea. In this neighborhood, more distant from the magnificent city than the more popular beaches, is an ocean and shore wonderland.

Laguna Beach has long slept satisfied unto itself, but now its cocoon is broken by the onrush of automobile traffic. For many years it has dozed peacefully on the shores of the ocean, where surf and winds have sung it a song of quiet restfulness. What will happen to Laguna? Will it become the gorgeous butterfly of all the beaches, or will it continue to repose in its moth-like chrysalis? It is doubtful if it can long resist the advance of the mighty army bearing down upon all this Southland of California. There are colorful homes dotting Temple Hills, high above the quaint little town, while hundreds of bright, if scantily clad, bathers throng the beaches, changing from street dress to bathing suit in the automobiles parked near the sands. Laguna has been the Mecca for artists who have been lured by the rugged bits of coast, where strong cliffs stand with feet in beating surf, where dashing waves fling high in the air their crested heads, alternating with gently lapping, undulating swells. Artists have publicized Laguna with their

sketches and paintings, and city folks who longed for a peaceful stretch of beach find it a haven of rest for tired nerves.

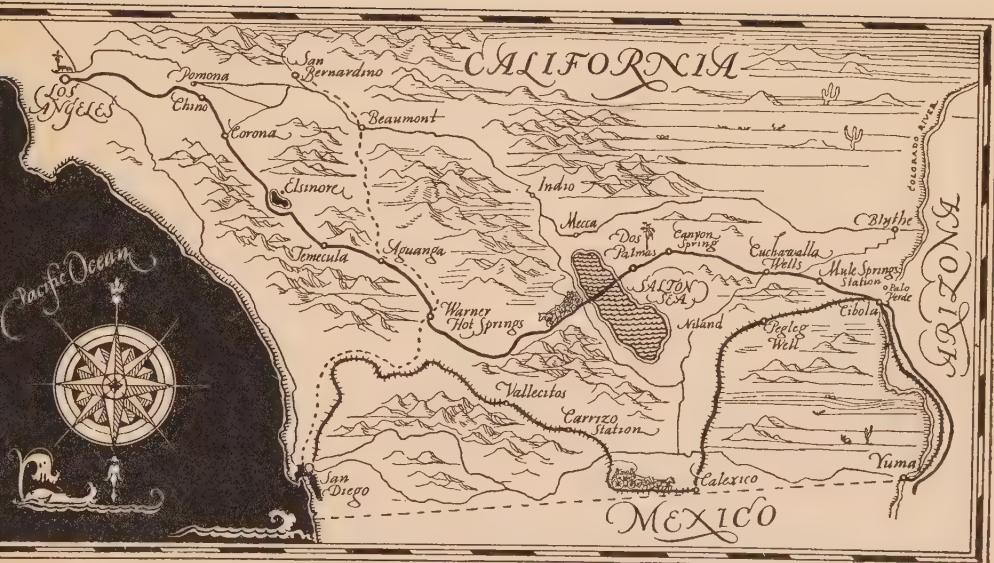
The south coast is dotted with delightful places, perhaps the most famous being at Del Mar, La Jolla and Coronado. Everywhere from north to south where the ocean touches the shore in this vast Southland can be heard the merry sound of the realtor, offering beach lots, or salesmen offering memberships in prospective beach clubs, all mingling with the sound of motor cars, laughing girls and crooning children.

The development of the South Coast is a marvel to behold. Near the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano are the new beach towns of Dana Point and San Clemente. The latter, built upon the rising shore above the water, entirely of houses and buildings in the Spanish motif. On southward, the growth is perhaps both greater and more attractive. At Rancho Santa Fe, a few golden miles inland, is a magnificent development on an elaborate scale. Several moving picture stars of the first magnitude operate large or small ranches in this project, and beside their ornate places just plain folks raise poinsettias for the Christmas market. Throughout the entire South Coast the soft white sands rim the shore, protected from harm by the strong land above them.

The largest beach city is Long Beach, which is a city of more than one hundred fifty thousand people, in addition to the visitors from the Middle West who throng its streets both winter and summer. At Signal Hill, in the heart of the residential district, is one of the largest producing oil fields of the entire Southland. The oil derricks are scattered among the houses, in the gardens, and run for several miles inland toward the City of the Angels. The beach itself is one glorious stretch of silvery sand, crowded by bathers, the water decked with boats, the pier occupied by fishermen.

Within sight of old Mexico, the Hotel Del Coronado lords it over the Silver Strand, a stretch narrow and long and filled with cottages, cottagers and automobiles throughout the

livelong, soft summer days. Northward of San Diego, La Jolla lies in its cup of sandstone, the queen, the jewel, the sweetest, loveliest place of all the beautiful stretch of beach from the north to the south.



Done in the old manner, showing the old-time stage routes.

CHAPTER XIX

TO THE RIM OF THE WORLD

The road to that portion of Southern California known as the "Rim of the World" is for the most part lined with orange groves and lovely homes, with several sizable cities intervening. It is neither a long nor an especially hard trip by motor to this delightfully mountainous region, yet, if desired, there are regularly chartered stage lines to take you over the hump, as it were. There may be very few followers of Mohammed in Los Angeles, but there are many thousands who in summer and winter emulate the founder of Islam. For it is said that when the mountain would not come to Mohammed, well, Mohammed went to the mountain. So it is with the sport seekers and vacationists in this great land of magnificent distances.

The Rim-of-the-World Drive follows by many twists, switchbacks, curves and undulations along the crest of the San Bernardino Mountains. To reach it, it is necessary to pass through many delightful valleys, chief of which are Pomona, Puente, Riverside and Redlands regions. Places these where the growers live in the shade of orange trees and walks are covered with the soft shade of delightful pepper trees.

Southern California has been generously provided by nature with what is recognized throughout America (by those who have seen other mountains) as one of the most beautiful recreation regions in the world, a territory so vast that it will for many years provide "elbow" room for the anticipated throngs which will augment the already large population.

As an auto tour, the trip from Los Angeles along the "Rim-of-the-World" is surely deserving of its rating as one

of the most interesting that can be taken, and the round trip embraces more varied sight-seeing features than any other trip of the same length anywhere, not excepting the wonderful run from Salt Lake City through Ogden to Weber Canyon and return via East Canyon and Parlies Creek; or the trip from Denver to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, or the several long rides in the White Mountains of New York.

In years past, when the roughest of mountain trails marked the route of the present day "mile high" road, Big Bear Lake was the Mecca of hunters and fishermen. Then they found quail by the thousands, goats, mountain hens, bear and pumas, while the lakes, creeks and rivers abounded in trout and other finny creatures. The same urge that lured them on still beckons the nimrod and angler today, for even in spite of the thousands of guns and fishing rods, nature still provides sport for the sportsman.

It is a question as to whether any other mountain road in the world embraces as many points of interest as are included in the "Rim-of-the-World" tour. Whether taken as a two-day sight-seeing excursion or for a more protracted stay in the mountains, the trip affords an equally delightful experience.

For many miles, the "Rim-of-the-World" traverses the loftiest and longest mountain highway in the world, not even excepting the road which lies atop the high mesa lands in New Mexico. This road penetrates a vacation paradise of unsurpassing scenic splendor. At the lake itself and in the adjacent country every form of outdoor recreation is indulged in under the most enviable conditions. Every turn of the pine-flanked road winding along the crests presents an ever-changing panorama of canyons that are really deep, meadows that are verdant, majestic forests, picturesque rock formations, towering peaks, desert expanse and miles upon miles of valleys in cultivation and dotted with thriving cities.

From San Bernardino, the road follows a paved boulevard to the entrance of Waterman's Canyon at the base of a mountain upon whose side is blazoned an arrowhead. Now

the road becomes a real, sure-enough mountain road, the "Switchback," a zigzag road wide enough for several cars abreast and by which the mountain tops are reached, comes next, affording both a novel experience and a marvelous view.

Losing power but gathering ozone and cheer, we come to and pass through Crestline, Pine Crest, Lake Arrowhead, Fredalba Junction, Running Springs Park, Deer Lick Springs, Arrow Bear Park, Big Bear Dam, Gray's Camp, FawnSkin, Moon's Camp and Big Bear Lake. Each place named is what you might call a gem of the purest ray serene, and the only trouble is that each place seems perfect until you arrive at the next one.

Lake Arrowhead lies at an altitude of 5,125 feet. This is higher than Pocatello, Idaho, or Spokane, Washington, or Plymouth, Vermont, or Atlanta, Georgia; but is not as high as Denver or Colorado Springs, or Santa Fe, Cheyenne, or Salt Lake City, but it's high enough, especially when you can look out over the whole world and see the very end of things away off there in the Mojave Desert, or even beyond that, into Arizona. The whole place lies in the Angelus National Forest Reserve in the San Bernardino Mountains, and is eighty-four miles, two hundred and twenty yards from Los Angeles. The lake has an area of 775 acres, and is two and one-half miles long, with a total shore line of 14 miles, and every mile brings into view new scenes of surpassing loveliness.

This same Lake Arrowhead is one of the outstanding mountain recreational spots in Southern California. Sports include boating, swimming, fishing, hunting, dancing, tennis, horseback riding, snow-shoeing, skiing, tobogganing and ice skating. Ice skating less than eighty-five miles from the city where no overcoats or galoshes are needed! A golf course leads the golfer into some fine traps, and a motion picture theatre keeps the existence of Hollywood always in mind.

This whole mountain-top country is civilized with modern things, but yet it remains wild and rustic. There is a regularly maintained postoffice, and many games of a similar name:



Close to the business section of Santa Ana, the homes are set in gardens and surrounded by trees and flowers, with orange groves in the back yard.



The harbor at Alviso, the first village built near the San Joaquin River.

The Army of Togolese are attacking Ingraham, and the gardens are covered with flying riflemen.



Looking out over all the Southland world.



are played around the camp fires at night. Electricity, telephones, and running water in pipes are available, and in addition there is that grand old California institution, a chamber of commerce.

Big Bear is Southern California's largest fresh water lake. Its size is best visualized by considering its girth of close to twenty-five miles, from the Narrows at the eastern end all the way to the Dam. This, of course, is small when compared to Lake Champlain, Huron, Geneva or even Lake Utah, but for a region heralded as a dry country it's a pretty good bit of fresh water. Its irregular shore line reveals trees, encircled coves, and boulder decked nooks, inviting exploration. Rainbow trout and black bass abound and seldom a day passes that some angler does not score a limit catch. Motor-boating, sailing, rowing, canoeing, aeroplaning, and bathing enhance the lake's attraction, and there is an air-propelled speed boat which provides thrills galore.

In the village of Pine Knot there are motion picture shows and dancing pavilions, while scattered throughout the valley are numerous other places of amusement, including a plunge supplied constantly by a natural hot spring.

A free zoo, mineral springs, the state fish hatcheries, the gold mines of Holcomb Valley and at Doble, the fox farms, and the summit of Johnson's Grade, where crowds go to view the desert sunsets, are attractions offered by no other mountain resort. And great as it all is, no visit to the "Rim-of-the-World" is complete without a visit to FawnSkin and its theater of the stars, where weekly concerts are given that have won widespread attention.

CHAPTER XX

THE ORANGE SHOWS

The remarkable story of the organization of the citrus exchange and the development of this great orange empire is an all-important chapter in the history of Southern California. Few among the old-timers realized the destiny of the California orange, which within a comparatively short time has come to be a favorite fruit on the tables of the world's peoples. Even the padres of San Gabriel Mission, to whom belongs the credit of developing in 1804 or 1805 the first California orange orchard of any size, failed to grasp the importance of this fruit in the future of Southern California.

According to a historical survey of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, the credit for the first commercial venture in citrus fruits goes to a man by the name of William Wolfskill, who planted a two-acre orchard on the site of the present Los Angeles central passenger station of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Wolfskill was successful in selling the fruit from the small grove and later increased his acreage to seventy acres.

The next important planting of orange seeds was on 4,000 acres of desert land, now the site of Riverside. This planting was in 1870, and from this time on orange seeds were planted and new varieties developed by budding in several new sections stretching from Riverside and Redlands to Los Angeles and beyond.

In these earlier days orange growers were required to dispose of their crops to brokers on a commission basis under contract. Strife with the handlers and poor returns were common, and growers sought for a new and more successful way of selling their fruit.

In Claremont a group of growers were working upon the problem of grower control of marketing. Among the leaders in the study was one P. J. Dreher, who in the fall of 1892 had 300 boxes of oranges to market. The provisions of a contract with a handler were so exorbitant that Mr. Dreher set himself to the task of selling his own crop.

The first reference to this direct system of marketing fruit co-operatively was in the Pomona Weekly Times of February 4, 1893: "The Claremont California Fruit Growers' Association is the title of an organization recently perfected among the orange growers of the Upper Pomona Valley. All fruit represented will be shipped under a special brand, and must be packed under the direction of and approved by the executive committee before shipment. It is the intention of the association to build up a reputation for its fruits by grading and shipping the very best under a special brand, and the inferior fruits as second grade. Some 6,000 boxes and 1,500,000 wrappers have already been contracted for. Every wrapper and box will bear the trade-mark of the association and also the name of the grower."

The association began its more extensive activities in 1893. The familiar orange packing-house of today was at that time unknown and the most natural place for this association to do its packing was on the platform of the Santa Fe station at Claremont. A local paper of that time says, "The freight depot at Claremont is busy with orange packing for the Orange Growers' Association of Claremont." The better grades of fruit were shipped under the "Indian Hill" brand, which is said to be the first registered exchange brand.

This association also bears the distinction of being the first to advertise its fruit abroad. In 1893, by fast freight over the Santa Fe to New York and thence by fast steamer to Liverpool, a box of select fruit was sent by the association to Queen Victoria. A cordial letter of acknowledgment was sent by the queen in reply.

From this first company, packing its fruit on the north platform of the station, has grown an industry that now requires three modern associations to market the fruit of the region. Of this company, Mr. P. J. Dreher, its first president, wrote the following for the history of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange:

"No record has been found of any organization up to this time doing its packing and marketing except through local packers, shippers and local brokers. This organization saw the necessity of breaking away from this system, dispense with the toll and profit exacted by the packers and shippers and conduct its business with the jobbing trade direct, or through brokers residing in eastern cities, thus securing some adequate returns from the shipments and a fair part of the proceeds from the sales. . . . Three methods were adopted by them at this time: one to sell at auction through eastern brokers, another to deal direct with the trade, allowing them a brokerage, and the third to export. To carry out this purpose a grower was appointed the agent of the association at Philadelphia, where shipments were sold at public auction.

"This direct system of marketing first adopted by the Claremont Fruit Growers' Association was adopted by the committee that laid the foundation for the exchange. It has since been adopted by all shippers; none has improved upon or changed the methods then laid down, except in the case of the exchange, which employs salaried agents and has added such other departments as the enlarged business demands and requires."

It is said that in the first year of operation the association men received as high as \$1.32 a box for their fruit.

In connection with a resume of the early history of the exchange, it should be noted that grower marketing also developed about the same time at several other points in Southern California, including Riverside and Redlands. The pre-exchange meeting, contemplating the organization of the Southern California Fruit Exchange, was held during the

Colton Fair in March, 1893. This meeting adjourned with little or nothing accomplished, and a second organization meeting was called for April 4, at the Chamber of Commerce hall in Los Angeles, and at this meeting officers were chosen. To these officers fell the task of drawing up rules for the formation of local organizations.

From this pioneer beginning has developed the powerful co-operative marketing system for California citrus fruits, a system which has been the basis of so many similar co-operative movements organized throughout the United States and in other nations of the world. In a period of less than forty years California has become famous for its oranges and one of the first exchange slogans, "Oranges for Health—California for Wealth," is still very true.

Southern California has seen fit to honor the orange, lemon, and grapefruit by a series of fairs, or shows, which are given in various communities annually. The lemon shows of Oxnard and San Diego County, the orange shows of San Bernardino and Anaheim are the important ones.

The Anaheim affair deals mostly with the Valencia orange and is held in a large tent, with many outriders scattered about the grounds and immediate vicinity. There are usually three different divisions: the feature tent, where Queen Valencia holds court for her golden subjects; the industrial tent, in which other industries of the Southland are exhibited, and the automobile section, where the latest in motordom is shown. And, of course, the joy zone out of doors.

The idea of a fairyland is carried out in the decorations in rather an elaborate and lavish manner. The roof of the main auditorium represents the blue sky of California during the month of May, the supporting pillars made into trees to give the effect of a forest burdened by a yield of golden fruit. One of the biggest features of this Valencia show is the contest for packers. Prizes are given for the packer who can fill a box, or several boxes, in the shortest time and do a neat and workmanlike job at the same time. The contest is open to

every packing house in the state, and a valuable trophy goes to the house winning the first prize as well as the emoluments for the packers.

It may be true that the navel orange holds first honors in the California citrus industry, but every year the Valencia presses it closer for first place. Side by side the Anaheim orange show, the court fete of Queen Valencia, paces in popularity the big San Bernardino exposition, where the monarch of the citrus grove holds sway.

The annual February National Orange Show is held at San Bernardino, some fifty miles from the heart of Los Angeles.

Because of the exceptional beauty of the settings for this show, and because so much of the serious importance of the event from a commercial standpoint is backgrounded by the fact that it is a striking spectacle, there is a temptation to forget the strong business angle of this "greatest California Mid-winter Classic." Yet the facts are that the yearly National Orange Show has been one the foremost factors in aiding in the development not only of the citrus growing business, but also in many allied industries.

Year by year the National Orange Show, through its offer of cash prizes and treasured trophies, has greatly stimulated growers and shippers to perfect their fruit. The result has been a most beneficial one—oranges and all other citrus fruits under the spur of competition applied by this show, have actually become better and better. The plane has been raised. Today Southern California can truly say that California oranges, California lemons, and all other citrus family members are the best in America.

There are many by-product citrus articles. Just as was the case in the meat packing business many years ago, the orange industry was productive of a great deal of waste till experts took hold and showed what might be done with the leavings. So now there are such fine things as citrus soaps, lemon cosmetics, a dozen varieties of marmalades and other

food products, not to mention numerous other articles of commerce in which the by-products from the groves and packing plants play important parts.

Underneath the tinsel and glitter of the decoration, back of the music and lights and hurrah of a fiesta in honor of King Orange, is the real backbone of the show, the golden business of growing citrus fruits.

The gigantic Orange Show permanent building, some 350 by 900 feet in dimension, is covered with a sky blue dome of canvas, studded with stars and lighted both day and night. This fades into a horizon on all sides and blends into a beautiful garden setting, consisting of many thousands of varieties of artificial flowers. The gardens, in turn, are surrounded by twenty-six striking panoramic pictures, illustrating such natural scenic beauties as the missions, deserts, mountain passes, historic forts, and other natural and man-made beauties which are typical of this colorful State of California.

And always, of course, the fruit itself. Oranges right and left and down the center, arrayed in many beautiful, fantastic and outrageous forms. Bells of oranges, automobiles of the luscious fruit, houses good enough to eat, animals, cats, horses, and banks and banks of King Orange spread everywhere and everywhere giving out a beautiful color and a sweet, pleasant odor.

Among the millions of oranges which crown the high walls and run in golden streamers to the floor, are many invitations to stop and drink the sweet juice, or to eat the luscious fruit. Nor is it strange that the spectators, wandering through the vast auditorium, should frequently take advantage of the opportunities so easily fulfilled. Firm and alluring lie the oranges, with their glorious appeal to be eaten, and frequently a fair-haired girl of the groves presides in white or golden garments over the destinies of an orange house, or drives an orange horse to an orange barn. And over the vast assemblage rise the sonorous strains of a Spanish band playing Mexican tunes in honor of the golden king of the citrus world.

CHAPTER XXI

RIVERSIDE—REDLANDS—SAN BERNARDINO

During centuries of their history the men of the Old World, in order to escape from the monotony of their daily lives, told themselves tales of a beautiful land that lay somewhere toward the sunset. They called this land the Garden of the Hesperides, where grew the dragon-guarded golden apples; of Avalon, or Hy-Brasil, or by some other name, according to their race and the age in which they lived. Journey by modern magic to the Orange Empire, and you will find a land unchanged in three important respects from the Hesperides of the ancient Greeks.

There is the perpetual sunshine, the golden fruit, and that buoyant, eager air of the inhabitants that one expects in a land wherein no one is allowed really to grow old; but you will see also many things about which the ancient Greeks knew nothing. Visit the fairy Inn in the fairy town of Riverside, view the gorgeous park on Smiley Heights in Redlands, or pause a while in the railroad town of San Bernardino, than which there can be no other similar railroad town.

And there are many other things which an ancient Greek revisiting the earth would have found inexplicable, and which surprises even a modern tourist. Take the average American, or German, or French, or English railway town. It is an agglomeration of mean streets over which hangs a perpetual smoke pall. Yet San Bernardino is a railway town of importance, and you will look for the smoke and the dirt, but there is none—only the sun and white houses and gay, well-kept boulevards.

And where industrialism is even less in evidence than in

San Bernardino, there do the cities and towns seem even more in keeping with the romantic idea of Southern California. The broad, palm-shaded streets, the low-porticoed houses of the type one expects to find on the French Riviera and does not, the grass strips being watered with a score of miniature fountains that make them look like beds that have been planted with some new white, feathery flower—these form towns in which a man might well be content to pass his life and ultimately, when he falls victim to some passing automobile, for you will see no other likely cause of death in store for him, to die.

Drive through a dozen small towns—Colton, Rialto, Hollow Hill, Loma Linda—pass high schools that confirm the suspicion that America now leads the world in architecture; inspect the library at Riverside that would do credit to any great city in any land, and come finally to that oasis in the desert that is the Fontana estates.

Here, perhaps more than anywhere else (unless it be the Rancho Santa Fe near Oceanside), is the true expression of the spirit of California—the faith that had first planted that settlement in the desert, the determination that had made it thrive and grow in the face of difficulties innumerable, and finally the vision that is right now being displayed in preparing for a population far in excess of that which it now enjoys. At Fontana, too, as indeed at every other stop, it is pleasant to observe with what enthusiasm that leading citizens—the men through whom primarily this progress has been made—welcome the traveler, if they come into personal business or social contact. In all of the Orange Empire the sun sets in a welter of purple, blue and rose, and with a suddenness unknown in northern latitudes comes the night. And then from any elevation, from the top of any of the hills over which the paved highways lead, appears the twinkling lights of the cities, of any of the cities, as, for example, Riverside.

The fairy city of Riverside is the birthplace of the navel orange. It was founded in 1870, when a man from Tennessee

arrived in the broad valley of the Santa Ana with a company of settlers. Interest in the trek westward had been aroused by this man at a meeting held in Washington, D. C., despite the fact that the now lovely valley was then a treeless, all but waterless, plain.

In the late sixties there was much interest in establishing the silk industry in California, and in 1869 the California Silk Center Association purchased three parcels of land comprising about 8,600 acres in the Santa Ana Valley, to be set to mulberry trees. However, the rapidly waning interest in proposed silk culture caused this land to be sold to the gentleman from Tennessee for the stupendous sum of \$3.50 an acre. That was in 1870. Try to buy a square foot of it now, and see how much it is worth. In 1870 a town was laid out and called Jurupa, but the name was soon changed to Riverside.

Members of the Riverside colony encountered hardships and discouragements. During the first winter all water used by the pioneering settlers had to be hauled in barrels from the river. Within a few months, however, an irrigation ditch from a point three or four miles up the Santa Ana to the town-site was constructed. Even before the construction of the irrigation canal a few enthusiasts experimented with the growing of seedling orange trees in the newly established community. Rapid growth of these trees encouraged the early Riversiders, convincing them that much of the town's future lay in citrus culture.

About 1867, William Saunders, horticulturist with the United States Department of Agriculture, was informed of a seedless variety of orange reputed to grow in Brazil. After considerable effort he received twelve budded trees. With these he was able to propagate enough stock for experimental purposes. Two of them were sent to Riverside, where they thrived amazingly and soon were producing larger and finer oranges than any yet seen, with the added appeal of the absence of seeds. The new variety was eventually termed the

Washington Navel Orange, and soon became an acknowledged leader.

The original two famous trees remained long in Riverside. One was transplanted to the courtyard of the Mission Inn, President Theodore Roosevelt doing the transplanting. For a number of years this tree thrived, but despite all efforts it died in 1921. It was replaced by what might be termed a daughter tree in 1922, which continues to put forth blossoms and fruit each year.

The other tree was placed at the head of Magnolia Avenue, in the front facing the eight-acre tract which was the original Tibbets homestead. Mrs. Tibbets was the lady who had the first two trees sent from Washington. An ornamental iron grill was erected to protect the tree, and a boulder weighing more than four tons was brought from the canyon of the Santa Ana and placed at the foot of the tree. Under the auspices of the Landmarks Committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a bronze tablet was placed upon this boulder. Today a flourishing and progressive city of more than 35,000 people stands where the original pioneers from Tennessee and Washington, D. C., established their colony. The plains and hills which once were brown and arid are now covered with acre upon acre of citrus groves; the dark rich green of their foliage sweeping toward distant blue mountains and bluer sky.

Traveling over the hills in this land that has no winter, and besides the orange groves, along paved boulevards, and through perpetual sunshine, we come soon to the delightful city of Redlands, in San Bernardino County.

The single outstanding feature of Redlands is its truly remarkable semi-public park. Smiley Heights would make the hanging gardens of Babylon look like a tenement alley. Here indeed has the landscape gardener found inspiration. As you walk or drive, or canter along the grandly sweeping curve of the flower-bordered walks or roads, or bridle paths, you suddenly come to one of the many rustic pavilions that

seem pushed out into space. Down at your feet is the desert, bleak and barren save for a tiny river bed winding along through the center of the pass, and along the river curves a railroad track. Looking up and around you, you see the mountains, San Gorgonio, 11,485 feet into the sky-blue; San Bernardino, 10,630, and San Antonio, 10,805 feet high. Behind, and in its valley, lies the city of Redlands, perhaps the most delightful winter resort town of any of the many delightful towns in this romantic Southland. But Redlands has other things besides its winter climate to make it attractive.

Redlands is located in the east end of the great San Bernardino Valley, in the state's greatest orange center, and under the high mountains which contain Big Bear Lake and the Forests of the San Bernardinos. The citrus plantings and crops are the chief bases of the city's prosperity. The Redlands district includes Loma Linda and Greenspot, and south of the Santa Ana river. At Loma Linda is a great health sanitarium, and in the cottages around it dwell many who came for health and remain because they fell in love with the surroundings.

It is only 67 miles to the City of Towns, which is the great open heart of this romantic Southland, yet in those few miles the highway climbs some 1,356 feet above the waves that lap the shores of Venice or Santa Monica, and is thus almost forever out of the occasional fogs that are sure to gather nearer the ocean shore. Because of the dryness of its atmosphere, the sensible temperature during the summer months, and the lack of even an approach to frost in January, Redlands is noted for its health aspect. There are no fleas or mosquitoes to annoy, and the fly nuisance has been abated by systematic destruction of the insects and their breeding grounds, until Redlands is called the "Flyless Town." There are constant breezes, but no high winds.

Being considerable of a winter town, Redlands has, of course, several excellent hotels and cottages. The Casa Loma is one of the few remaining historical hotels of the romantic Southland, once so famous for their spaciousness and hospi-

tality. It is right up to date and, being built of redwood, is in a fine condition today, despite its age, for redwood is one of the greatest weather and wear resisting woods in the world. Its large, spacious, high-ceilinged, home-like lobby, music room, writing room, sun parlor, dining room, and all bedrooms, go to make it well lighted, ventilated, comfortable and altogether a California-like hotel. And, like most California hotels, its guests have access to the local golf and country clubs. Here also is located the University of Redlands, a co-educational school and highly accredited.

At the very doors of the city are the San Bernardino Mountains, with their resorts, good fishing, hunting, and winter sports in season. The Rim-of-the-World Drive, one mile high and over one hundred miles long, begins at Redlands and leads to Big Bear Lake, Arrowhead Lake, through the great forests of the Angeles Forest Reserve, Forest Home, Seven Oaks, Oak Glen, Palm Springs, Palm Canyon, are easily accessible by motor over good roads, amidst wonderful scenic beauty of mountain, plain, and desert.

To complete the triangle of the three Orange Empire Cities, we go now to San Bernardino, the railroad town that has neither smoke, grime, nor dust, nor tooting whistles.

Near this city is the natural symbol of rock on the side of the mountain which forms a gigantic and plainly discernible Arrowhead. It is the location of one of the Southland's leading year-round resorts, and the Arrowhead Springs Hotel was once famous for its waters and baths, and now is part of the United States Government's hospital system for sick and disabled soldiers.

San Bernardino is the center of a rich agricultural region as well as being an industrial and a railroad town. It is the first typical Southern California city to greet the tourist who enters the romantic Southland over the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific or the desert highways. And what a relief it is to the travelers to come out of the death dry deserts suddenly into the rolling hills of the San Bernardino district, with their waves

and waves of citrus trees undulating in the sweet breeze of California.

In San Bernardino, on the corner of Third and E, or near any of the hotels, or in the parks, or walking along the business streets, is to see the Outlanders catching their first glimpse of the promised land of California, and breathing for the first time the sweet incense of the orange blossoms. Here can be seen the hardy son of the soil from Iowa or Indiana, or the fields of Kansas, come to pass a winter's holiday under the blue skies; here is a man and his family from the crowded districts of New York or Chicago, or any of the cities of the Eastern seaboard, strolling along the station platform, perhaps buying a basket of oranges or refreshing themselves at any one of the number of orange drink, grapefruit and lemonade stands. The school teacher from Kentucky talks with the lady from Boston, both thrilled with their first step on California soil. And around all this activity of the arriving travelers, the city itself lies in its flat cup on the desert's edge and absorbs the newcomer and fills him with the spice of the Orange Empire of California. Here is where many come to "spend the winter," yet how can that be, when there is no "winter" here?

CHAPTER XXII

SANTA ANA—ORANGE—ANAHEIM

An aeroplane view of Orange County would disclose to the eagle eyed flyer a series of rolling hills covered thickly with orange groves, or studded with oil derricks, and at frequent intervals the homes and buildings of cities and towns. For Orange County is an important part of this romantic Southland and contains perhaps more actual romance than does any other part of the district; that is, when romance is applied to the grower, the producer, and the oil operator. Within this section are the important cities and towns of Santa Ana, Orange, Anaheim, Fullerton, Newport Beach, Huntington Beach, Garden Grove, La Habra, and the gem of the Pacific, Laguna Beach, written about at length elsewhere in this book. Of all the towns, Santa Ana is the largest, and next in population importance is Anaheim.

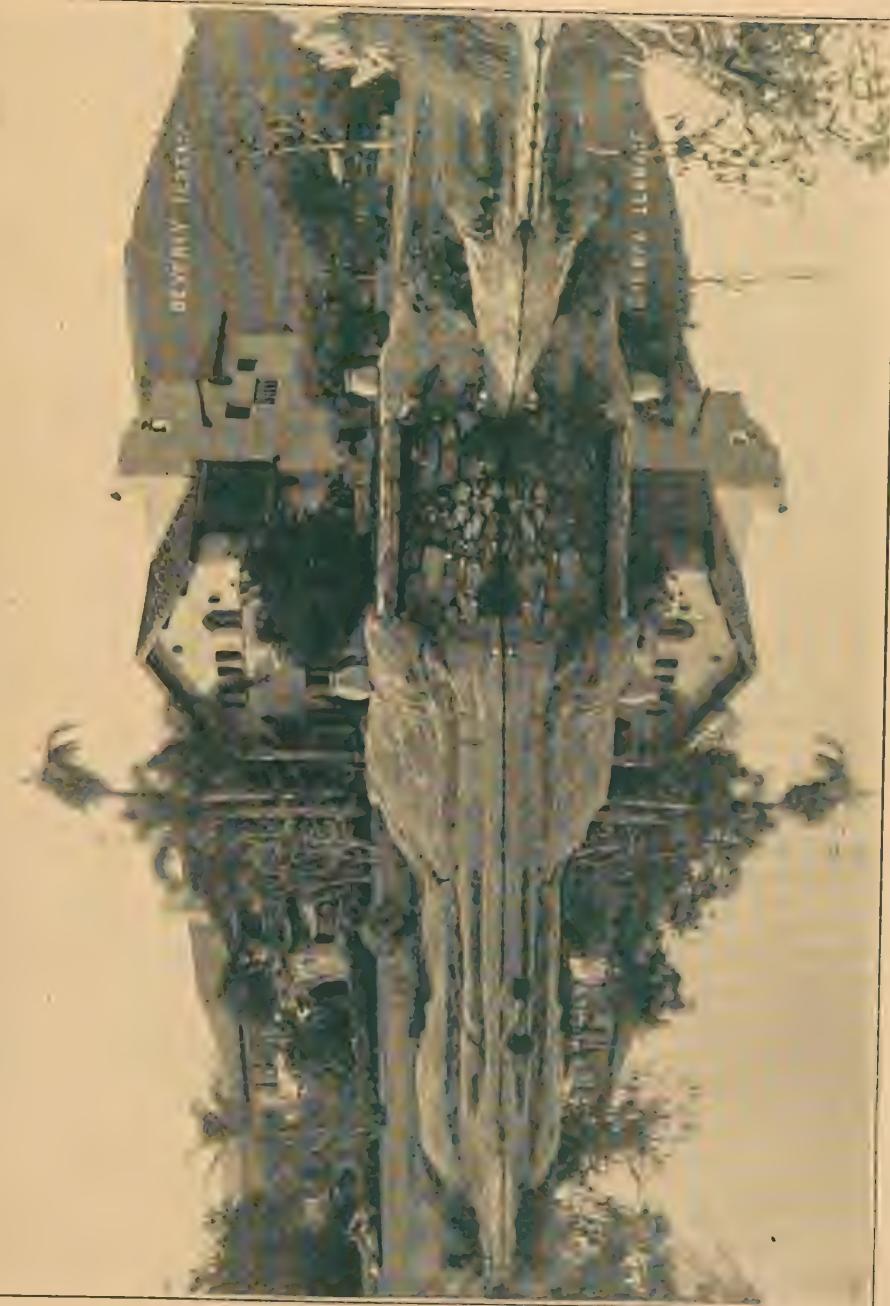
The name Anaheim is formed by the conjunction of the feminine appellation Ana with the German word, "heim," meaning home. Here is the heart of the most valuable citrus land in all of California. Some sixty odd years ago, in the late 60's, Anaheim was founded by a small band of German colonists who trekked into the country from San Francisco. Since then this city has subsisted almost entirely on the proceeds from the farms, truck gardens, and orchards. Back in the 80's the land under cultivation around Anaheim produced wine grapes. Later the vineyards were cut up into small tracts and planted to oranges and walnuts. This was the beginning of a new era, a steady and almost uninterrupted development, bringing wealth and happiness to the thousands who populate the Anaheim section.

This city has now upwards of 14,000 people, and when you view its business section you are inclined to the belief that there are even more. The reason perhaps is that the main coast highway passes directly through the business section, and where it forms the corner of Center and the highway (the old flagstaff corner) is the best place to view the downtown city. On this corner may be seen thousands of automobiles passing, some to San Diego, to Los Angeles, or to the various residential and other business streets of the city itself. Here the merry-go-round of pedestrians is incessant, and here also radiate the streets of the town. Center street has many blocks of retail stores, office and bank buildings; the principal theatres and hotels also adorn this wide, straight thoroughfare.

There are a surprising number of factories and industrial plants here. Some of them are on paved business streets and others set amid the soft surroundings of the close-in orange groves. Three railroad lines make Anaheim industries accessible for shipping, and several stage lines have depots or stations in the city. Anaheim has some fifty miles of streets and all the main thoroughfares are lighted with ornamental lights. The city is so close to Los Angeles that many newcomers find it convenient to live here because, while it, in company with other Orange County towns, offers the advantages of the great city, domestic life is much easier. Anaheim, and indeed all Orange County, might almost be said to form parts of Los Angeles, the City of Towns, but of course all maintain their own individuality and government.

Between Anaheim and Santa Ana, slightly off the main highway is the pleasant city of Orange. Here it lies in its lap in the never ending, rolling hills, with its circular plaza reposing in peaceful security under the flagpole. Orange is a city of charm, with lovely homes, fine churches, and a friendly social life. From it the citizens ride to the beaches of the Orange coast, or to the city, or to any number of neighboring beauty spots set amid the Orange County orchards and groves. Close by are the progressive little towns of Olive and El Mo-

The home of a motion picture producer, in Beverly Hills.





The stairway of the Padres at old San Gabriel, scene of the Mission Play.



Many brave hearts are sailing the Southland deep



The vista from a Southland mission type building.

dena, the splendid home communities of Villa Park and the orchard district of West Orange. Everywhere are the groves of oranges, lemons and walnuts, while fine schools form an attractive part of the entire community. In Orange is located the great 160-acre Orange County Park, filled with live oaks, and a recreational center for all of the Southland. The business heart of the town centers around the public plaza. From this great circle radiate the streets, starting with business houses and factories, and finding their end some place among the groves or hills of the region. The streets, Olive, Glassell, Orange or Grand, provide accommodations for the main business structures, although Chapman and Almond Avenue are coming to the front. The former is the main highway leading in and out of the city as far as the plaza. The people of Orange look much like those to be seen in Los Angeles or Fullerton or San Diego, or any other Southern California town, because they are part of this romantic Southland which does not depend upon political boundaries to differentiate among the population. Indeed, there is no difference, and the elderly gentlemen who rest in the plaza are different from those who rest in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, only in their lack of numbers and their gentler voices, for the country has that effect. It causes those who are accustomed to quiet streets and shady trees to live easier than those who tread pavements beside tall buildings.

In summer the cool ozone of the sea is some times temporarily absent in Santa Ana and Orange County, but such periods are rare, for usually Santa Ana is basking under its pleasant skies with physical comfort for all. Because throughout Orange County, where the romance of the orange, the walnut and the oil mingle with the historical romance of the land, there is the aroma of the mountains, the salt of the sea, the shining sun, blooming flowers, and singing birds. It makes no difference whether you are in the landlocked harbor at Newport, strolling the sands at Huntington Beach, watching the oil derricks at Brea, picking oranges at Placentia or Tus-

tin or Yorba Linda or Buena Park, or transacting business in Santa Ana, the charm of Orange County and its romance is sure to attract you. The broad, equable ocean current on the west and the majestic mountains on the east form a protection wall from the mid-winter winds and make Orange County days uniformly warm and pleasant. Year after year the most tender vegetation goes through the winter without showing any effects of frost. The Pacific Ocean is the principal factor in the stabilizing of Orange County's climate, and it also aids in making golf enjoyable in January or July on any of the several links and at the Santa Ana Golf and Country Club.

Stand on the corner of Main and Fourth in Santa Ana and watch the world go by. Here is a dilapidated flivver belonging to some school boy who is parading the town on wheels just to see and perhaps to be seen. Now passes a splendid red monster with a liveried driver, while a moving picture personage sits amid the heavy cushions while going to some picture location, for Orange County is full of locations for pictures, and nearly all of them are accessible to Santa Ana. The streets are well paved and the curbs high. Farmers in overalls and cotton shirts go into the implement houses, while their wives buy articles from the department stores or the music stores. Newly married couples, or those contemplating matrimony pass this main corner on their way to the numerous furniture stores, and countless numbers of other people, for the moment inconspicuous, pass as they proceed to their business or to the golf links or some country club. Passing this corner, rolls the tourist traffic; this is also the main north and south highway.

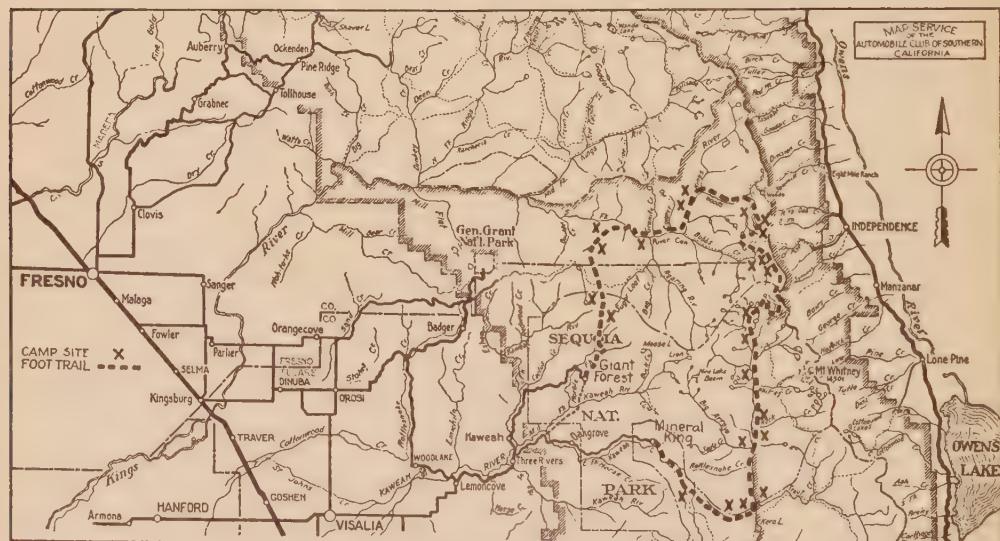
Being in Orange County, this city of nearly 45,000 would have to be surrounded by a marvelously fertile country. So around it are countless groves of oranges, lemons, olives, walnuts, apricots, avocados, and acres and acres of sugar beets, lima beans, barley, alfalfa, berries, melons and vegetables. Many of the farms are operated by Japanese, but most of them are owned by the stalwart Caucasians who live upon them and get their livelihood from the soil, while they listen at night to

the radio, for nearly every farm house in all this broad section has its radio wires stretched above the roof.

Santa Ana has one of the most complete systems of paved roads in all the romantic Southland. City streets, country roads, and state highways linked together in a chain of enduring concrete, over which flows the traffic of the community, and indeed of all the Southland. This attractive political and commercial capital of the county is some ten miles from the Pacific Ocean, midway between the mountains and the sea, 33 miles southwest of Los Angeles, 90 miles northwest of San Diego, in almost the center of the famous Santa Ana Valley, one of the richest agricultural and horticultural districts in all of the romantic Southland of California. Within an hour's ride is Modjeska's home in the Forest of Arden, the crumbling ruins of the mission at San Juan Capistrano, the bathing at Balboa, Newport, Seal, or a dozen other beaches, and for contrast the wilderness of the higher Orange County mountains.

Some of the buildings on Third or Fourth or Main or Spurgeon, or the other business streets, are rather old as things go in the Southland, but the majority of them are new, and all are clean, well painted and lighted brilliantly at night. Santa Ana was founded as a settlement in October, 1869. The original townsite was recorded December 13, 1870. Today it is growing very rapidly, and factories as well as retail establishments are coming in ever increasing numbers. To know any city, do not always spend your time in the retail or industrial centers. Stores and office buildings are very much alike, whether they be located in Kansas or California. But the resident streets tell the true story. And every town in Orange County has a wealth of loveliness in its homes and resident portions. Ride around Anaheim, or Orange, or Santa Ana and see. In Santa Ana roll along Camille, Bristol, Chestnut, Artesia, Maple, or any number of streets, and view the houses and lawns and gardens. In North Park or along Wellington Avenue the homes remind one of a city of a hundred thousand, because of their structure and surroundings. Or visit the parks

or the schools and churches, and so determine for yourself, first, that Santa Ana is a gem of the purest ray serene; and, secondly, that it is often better to look over any community from its outlying districts rather than to spend all of your time in the business streets, attractive as they may be.



Showing the country of the High Sierras and a portion of the Valley route connecting Southern and Central California.

CHAPTER XXIII

POMONA AND SAN GABRIEL VALLEYS

The warmth and loveliness of the San Gabriel Valley aroused feelings of admiration and love in the Spanish explorers. Father Junipero Serra founded the Mission of San Gabriel Archangel in 1771 in the heart of the valley. It was one of the first four missions in the state, and today is not more than a mile or two from the city of Alhambra, which adjoins the township of San Gabriel on the south. All of the district embraced in these valleys is more to be considered as an agricultural and horticultural region than as an industrial section, although one of the business romances of the world had its start in Ontario, in the Pomona Valley. It is the Hot Point electric iron, and was first manufactured almost under the beautiful pepper trees that line Euclid Avenue in Ontario.

The growth and founding of Alhambra is another link in the romance of this romantic Southland. The man for whom Mount Wilson was named once owned a vast ranch, part of which is now the incorporated limits of Alhambra. It is said the name came from Mr. Wilson's reading of Washington Irving's masterpiece, "The Alhambra." The traditions of the early days New Spain in Southern California are perpetuated in this city, the beauty of whose setting in the verdant valley, between the towering Sierra Madres and the blue Pacific, is matched only by its stalwart and capable men and its cultured women.

The people who walk or drive along Huntington Boulevard, or Garvey Street, or Valley Boulevard, for the most part have their homes within the district of the city, but not a few of them work in Los Angeles and live in Alhambra because

thus do their families have the benefits of country life. Alhambra has a 14-acre recreational park. One of the outstanding, and I might add exceedingly pleasant, summer features of this park is the municipal plunge. This large outdoor pool has been supplemented by a wading pool for children, extensive play apparatus, tennis and basket-ball courts and grounds for other sports. The social life of the community finds reflection in the numerous clubs and associations of all types. Among the notable clubs are the Alhambra Athletic Club, with beautiful clubhouse and well-kept grounds, including an outdoor swimming pool, the Alhambra Women's Club, the Elks, Masons, Knights of Columbus, and the Business and Professional Women's Club. The golf players have membership access to the San Gabriel Country Club, and the Midwick Country Club is one of the finest institutions of its kind in all of the romantic southland, albeit not for simple folks with ordinary incomes.

A little deeper into the San Gabriel Valley, and almost where it merges beyond the Puente Hills into the Pomona Valley, is the highway town of El Monte. At first glance El Monte seems like a one street town and that street a boulevard filled with the passing cars of every driver in all the length and breadth of the land. But drift back of the boulevard and see the homes, churches, and orchards of the town, and you come to know that El Monte is one place worth watching. This main road has about as many names as a Chinese Mandarin. It is called Valley Boulevard, Pomona Road, San Bernardino Highway, and just Main Street, although it loses its Main Street after the bridge is crossed or the wonderfully attractive high school passed.

The city of El Monte is called the End of the Santa Fe Trail, and with good reason, because there is actually where the Santa Fe Trail did end. The city has its prosaic industries, such as a Chemical Company, an Ice Cream Factory, Walnut Packers, and the like. But it also has perhaps the most unique industry in all the world of Southern California. More unique

than anything else, except perhaps the Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena. This place, which I have thus introduced with such a flare of words, is the Lion Farm, where they raise them for the market and the movies.

The Lion Farm is just east of the main business section of El Monte, on the Valley Boulevard. The Farm, where the big cats are raised, just like dogs are reared elsewhere, is open daily except Monday and on rainy days (this latter reservation, of course, is not much in use in Southern California). The home of the Big Cats covers some five acres and is equipped with all manner of things dear to the heart of a lion. This is the home of many motion picture animals. People in theatres throughout the world marvel and thrill at the scenes, and wonder how lions are made to act. Here you will meet Numa, the world's most valuable lion, and Slats, the one that plays the heavy or villainous roles before the camera. One of the main attractions is the large number of baby lions, some with their regular mothers, and others being fed from an ordinary nursing bottle. So the next time you see a lion chasing a movie actor, make a wager that the lion came from the Lion Farm at El Monte.

Between El Monte, Puente, and the distant San Bernardino mountains lies the remarkable city of Pomona, the Goddess of Fruit. This city is in the heart of the Pomona Valley, and is accessible to many noteworthy points in the romantic history of the old West. The aroma of the gold and cattle days still clings to the Pomona atmosphere. Nestled in a valley of riches, circumscribed by the Sierra Madre Mountains and the South Hills, with the snow-clad higher peaks in the distance, Pomona is the hub of an inland empire. Spring is perpetual in the Pomona Valley. While winter snows lie upon the Sierra Madre Range above, the white blossoms burst forth and the golden orange hangs heavy in the waxen green foliage of the citrus groves below.

To wander on the business streets, or to ride or stroll through the main residential streets, each of them more like

a park than a city street, is to wonder how this city, which serves some 50,000 neighboring people, could have grown from nothing within the last few years. The history of the earlier Pomona is like the city in its youth full of romance. Stand on one of the nearby hills and dream with me a little.

See the gay little cavalcade riding through the valley from the direction of San Bernardino. It is led by two Spanish captains, rich in their gaudy habiliments and proudly erect upon their spirited mounts. These exploring soldiers are the Senors Ygnacio Palomares and Ricardo Vejar, of the ranch "Rodeo de las Agusa." They are now scouting through the country for more fertile grazing pastures for their vast herds. It is the early nineteenth century a time of unrest for Mexico and its new province of California. Insurrections and revolts are the order of the day, and as a by-product of such times, lands are given away by the governors, in king's-size tracts. They are also often lost even more easily than they are secured, across gaming table or as an aftermath of cock-fight or rodeo. The two dons, we are in fancy watching, felt that the time was propitious for their migration, with family, servitors and cattle, to lands of greater richness than their present ranch, closer to the desert. It is now dusk—they halt for the night. In the morning we see them ride into the hills, and they, too, gazing back, know that they have reached their El Dorado.

So much for dreaming, now let's change the tense a little, for it was but a short time until they had written to their good friend Commissioner Juan Alvarado asking that these lands be given them, and but a short time later (1837), that their request was granted and they were confirmed in a mastery equivalent to kingship in two square leagues of land, known as "the place called San Jose," a grant which included the present ranch San Jose, the site not only of the city of Pomona but of Azusa as well.

Came then the picturesque days of the valley, soft twinkling of guitars as plaintive Spanish love songs made suit for



Foyer of El Portal Motion Picture Theatre, in Lankershim, a city of the glorious valley of the San Fernando.



Motion Picture Theatre at Carthay Circle, just off Wilshire Boulevard, between the heart of the City of Towns and beautiful Beverly Hills.



Sand Dunes Along the Way—Guy Rose.



Changing Horses—Frank Tinney Johnston.



The waves break upon the charming Malibu, north of Santa Monica.

bashful lovers; great gala days of feast and sports, rodeos, cock-baiting, and feats such as were admired in those days of hardihood. Lazy days also, when life went along with scarcely a different ripple to mark one day from another. A carreta, two-wheeled cart with oxen attached, was an event as it passed on the highway from the direction of the pueblo of Los Angeles toward San Bernardino. The highway, where today thousands of motor cars cover the distance in two hours that then required perhaps more than two days. And the advent of a friend or a stranger was the cause of excitement, each equally welcome in the big hospitable ranch houses built by these newcomers to the valley.

But that could not last. The first inroad of the coming commercialism came in the embodiment of a short, effervescent little English sea captain, who had followed adventure from Britain to Peru, and northward again to California. This man soon erected the first fireproof building in Los Angeles, and soon also negotiated the purchase of a big interest in the rancho. And so until 1848, when ripples of the war agitation spread into the valley with gunshot and great controversy. Final outcome, of course, was the hoisting of a new flag—and a new tribunal to which any old boundary question must be taken. The time moved on and more Americans came; orange trees were first set out in 1872, some 500 seedlings bought in Los Angeles, and so today as we look at Pomona Valley we see homes, buildings, and undulating forests of orange, lemon, walnut and other trees. Having a moment to idle, we go to Ganesha Park, and lo and behold discover we remain there for hours, because of its rugged wildness and pleasant beauty.

The pride of Ontario, a city of the valley founded in the early 80's, is its matchless Euclid Avenue. This great thoroughfare bisects the city with its majestic, tree-shaded width of 200 feet. The paved roadways run on either side of a central parkway extending not alone through the heart of the city, but straight on up to the foothills, a total length of more than

eight miles. Euclid is without question one of the first boulevards of the world. The street is lined with either business houses, schools, churches and theatres, or with the homes of people who live beneath the shade of fruit trees and look out upon graceful pepper trees in their full growth. To the north of Ontario, within less than an hour's easy motor ride, lie the beautiful San Antonio, Icehouse, and Bear Canyons, dotted with hundreds of privately owned mountain cabins, and famous Camp Baldy.

While the mountains of the Angeles National Forest are ever alluring, winter and summer, the Ontario resident also has abundant opportunity to enjoy the seashore, for many popular beaches are within easy reach over the splendid paved thoroughfares of this romantic Southland. In no other section of this Southland has the citrus industry reached a higher state of development than the great foothill district north of the city, producing the finest quality of lemons and navel oranges. South and east of the city are many thousand acres of peach and apricot orchards. To the eastward, stretch great vineyards, including the largest vineyard of the world.

Toward Los Angeles again, passing almost a continual barrier of trees interspersed by small cities and lovely homes, we find the city of Monrovia, basking in its sloping site within the shadow of the great Mother Mountains. It is truly said that the strength of Monrovia lies in its home life. The love of city and home has therefore found its expression in the beauty of these structures. Monrovia is pervaded with a spirit of mystic charm. It is a bit of all enveloping atmosphere of beauty, simplicity, culture. With its mountains and canyons, its flowering spring-time all the year, its scenic drives, its endless network of wonderful roads, its foothills and valleys, its rippling streams, it weaves a sort of magic enchantment that in a surprisingly short time absorbs your interest. This is true throughout both the San Gabriel and Pomona Valleys. From almost any portion of them you can look out from your porch

on the mighty, snow-covered peaks and mountains, while in the backyard are golden ripened oranges, waving palms, a riot of blossoms, and in the home gardens, fresh vegetables all the year around.



Orange County, showing the main paved highways as they connect the various cities and the beaches.

CHAPTER XXIV

LONG BEACH—SAN PEDRO

As beach cities go, Long Beach is the largest in the Southland. It is a city that would do credit as the metropolis of any section, for it combines both the pleasures of the sea and the business of the land. San Pedro, only ten or fifteen miles distant by land, and scarcely six miles in a direct line by water, is properly a part of Los Angeles. But it is so distinctly different from the city, that it should be considered as a separate entity. It is aptly said that San Pedrans rise in the morning to see the sun over the tops of the distant snow-clad mountains, the sluggish sea dashing at the foot of Point Fermin and the long stretch of shoreline curving to the south to disappear in the silvery mist of the Capistrano headlands, fifty miles away.

Long Beach takes its name from the gently-sloping strand, a full seven miles in length, bordering the calm, semi-tropical waters of the Pacific Ocean. This fascinating, tumbling surf is as fascinating as any shore waves in the world, and skirting the waters, just beyond the reach of the waters, is one of the Southland's most extensive pleasure promenades. This stretch is utilized as gardens for stately homes which crown the bluff above the sea, for hotels, apartments, stores and, perhaps most exciting of all, for fun and frolic.

For more than one mile along the magnificent beach front, this amusement zone attracts and allures and amuses. It is beautifully named the walk of a thousand lights, and here two free band concerts are given daily, in an open air pavilion. A children's playground on the golden beach adjoins the bandstand. Here little tots from Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, Japan, Europe, Los Angeles, and practically all of the lands under the

sun, play at soldier behind sand forts, dig canals, slide the shoots, make sand pies and otherwise cover themselves with sand and glory in a delicious brown sun tan.

utting far out into the ocean are two large piers. One is named the Silver Spray Pier, and it ranks with the largest amusement piers in the country, providing six acres of floor space. Here may be seen the citizens and visitors dancing, skating, riding racing coasters, chuting the chutes, going through the fun houses, watching the tricks of trained animals, studying the many fish in the commodious aquarium, strolling around watching the others, having their fortunes told, or perhaps resting in a picture show or on a bench beside the railings. Many men and some women spend long, happy hours on either of these piers with fishing pole and bait, for the finny creatures of the deep come in swarms close to the Long Beach shore. For the more hardy ones, deep sea fishing boats run on daily schedule, and many are the great catches made from these boats away out beyond the distant horizon. In the heart of this vari-colored pleasure zone stands the great Bath House, one of the most luxurious indoor salt water plunges on the Pacific Coast, and second in size only to the bath house at Redondo Beach.

On the top of the rather abrupt bench are built many of the city's delightfully attractive hotels, clubs, and some office buildings and theaters. On Ocean Avenue, a wide, straight street, with one side leading to the shore and the other back into the town, may be seen the old and the young, the wealthy and the satisfied, the brisk and the lazy, as they loiter along the walks or rest on the many benches provided. On this wide street, just where it looks sharply off toward San Pedro, is the Hotel Virginia. On the other end, toward Newport and Balboa, are many of the finest homes to be found in all the Southland.

The Hotel Virginia typifies the spirit of hospitality and entertainment to such an extent that it has become known to travelers as the "House of Hospitality." In fact, this spirit

is symbolized in the very construction of the building itself, which is designed in the form of a huge letter "H." It is situated directly on the ocean front, with its own private beach, and affords its guests the advantages of surf-bathing, fishing and sailing at their very door. The view from the wide verandas is practically the same as that from any portion of the seven-mile stretch of bluff above the beach. Directly in front is the rolling, white-capped surf of the blue Pacific. Off to the right, the towering promontory of old Point Firmin, behind which are concealed the guns of Fort MacArthur. Twenty miles away, and sheltering Long Beach from the rare Pacific storms, is Santa Catalina Island; while in the foreground squadrons of the great Pacific fleet ride at anchor or are to be seen steaming in or out to sea.

Long Beach is a year-round city. Although situated right on the ocean, it boasts a climate just as delightful in winter as in summer—the warm Japanese currents, which give all the coast of this romantic Southland its delightful winter balminess, make this city perhaps the most pleasant of all north of La Jolla. And the same ocean that warms Long Beach, cools it in summer, giving it a very equable, all-year-round climate.

The celebrated Virginia Country Club is just within the first line of oil derricks at the start of the rolling, back country. The club house is close to the old Bixby home, one of the historic landmarks of the Southland, which was erected in 1848 by Don Juan Temple, who married one of the daughters of Jose Cota, the owner of the original grant from Mexico. The club house is of Mission design, and the eighteen-hole golf course is all grass, as is also the municipal course situated almost within the shadow of Signal Hill, that most famous high ground in all the Southland, for from it has been taken almost untold quantities of petroleum. Today it looks like a forest covered mountain, so numerous are the oil derricks, and at night the twinkling lights of the derricks seem like countless stars come to pay the earth a visit.

About midway between Long Beach and San Pedro is

the town of Wilmington, located on the inner harbor of the Port of Los Angeles. This place is notable because it filled in a vast acreage of tideswept sand flats and raised itself above the sea. Fine stalwart buildings now stand where once the crabs crawled, and all of its water front is a part of the greater Port of Los Angeles.

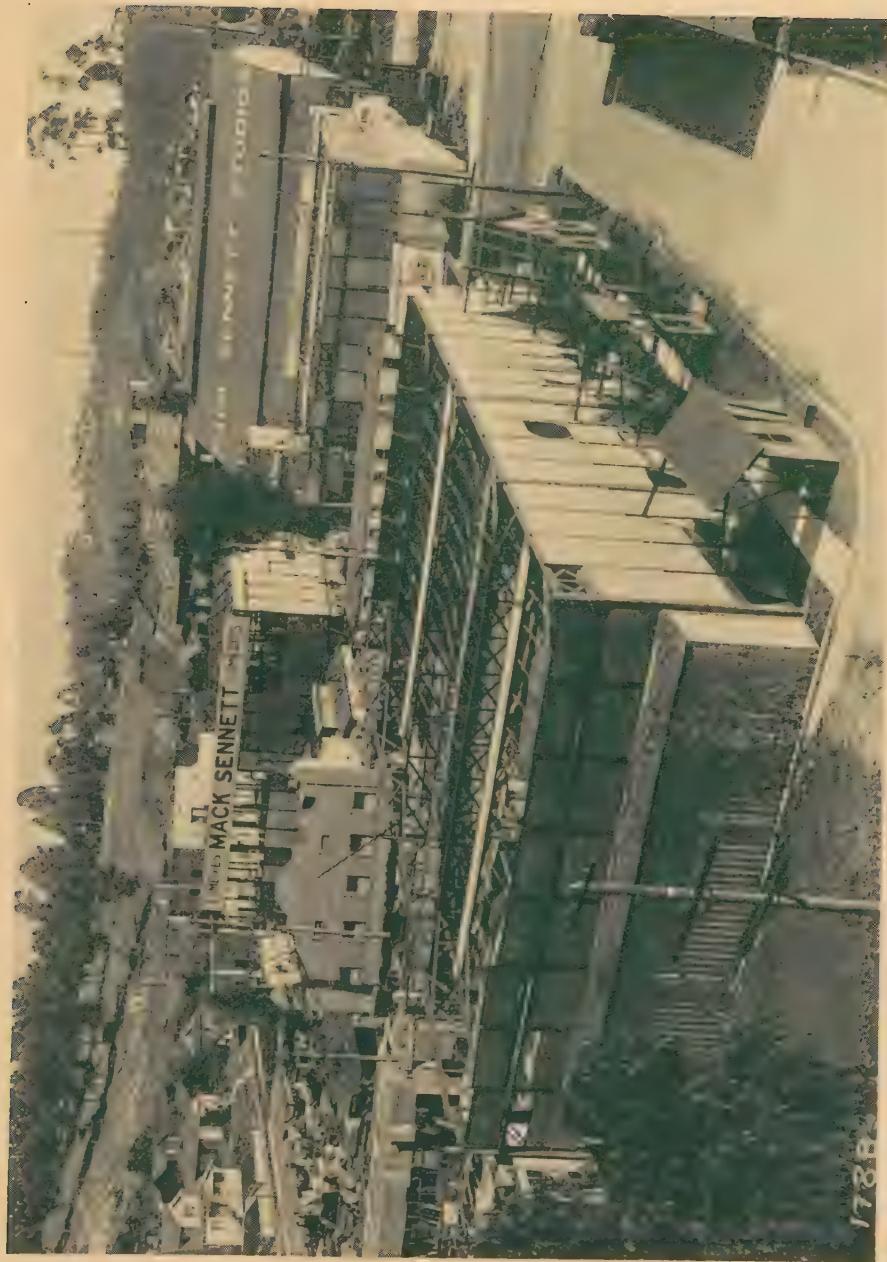
In 1542, Cabrillo cruised the California coast and may have seen the tiny dent where Los Angeles Harbor is today. Others followed: Vizcaino, Serra in 1769, Crespi, Gomez, Gaspar de Portola. The fascinating Spanish colonial period came. A little trade sprang up between this coast and Mexico, South America and Spain. Ships lay offshore and loaded from rowboats. In 1861, a small tug arrived in the harbor; later, the schooner Lewis Perry appeared, and the tug towed her across the bar! She seems to have been the first vessel to enter. And since then? Well, never before in the history of Pacific Coast shipping annals has such a decided change taken place within the bounds of a single port as it did at this port, in both the inner and outer harbors. And never before has any port undergone such phenomenal increase in commercial relationship with world markets as did San Pedro (Los Angeles Harbor) in such a short period. And the workers in this harbor can ride, in less than fifteen minutes, to any portion of the industrial district of San Pedro. He works all day in store, ship or shop, in the blessed sunshine, and at the end of the day he goes home to a happy family, happy because his woman and children are healthy, well fed, and well clothed; and as the sun sinks in the bosom of the broad Pacific, the men and women of San Pedro either enjoy the night skies from their homes on the lofty highlands, or visit neighbors, or attend to any of the manifold things that spring constantly to the fore in the way of education or amusement.

Sixth street, perhaps the business thoroughfare of the city, slopes rather abruptly to the docks, which are so often crowded with the sailor boys from Uncle Sam's ships. Toward Point Firmin, Fort MacArthur is one of the most important posts

in the Pacific Coast Defense System, and is equipped with the heaviest type guns in its hidden batteries. With the advent in western waters of the Pacific Fleet of the United States Navy, San Pedro has become the headquarters of the battleships and their attendant sister ships. These ships are in turn served by a fleet of service and supply ships, submarines, tenders, colliers, machine ships and hospital ships, and are stationed here approximately eight months out of every year. Hundreds of the officers and men make their homes in San Pedro, their families live here and the navy life of the port is one of its distinguished characteristics. The battleships are usually open for visitors on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and then do the girls stay at home? Absolutely!!!



Outline map of California.



The original Mack Sennett Motion Picture Studio, now removed to Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley.





Spanish type homes overlooking the waters where Cabrillo, Drake and Dana once sailed.



CHAPTER XXV

GLENDALE, THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY AND BURBANK

Beyond the Hollywood Hills is a valley, flat as a table top, surrounded by mountains. In this valley is perhaps the greatest of the outside developments, for into it are pouring thousands of people who otherwise might add to the crowds within the city proper. A large portion of this valley belongs to the incorporated limits of Los Angeles, but many of the towns are independent communities.

This San Fernando Valley is bisected by two main paved highways. Ventura Boulevard extends from Hollywood through the western section, and forms the main coast-wise highway north. San Fernando Boulevard comes in through the other gateway to the east and extends in an unbroken length into the San Joaquin Valley. Lankershim Boulevard branches from Ventura at Universal City and joins San Fernando near the city of the same name. Everywhere in this broad, flat valley are farms, orchards, gardens, and typical California homes set amid gardens or clustered around business centers, or clinging to the hillsides or overlooking several golf courses. And in the spring everywhere the air is deep with the aroma of growing things and of budding flowers, and in the early fall the scent of ripened fruits and grains permeates the valley. The cackle of chickens calling to each other and the gobble-gobble of turkeys attest the thrift and delightfulness of the life in the valley. Of the portions of the big city that have their habitats here, perhaps the division called San Fernando City is the greatest. This large and thriving cluster of business, homes, canneries, and industries is some twenty-odd miles from

the corner of Seventh and Broadway. The peace and dignity of the place is maintained by Los Angeles police officers. The city is divided by San Fernando Boulevard, with the main portion of the newer city on the highway and the older stores and homes over the railroad tracks to the east. The chief attraction is the rose nurseries wherein all manner, styles color and shape of roses are raised for the wholesale market. The industry is a part of the town, for the homes are overgrown with climbers and the yards filled with bush and vine varieties, lending everywhere a delightful mass of color.

A few miles closer to the main city is Van Nuys, where pipe organs are made. Between the two cities, and yet within its own district, is the Mission San Fernando, founded in 1797 by the Franciscan padres. The mission is surrounded by a broad and lovely garden which is maintained by the big City of Towns. Within the vicinity of Sylmar is an olive grove of some 1,500 acres, said to be the largest olive orchard on earth, and certainly the largest in the valley.

Coming in toward the main city, we pass Lankershim, which is the largest of the valley centers with its more than 13,000 inhabitants, many of whom work at the moving picture plants at Universal City or Burbank, or along Ventura Boulevard. The other places in the northern portion of the valley are Zelzah, where fruit thrives; Owensmouth, alive with chickens, and Calabasas, so named by the Mexicans because of the especial excellence of its pumpkins.

The first independent community to be reached in the eastern and southern portion of this great San Fernando Valley is Burbank, said, like its sister Glendale, to be one of the fastest growing cities in the romantic Southland. The city is built against the hills and affords a wide sweep of hillside sites for homes as well as for the many gardens and orchards. The main street divides itself along the boulevard, some of the factories lost in the groves of trees a little distant from the roar of traffic. In the flat country toward Universal City are the studios of the First National Motion Picture Company.

These studios are said to be the pride of the motion picture industry. They have a right to that designation. The studio is artistically landscaped with lawns, flowers, and shrubs. It was the first complete studio built from the ground up to meet the needs of modern motion picture production. Through every part of the studio throbs the heart of picture-making—the mechanical departments, the giant dynamos that furnish the power for the lights, the carpenter shops, the foundry, the plaster shops, the paint shops and the wardrobe departments pulsate with life. Around this heart are grouped dressing-room buildings and the stages where the pictures are made for distribution all over the world.

This may be the most romantic industry in Burbank, but it also is only one of many others which contributes their payrolls to the welfare of the place and helps maintain the thousands of beautiful pepper trees which everywhere grace the Burbank landscape.

The other fastest growing city in the world is Glendale, the beautiful, the delightful, the thrifty, the prosperous.

Some of the most charming sections of Glendale are found among the foothills of the Verdugo Mountains, where modern homes nestle in little canyons or crown hillocks, or cling tenaciously to the sides of the mountains. The busiest spot in the city is the corner where Brand Boulevard pierces the city. Brand is a wide street, and on its main corners stand or walk or roll by in their machines nearly every grade and class of the population. Here farmers and ranchers from the other edges of the San Fernando Valley pass, their trucks loaded high with fruits and produce; here also the lady shoppers of the city pause as they survey the offerings in the store windows; and here again the tourist wanders, now looking at the wide street, now gazing into the windows or gaping at the not far distant mountains, and perhaps counting the palm trees on the nearby streets.

Glendale is the third largest city in Los Angeles County, and it is a community of distinctive charm. Lying immedi-

ately north of the heart of the City of Towns, Glendale is closer to the center of the metropolis than many parts of the city itself, and smooth boulevards or rapid and frequent street car service enable one to travel from the heart of one city to the heart of the other in about twenty minutes. Glendale is an all-American city, with no foreign element, no slums, and no shacks. Its people are recruited from all states of the Union; and here they have united to build a municipality that is honestly and truly one of the wonder cities of the West and of this romantic Southland.

The city is situated on the first Spanish land grant in California, a tract that was given to the founder of the Verdugo family by the king of Spain. Today the old Verdugo home-site, still standing, is one of the city's historic landmarks. Unlike some of the cities of the Southland, Glendale's streets are laid out at right angles, and thus they give the city a pleasing appearance and also enable streets and house numbers to be easily located. Along the curbs at practically all the corners are painted signs giving the street name and the numbers in the block, which makes it quite easy to locate any given place. This street numbering is a thing which a good many other places could do well to follow.

CHAPTER XXVI

SANTA BARBARA, VENTURA, AND OJAI

More than one hundred and eleven years have elapsed since the walls of Mission Santa Barbara were laid and buttressed from the quarried sandstone of the surrounding hills.

With a thickness of six, seven, even twelve feet in places, they were intended to withstand the tread of countless feet and the ravages of time; girded, mortised and beamed with the truest ingenuity of the period. And so surely did these master builders build, that Santa Barbara Mission stood for over a century, mellowed only by time and hallowed by memories of California's most eventful days. Within her bosom were folded so many memories, so many shadows of priest and neophyte, Spanish don and American pioneer, that her cloistered walls became venerable for more reasons than mere age; and Santa Barbara became a Mecca for those who would pause and catch a glimpse of the most romantic and colorful period in American history.

Over her peaceful valleys a veritable angelus rang. The mellow bells of the mission summoned dusky hordes to ceremonial devotion. Want and strife were unknown. Prosperity and brotherly love ruled as never before or since. The Indians were industrious, the padres devout, the atmosphere in harmony with the spirit of the building set upon the hills in the shadow of Mission ridge.

When it seemed wise to rebuild and restore the Mission, the work was done thoroughly. The towers, laid stone on stone by Indian neophytes, and the lovely cloisters that had seemed to grow out of the very earth itself and to take upon themselves the verdure and coloring of time, were laid low in order that the foundations might be relaid and

reinforced. It was in the pulling down of these walls, this laying bare of long hidden places, that the recent builders learned how carefully, how artistically and thoroughly their predecessors had wrought. Especially was this true in regard to the decoration of the old church, where, in taking apart the old walls, the real art and handicraft of Indian and Spaniard came to light. When by a careful and painstaking process, the old plaster was washed and peeled back to its original surface, there was revealed a simplicity and beauty of decoration lost entirely in the barbaric grotesqueries of recent years.

The old designs which we like to think emanated from the Indians, but which were classical rather than primitive, had in the first instance been outlined with a sharp instrument. This method, used no doubt because pencils were a scarce commodity at that time, enabled the decorator engaged in research work to make accurate copies of the originals.

The general scheme of the altar in regard to architecture and decoration was brought from Mission San Miguel, the only mission in the entire chain of twenty-one retaining in any degree of completeness the original decorations. Both at San Miguel and at Santa Inez, designs were traced and color notes were made which were reproduced in the Santa Barbara church in their original scale.

A unique feature of the church interior, and reminiscent of Spanish renaissance, is the generous use of imitation marble, in soft ivory and rose tints. Another unique feature taken directly from the past by the decorator is the coating of all the wood surfaces with a plaster composition absorbent to color. This process was originally used as a substitute for wood surfacing, as there was no satisfactory means of surfacing in the early days.

In every instance the old method of decorating has been adhered to. Pure penetrative transparent colors have been used, and treated in such a manner that although the entire interior has been redone, nothing new or garish meets the eye. An impression of real antiquity predominates, although sin-

cerity is the keynote of the finished work. In this one mission at least, if in no other, California's romantic period of architecture and design has been preserved for all posterity.

When the bells in the towers play, and the soft notes of the Angelus ring out at eventide, an old landmark, true and complete in every detail, greets the pilgrim to California, and echoes the past more eloquently than ever before.

Beauty in Southern California is not a monopoly of any part or portion of it. But beauty does change in its aspects with the topography of the land. Thus at Santa Barbara the business section and a large portion of the residence part lies in a wide, dry canyon between stubby bluffs on the northwest and high adobe mountains on the southwest. These mountains are the highest surrounding any Southern California city with the exception perhaps of Pasadena or Monrovia. The ocean, which lies at the city's front door, is as softly blue as is the water in the Harbor of the Sun at San Diego. The sea carries on its bosom an occasional visiting battleship or ocean-going liner, and many sailing craft belonging to the Yacht Club. The mountains provide canyons and resorts which cater to those who enjoy comfortable surroundings in California's great out-of-doors. The Santa Barbara National Forest is right outside the backdoor of the city. This great mountain region is set aside forever for watershed and recreational purposes, and there is a system of trails which make nearly every portion of it accessible.

Starting at Montecito the Romero Trail leads out of the Romero Canyon approximately two miles from the mouth. Following an easy grade for about two hours, you come upon the Ridge or Ocean View trail, thence down the other side to Blue Canyon and on to the Santa Ynez River; turning west about a mile south of the Santa Ynez River, the Forbush Trail leaves the main Romero and travels westerly to the Cold Spring Trail. At the intersection of the Cold Spring Trail one can turn either toward the Santa Ynez River or back to the Ocean View Trail on the ridge, thence along the ridge

westerly to the San Marcos Road. The La Cumbre Trail, formerly called the Chamber of Commerce Trail, leaves the Mountain Drive approximately two miles west of the Cold Springs Trail, and on a very easy grade leads to the Ocean View Trail, two miles east of La Cumbre Peak. This trail crosses the Flores Flat about a mile from the summit, where good spring water is obtainable. Returning over the ridge at La Cumbre Peak, either the Tunnel Trail or the Rattlesnake Canyon Trail can be followed. Both of them are rather steep and to the inexperienced are not advisable; however, all the trails in the Santa Barbara National Forest are well signed, and many citizens, deserting their automobiles, take to the saddle in this mountain playground which lies at their very doors.

Santa Barbara has the appearance of being the newest southland city. The homes on the high hills, the buildings in the valley, the magnificent new court house, almost all conform to the new idea. The buildings have been erected according to a general thought or scheme in which the Spanish idea prevails. State Street is no longer a prosaic place of business houses each different from its neighbor, and each apparently trying to be less attractive, as if being attractive was a shame for a store or office building! Along the entire mile or more length of State Street now every building appears to be trying to take the prize for beauty. Spanish balcony overhangs a fruit stand, a window wrought of iron and curved stucco houses shoes, a doorway of solid oak stained brown, in imitation of the Missions, admits customers to a jewelry or a drygoods store. The whole business district savors of Spain, and so much so that one of the original market places is actually called "A Street in Spain," although its more delightful name is "El Paseo de la Guerra."

An air of romance and of old Spain hangs like a fragrance in the quiet of the stone flagged, narrow passages and dreaming courtyards of this "Street in Spain," which is itself built around the historic residence of the celebrated Don Jose de la

Guerra y Noriega, who is mentioned frequently in the good book, "Two Years Before the Mast." It is doubtful if there is another similar place in the whole of the United States, certainly not one as attractively built, and next to the Mission itself the "Street in Spain" is the most delightful of all places to visit in Santa Barbara, unless perhaps one of the hotels, the beach, or the golf courses appears more attractive. In this Paseo de la Guerra windows of little shops under quaint over-hanging balconies and studios are filled with bright shawls and colored Mexican glass, delicate carvings of old jade and Chinese lacquer, book and embroideries. The Patio, with its flowers and tinkling fountains, is the center of Santa Barbara's social and artistic life.

The old de la Guerra house was built of adobe brick by Indian labor, for Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, who was commandante of the Presidio at Santa Barbara, and completed in 1827. It is little altered and stands today much as it stood in the days when it was the center of social and political life in Santa Barbara, being the scene of brilliant fiestas and the stopping place of all distinguished visitors. And today the Paseo, with its shops and studios and emerald green courtyards sparkling in the sun, is carrying on this old-world tradition of hospitality.

Fiesta time, which comes to Santa Barbara in August of every year, is an accurate historical replica of the old Spanish days. The fiesta is bright with the color and beauty of gay Spanish shawls and sashes, the delicately carved tall combs of women and the embroidered jackets of men move against a glittering background of brilliant flowers and hangings from the balconies. The throb and rhythm of stringed music lingers in the air. On gala nights, dinners are served in the large open-air patio, where colored streams of light play on specially engaged dancers in old-world costumes, and the flutter of confetti makes a spectacle long to be remembered and different from any other one thing in the nation, unless it is the Mardi Gras at New Orleans.

In that part of this lovely city lying, or rather clinging to the mountain sides, the houses are built mostly in the Spanish style, with doorways and courtyards overrun with flowering plants of all degrees of color. From the hillside homes the older portion of the city appears to be reposing in a deep canyon almost filled with trees, and the Pacific looks to be almost within a stone's throw, when, as a matter of fact, it is a mile or more distant. This favored spot as far south as Montecito and north to Gaviota is beautified by more trees than are usually found in this romantic Southland of California. The city, like Atlanta, Georgia, is set among trees, which add greatly to its beauty and climatic advantages, and in a measure offsets the tongue twisting names of its streets, which I cannot pronounce and therefore will not attempt to spell.

One of the joyful frailties of a writer is to attempt things about which he is a little vague, so I think after all that I will attempt to spell a few of the names used in Santa Barbara to designate streets and locations of buildings, parks, and the like.

The old Mission occupies a plot garden on Los Olivos and Laguna Streets. On Puestasol Road and Mission Canyon is the Museum of Natural History; on this canyon road is also the locale for the Blakesley Botanic Gardens. On Micheltorena Street is the El Mirasol Hotel, and between Micheltorena and Sola, Anacapa and Garden Streets is the Alameda Park. The High School and Stadium are on Anapamu and Salsipuedes Streets. The Public Library on Anapamu and Anacapa, while the Community Arts Association is on East Canon Perdido Street.

To reach beautiful Montecito, take a round-about route through De la Guerra Street, along Cabrillo Boulevard, Milpas Street, and thence follow the Channel Drive of the State Highway. At Montecito is the famous Gillespie Estate, "El Fuerides," a gorgeous Italian Villa and Garden, and but a short mile away are the San Ysidro Cottages.

Pelican Bay is some 28 miles in ocean miles. The trip

across the placid waters of the channel is always agreeable, and at Santa Cruz Island are many things of picturesque grandeur.

Looking from the Santa Cruz Islands southward, over the broad waves of the Pacific, is to see the curving shore line wherein are to be found the cities of Oxnard, Ventura, Ojai, and the inland communities of Fillmore, Moor Park, and Santa Paula. The country surrounding the latter named places is alive with growing orchards of delicious prunes, luscious citrus fruit and sturdy walnuts. Here is where the largest walnut grove in the state is said to be located, and here also is where the wealth produced from the depths of the earth in the form of petroleum adds its golden glow to the wealth of the soil. Were it not for the oil, Ventura County would be rich enough in its agricultural possibilities, but with the addition of oil the county becomes one of the best of all the remarkable counties that go to make up this romantic Southland.

At Camulos is the old ranch house wherein the fiction character of Ramona grew into her womanhood. Here it was that the Morenos had their sheep, their pastures, the vineyards, and here it was that romance entered the life of this sweetest of all literary characters when Alessandro the Indian looked upon her and found her good.

Oxnard is a city with the delightful Spanish atmosphere of a genuine plaza surrounded by business establishments, with here and there a tree crowded home near the business street. Oxnard is perhaps noted for its wide fields of beans, which seem to grow on every hand and in every field. The paved highway from Oxnard leads along the ocean shore southward into the great curve of the Bay of Santa Monica, and leaving the city it moves northward into Ventura and beyond it to the California horizon.

At Ojai are played the important tennis matches of the romantic Southland, and here also are summer and winter homes of surpassing loveliness. Ojai is like La Jolla in that it is superlatively fine to look at and to be in. But it is an inland city, whereas La Jolla is on the water.

Between the Ojai Valley and the fair city of Ventura are almost countless oil wells. These derricks run up and down the rather steep mountains and out into the narrow, beautiful valleys, until at their near ending is Ventura.

In the month of January, and before and after that first month of the year, to pass along the main street of Ventura, or to wander along the flat streets toward the ocean, or to climb the hills, is to be eternally surrounded by that great flaming flower of California, the poinsettia. The city is rightly called the Poinsettia City. There are literally thousands of these flowers on every side. Some of the plants are so ancient that they are nearly as big as trees, and the newer ones are forever being planted.

One of the interesting missions is at Ventura, and the old building is open to visitors, and on holy days the brown robed padres hold their services nearly as they did in the long ago.

The main business thoroughfare of Ventura bisects the city. The street is also the main north and south highway, and along it must pass all of the coast road traffic. The stores that line the boulevard are of every degree and kind of establishment, from what is called "The Oldest Store in California" to a new movie playhouse.

Westward lies the curving shores of the Pacific; the waters are adaptable to battleships and to bathers, and the beaches are thronged on many days throughout the delightful California year. On the opposite side, climbing the foothills which soon end in high mountains, the upland residential streets of the city afford home sites where one can view the valley, the ocean and the world from a poinsettia covered veranda.

CHAPTER XXVII

SAN DIEGO, LA JOLLA, AND POINT LOMA

It is often said that California began at Old Town, San Diego. This is mainly true for the reason that it was near the present site of Old Town where the cross was first erected by Junipero Serra in the year 1769. However, the Spanish navigator, Rodriquez Cabrillo discovered San Diego Bay as early as 1542, which was before the moving picture folks discovered the many beautiful picture locations on and around the Harbor of the Sun.

This delightful city of Saint James is an important part of the romantic Southland of Los Angeles, and contributes to the great city as well as receives from it. There are two paved roads connecting the City of the Angels with the City of St. James. The coast route leads by way of Orange County and the south coast; the other travels inland through the grape country around Escondido, past Lake Hodges, and Elsinore, and comes into Los Angeles via Riverside County and San Gabriel Valley. Both highways traverse Old Town, which lies a few miles from the modern city of San Diego.

The Spanish padres first settled at Old Town, when it was the haunt of the jack rabbit and gopher, and vultures circled high in the air against the canopy of a sky as blue then as now. How the Fathers must have rejoiced to find such a favored spot after traveling through the heat and dust and rocks of Texas, New Mexico, Old Mexico and Arizona! Later, the first Mission was built here, afterwards to be moved farther up into the canyon where its ruins still remain. The bell of Mission San Diego de Alcala can be heard perhaps twelve miles up Mission Valley and an equal distance out to sea. Here at

Old Town is the marriage place of Ramona, and here ended the trail made by General Stephen W. Kearney, who marched a detachment of 1,600 men from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, through New Mexico, Arizona, and California in 1846, and raised the Stars and Stripes at every point of importance en route. And in the old, old Plaza is a monument erected where General John C. Fremont first ran up the United States flag in Southern California. Near the Plaza, on a slight eminence, the Serra Cross stands against the sky. It is made of tile used in the construction of the first fort, and is almost within the thin shadow cast by the first palm tree. The soft southern breeze sighs as gently through the old palm leaves as it did when the Spanish padres gathered the Indians around it in the soft twilight for vespers, or when some black-eyed maiden hid in its shadow, awaiting the swift-footed arrival of her dusky gallant.

The land occupied by San Diego is favored of all California climatically. It is proved by the Government records that it has the most perfect climate in the world, notwithstanding the far famed Riviera, North Africa, and other famous spots in California and elsewhere. It is said that the sun shines three hundred and fifty days in the year, and that a temperature of eighty or over occurs on an average of less than twice a year, which is why few sunshades are needed here. San Diego is the southwesternmost locality in the United States, and the nearest West coast city to the East coast of this land of hope and freedom.

At Old Town are the first olive groves, the underground tunnel leading to the old water well, the Indian school buildings and an open air shrine. In the museum are the first mill wheels, the old "Yuma" stage coach, old Spanish chests, rare Indian blankets, baskets, a Spanish kitchen, oven, and a wishing well where the romantic maidens wished for—various things not having to do with work.

But Old Town is now only a spot of reminiscences and curiosities of a by-gone day. The new city, built around the

Harbor of the Sun, is two or three miles farther south, and to it flock the less hardy of all the people of all lands, there to bask in its climate and live in physical comfort. The residential portion of the city of St. James lies upon the hills overlooking the bay and ocean, while the business section is located on the lower ground reaching to the water. It was from this favored locality that Serra in 1770 wrote to his king, "The wild vines are loaded with grapes and the roses are like those of Castile."

San Diego is detached and remote in many ways. The street cars proceed more leisurely even than those of Los Angeles and much slower than the terrifying juggernauts of San Francisco. Elevators in the hotels, buildings and department stores are operated by cultured gentlemen, gray of hair and with kindly faces. Men who wish to spend the declining years of their earthly existence in the land where the roses are kissed by the lips of a sun never hot enough to cause discomfort, and in a land where the hollyhocks sleep secure at night under a cloudless moon, without requiring stamina to withstand cold, for it never comes.

It was in the year 1832 that the pueblo was organized, and the city was incorporated in 1850 and a United States quartermaster depot established. In those happy, devil-may-care days land sold for twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar, two-bits, an acre. (Oh, my! How I wish my granddad had arrived on the shores of the Harbor of the Sun about that time with maybe a dollar in his jeans, for the land sells for more than two-bits an acre now in San Diego.) From this humble beginning has grown the city as it is today, with its four or five golf courses, playgrounds, schools, wharves, and paved streets. It is, however, and likely always will remain, a place affording a mixture of industry and the daily siesta.

San Diego should be a resposeful place, forever gentle; but alas, the realtors have discovered it. Occasionally a land seller starts to boom a subdivision which may or may not go over, but in either event the regular acclimated citizens have

the pleasure of opening one siesta eye to watch the regulation high pressure sales method of the clan of the California Realtor, than which there are no higher pressure sales methods.

Even the cafeterias, excellent as they are, are keyed to a slightly lower, a more even, harmonious pitch than are those of other cities in and out of California. People take the time to dine, whether it is done in a cafeteria, at the U. S. Grant, or San Diego Hotel, or at the Hotel del Coronado, just across the bay.

In the canyons toward University Avenue lies Balboa Park. This splendid recreational and educational ensemble started as the Panama California Exposition, and now fourteen or more permanent buildings of the exposition remain. They are surrounded by shrubs, palms, tropical and semi-tropical plants, planted prior to the exposition, and which now constitute one of the really attractive and extensive horticultural displays in the golden state of California. And the sweetness of the music as played on the outdoor pipe organ is enhanced by the perfume of millions of flaming blossoms smiling every day in the year under the lure of the San Diego Sun.

It is often said that San Diego has no back country. How erroneous! San Diego has a back country stretching from the city up through and over the mountains into Imperial Valley, and from thence far away beyond the sand hills into Arizona. This is a territory exceeding in size the entire dimensions of several of the states on the Atlantic seabord. But as yet it is not much developed. There are of course, many settlements in the mountains and northward as far as Escondido. The Imperial Valley is perhaps the most fertile region on the face of the globe, and it is now starting to come fully into its own. The Imperial contains such splendid cities as El Centro, Cal-exico, Brawley and Holtville, every one of them to be considered as forming a part of the San Diego back country. The city is connected with the Imperial by a well paved highway, over which much of the commerce of the region passes. The Imperial ships cotton, vegetables and other produce, and San



An Orange County giant oak, about which has been built a California home.





The homes of Hollywood cling to the mountain side and lord it grandly over the valley.



Surrounding the soft, still waters of Avalon at Santa Catalina Island.

Diego merchants return goods gathered from the factories of the world. This back country is slowly but surely advancing in means of transport, and with each new highway the out-lying settlements come closer to the parent city of the Southern peninsula.

Few spots in the world have such a variety of interests in so small an area as has Point Loma, that great shoulder of rock protruding into the ocean to shelter San Diego Bay. It is approximately eight miles long and tapers from a width of some three miles at the land end to a mere point of rock out in the sea. On it are located nine Government institutions, besides a number of private institutions. It boasts one of the finest residence sections of the romantic Southland. Its scenic drives are a marvel of beauty, and it affords views unsurpassed anywhere in the world, and good old Fort Rosecrans guards the entrance to the bay with great cannon concealed on the heights, ready at a minute's warning to defend the city and the bay.

Directly across the channel is North Island, that great flat field where Uncle Sam maintains his Naval Air Base. Beyond North Island is the historic Spanish Bight, a shallow, peaceful arm of the bay that separates Coronado and North Island. Beyond this, the eye travels over the city of Coronado with the familiar red dome of its famous hostelry. Still farther to the south, the Silver Strand glistens in the sunlight, that slender strip of land which separates San Diego Bay from its mother, the great Pacific.

Below this, rise the mountains of Mexico, and most conspicuous among these is old "Table Top," whose top is literally as flat as a table, as if some mighty knife had cut off its crest, leaving its stump standing like that of a tree hewn down by the woodsman.

To the west and southwest, the mighty ocean rolls seemingly to eternity, and the horizon is broken only by the Coronado Islands, some seventeen miles out to sea.

Near the end of the Point stands the historic old "Spanish

Lighthouse," which really was not Spanish at all. It was built by the United States Government in 1855 and served until 1891, when it was superseded by the new light at the foot of the cliffs on the extreme end of the Point. While this old light was in use, it was the second highest lighthouse in the world, the only higher one being on the coast of Norway. Why this old lighthouse came to be known as "the old Spanish light," is a mystery, for there was no light in the days of Spain's regime, and only the old "stake light" in the days of Mexican rule. The "stake light" was a lantern hung on a pole on Ballast Point. It served to guide the supply ships from Mexico in the eighteenth century. The old "Spanish Lighthouse" is now a curio shop and visitors may amble through its musty old rooms at will, allowing their imaginations to reinhabit it with its faithful old keeper and his belongings.

In contrast to the old, the new light at the foot of the cliffs is the acme of modern scientific lighting. Its 200,000-candlepower beams can be seen seventeen miles out to sea. It is electrically operated and it flashes regularly for one and one-fifth seconds and then remains in "eclipse" for thirteen and four-fifths seconds, so that the passing mariner is not only warned that he is near rocks, but by its timing he is informed that they are the rocks of Point Loma.

The only possible way in which to fully appreciate La Jolla is to see it. The city lies a few miles north of San Diego. It is built on sloping ground rising away from the ocean, which just at this point has dug out a circular cove. A cove in which the water is so clear that standing above it you can see to great depths, and surrounding the few rocks placed here and there are to be seen mosses, sea weed and ocean life of splendor. The caves of La Jolla, formed by the restless waves, are close at hand and upon the sandy beach within the cove is as fine a place for pleasure and meditation as can be found.

CHAPTER XXVII

PASADENA—OUR LADY OF THE CROWN

Pasadena somehow gives the impression of a proud lady. A lady filled with the pride of race, of accomplishments, of beauty, and of culture. The word means "Crown of the Valley," and if any city ever lived up to its name, then Pasadena is that city.

This city is located on a portion of the ancient San Pasqual Rancho in the fertile valley of the San Gabriel. To the north are Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson, with snow-capped San Antonio at a pleasing distance, and with the gentle Pacific scarcely an hour's ride away. The citizens of Pasadena may aptly be divided into three general divisions. The downright rich, the comfortable, and the artistic ones, who care not for the glamor of wealth. Its streets attest this division on every hand. A magnificent estate may be located next to a three-room cottage occupied by a lady who paints or a gentleman who sculptures, and neither of them look with envy upon the millionaire as he strolls about his garden. Indeed, why should they, for have not they a garden of their own? It was the ambition of the early settlers to raise prize-winning fruit and vegetables, but a lovely city grew across their groves and fields. Today the great hotels, the beautiful poppy fields, the picturesque Arroyo Seco and the nearness of the towering mountains attract the wealthy residents and the ordinary folks as well.

The homes of this Lady of the Crown are artistic, whether they be mansions that are viewed as show places or the modest bungalows nestled in a mass of verdure and bloom. Along Orange Grove Avenue and up the Arroyo Seco, as well as

around Oak Knoll, some of the homes may rightfully be called palaces, and they are surrounded by grounds that represent the best in landscape artistry. Many of the trees are of majestic proportions, and throughout the year gardens and parks and street parkings are radiant with color and sweet blossoms and full grown flowers. Great spreading oaks, palms, and shade trees of many varieties grow in profusion here, and with these to build upon Pasadena folks have created gardens of surpassing loveliness, chief of which are of course the public parks at Brookside in the Arroyo Seco, with its tennis courts and open-air theater and camp site for tourists; Oak Grove Park, which has felt neither the plow nor the shovel, being left in its natural wildness; Liberty Park, Central Park, and Tournament Park, small in size but great in history and in present day activities. But chief of all the decorative parks of this city of the Crown of the Valley is the privately owned Busch Gardens on Orange Grove Avenue.

There are fourteen miles of walks within these gardens, while running through the western part of the park is the Arroyo Seco. The entire area of the Gardens slopes gently westward from the Busch residence, down to the creek bed, and on the west side of the depression steep cliffs rise abruptly. Rustic bridges cross the creek bed at several places, and every example of landscaping art known has been employed here, and especially attractive features have been provided for children. At various places within the spacious grounds are scenes from familiar childhood and folk lore stories, with figures representing characters from the fairy stories, and with the surroundings faithfully reproduced. Here are Little Red Riding Hood and the Three Bears, and many other characters of childhood delight.

But a short distance from this garden is the Colorado Street Bridge, crossing the Arroyo Seco. It is a structure of imposing beauty and one of the wonders of the West, for its length is some 1,486 feet, and to prevent swaying in the wind it is built on a curve.

The Tournament of Roses, or "A Mile of a Million Flowers," is an annual fete, consisting of a parade of hundreds of floats magnificently decorated with cut flowers, entered by various communities and business organizations of the Southland. On New Year's morning this extraordinary parade winds slowly and triumphantly through the city before the admiring eyes of thousands upon thousands of spectators. The event ends in Tournament Park, where the afternoon is given over to the East and West football game, an athletic contest which is now an established feature of the New Year's Day Tournament of Rose Flower Festival.

Winter is, of course, the season in Pasadena, for it is then that the Hotels Huntington, Maryland, Raymond, Vista del Arroyo, and others have their weekly dances to which many of the townspeople go to mingle for a brief hour with the wealthy guests out from the cold East for a holiday. It is then the golf courses are thronged and the professionals come over from Los Angeles to engage in contests sponsored by this or that club. The mountains take on the dress of green and seem to be leaning forward, as if to gather the spirit of Pasadena into themselves, for Pasadena in winter is no more like Pasadena in summer than an orange is like a lemon. Both are from the same citrus fruit family, but they do not look or taste alike. In the summer Pasadena takes things easy and awaits for the winter, and when the winter season is in full blast all Pasadena puts on its newest bib and tucker and sallies forth to welcome whatever may come with open arms and gladsome heart.

To native Indians this lovely valley that is now Pasadena was known as "Hahamogra"; adventurous and romantic Spaniards called it "La Sabinalla de San Pascual" (the Grand Altar Cloth of Holy Easter). When Don Gaspar de Portola, Spanish conquistador and adventurer extraordinary, accidentally stumbled upon the Golden Gate and Bay of San Francisco, in place of the Bay of Monterey which he was seeking, he was

disappointed, and returned to Baja (Lower) California to make preparations for a second attempt.

On Easter Sunday in April, 1770, Portola and his small following of soldiers and priests, on their second journey northward, came to rest under the sycamores and oaks on the east side of the Arroyo Seco, in which is now South Pasadena. Blooming poppies were everywhere. Heretofore sailors at sea, viewing this splendor, had termed it "Copra de Oro," or Cloth of Gold. But the romantic and religious soldiers of Portola, arriving in the midst of such flaming glory on Easter Sunday, gave it that name that was, in part, retained for many years, "La Sabinalla de San Pascual."

The Indians occupying this little paradise were friendly. Portola smoked the peace pipe with Big Chief Hahamovic of the Hahamogna tribe. The tribe was known as Hahamog-na, and, as was the custom, the place where they lived bore the same name. This tribe was only one of many in this locality. One was located at Raymond Hill, one near Devil's Gate in the Arroyo Seco, one at Oak Knoll, and the Hahamog-nas in South Pasadena.

So impressed were the Spaniards with this beautiful section that one year later they founded the San Gabriel Mission, which in time became one of the richest of the Franciscan chain. A great deal of this wealth can be attributed to the work of Padre Jose Maria Zalvidea, who planted vineyards, orchards and gardens, built a grist mill and irrigation dam, and brought water for irrigation purposes. Old El Molino, still standing, just east of Hotel Huntington, now a golf club-house, is the mill Padre Zalvidea constructed, and Mission Lake just below was part of his irrigation project. A few years before the Mexican "junta" sequestered the missions, there had come to Mission San Gabriel a remarkable lady, Donna Eulalia Perez de Guillen, with her soldier-husband. She performed noble work at the mission, serving as nurse, teaching, caring for the poor, and doing other charitable acts.

Padre Zalvidea, foreseeing the consequences of the

“junta’s” desires, immediately presented Dona de Guillen with 14,000 acres of the northwest corner of the mission lands in appreciation of her good work. This gift, made in 1826, embraced the very soil upon which Pasadena now stands. The gift was ratified on Easter Day, 1827, which fact was another reason for the name, “Rancho San Pascual,” or Easter Day Ranch.

In 1843, Lieutenant Colonel Manuel Garfias, a gallant soldier of Spain, went down to defeat under the captivating charms of one Senorita Louise Abila, noted belle of Pueblo de Los Angeles and of a high cast Spanish family. Being a fighting soldier, therefore without money, Colonel Garfias had other difficulties beside winning the senorita’s love. But Governor Micheltorena, having much at his command and appreciative of his favorite colonel’s services, straightened the tangle by granting Garfias the great Ranch San Pascual, which Dona Perez had been compelled to relinquish.

Don Garfias retained the ranch for several years, improving it and even becoming an American citizen. Then he borrowed money to build Adobe Garfias home. As was the custom in those days, he borrowed at a high rate of interest, and likewise, as was the custom of easy going dons, he overlooked the business like manner in which interest accumulates. In time Rancho San Pascual was sold to the man who held the mortgage for \$2,000 more than the mortgage, making the sale price around fifty cents per acre. So it was that a few years before the roar of Civil War cannons echoed across the vast stretches that separated this part of the United States from the East, Rancho San Pascual passed for all time from Spanish hands. And on April 3, 1863, five years after Colonel Garfias had lost possession, Abraham Lincoln signed a patent issuing Rancho San Pascual—or San Pasquale as it was later called—to Colonel Garfias. The owners of the foreclosed mortgage had this done in order to definitely establish their title.

Under the new and vigorous ownership the rancho developed rapidly, and on January 27th, 1874, azure California

skies looked down upon a scene in such perfect setting as would bring joy to the heart of any movie director. A perfect California winter's day—sunshine flooding the entire countryside—tempered by soothing, gentle breezes tinged with the fragrance of blooming flowers.

Here the homeseekers had gathered to select or accept that share of this paradise that would come their way. Around ten o'clock carriages and saddle-horses began to arrive from Los Angeles, bringing those worthy pioneers whose courage and foresight made possible the development in this romantic Southland of California. Following lunch, they gathered at a point where the Orange Grove reservoir now stands to receive that which the fates were kind enough to grant them. There was a roll call of stockholders, each answering with the number of lots he desired to purchase.

Contrary to the usual custom in such procedures, those requesting the least amount of land were given first choice. In less than half an hour everybody was happy and ready to embark upon the new enterprise of building a city in the uncultivated hills.

A year later this village wanted a postoffice. The government demanded a name. Much discussion arose. Finally an Indian name was decided upon. As Colonel Garfias had one time called his ranch "Llave del Valle" (Key to the Valley), something approaching this was desired. Pasadena was nearest, meaning as near as can be determined "Crown of the Valley," hence "Crown City."

Now Pasadena has grown and expanded until it is almost a part of the City of Towns, but it maintains its own individuality. The city has grown on all sides until, reaching into the hills, it extends to Altadena and to the very base of Mount Lowe, and in the other direction comes into contact with South Pasadena and Alhambra, while over toward the high Mother Mountains, beyond Lamanda Park, is Sierra Madre in its bowers of Wisteria and the shadows of the mountains.



Nature's approach to the Mother Mountains.



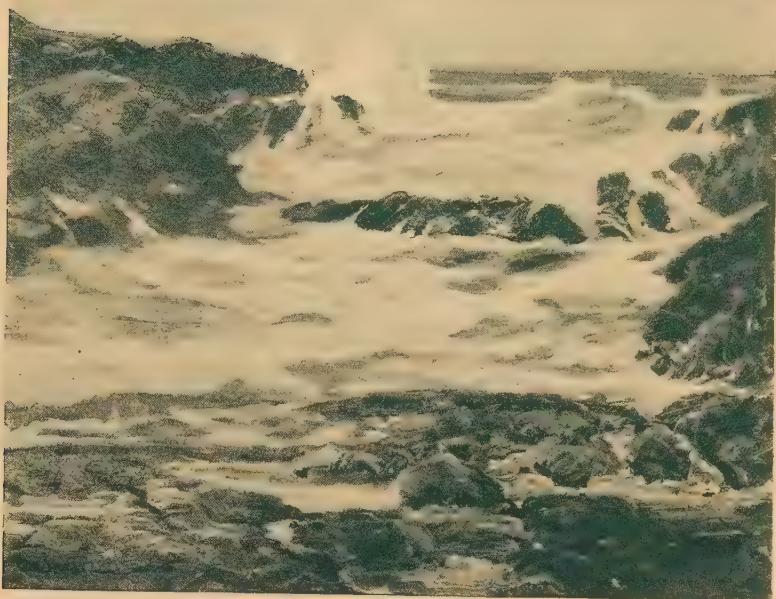
Rocks Along the Shore—Guy Rose.



The Night Comes.



A Desert Rock—Gilbert Groll.



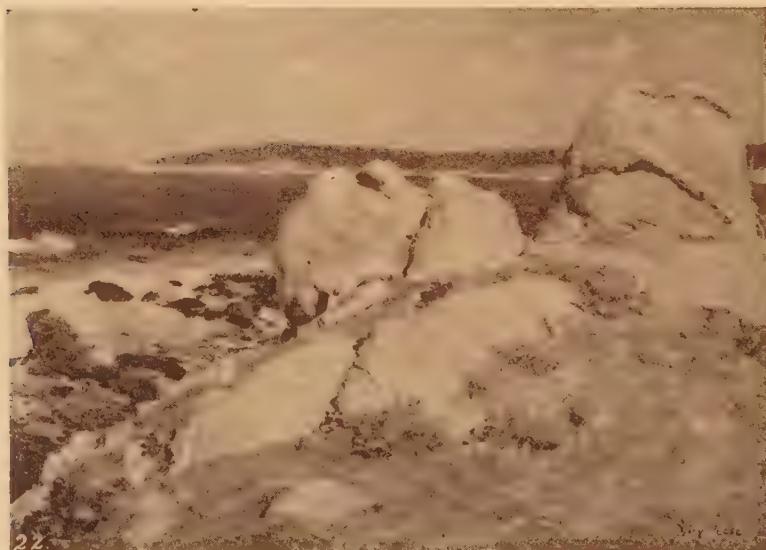
Southland Breakers—Paul Lauritz.



I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills—William Wendt.



The "Del Mar" Coast—Conrad Buff.



Rocks Going Into the Sea—Guy Rose.

On New Year's day, Pasadena shows itself to the world. Then is when the Flower Show takes place. At this show the flower decorated machines parade down Colorado Street with entries from many of the Southern California communities and from Pasadena itself. This Rose Carnival lasts throughout the day, for after the parade and the speeches comes the annual East-West football classic which is held in the Rose Tournament Stadium before at least 100,000 people, and a million more listening in over their radios to the national broadcast.

CHAPTER XXIX

BAKERSFIELD AND TAFT VIA KERN COUNTY AND THE GRAPEVINE

Now we face to the north and examine the empire bordering the robust Northland of California and forming the southern extremity of the San Joaquin Valley. This region of the romantic Southland offers perhaps more sheer natural romance than does any other one part of the land. It is a world of deserts, mountains, and a world of industry, agriculture, and cities. It affords, surely, the colorful spot of the Southland, when the deserts are peopled by their armies of marching flowers.

And yet nature guards her secrets so well that the January or February traveler would never guess from her enigmatic mesas that Kern County, like another Cinderella, is soon to undergo transformation into the most gilded corner of the Golden State.

During three months of spring almost every untilled clod is mantled in wild flowers of such compelling beauty and fragrance that the oil workers, sheep herders, miners and ranchers are poets and painters for the season. Bear Mountain becomes Parnassus and the most lowly car a galloping Pegasus.

The flowers offer a different honey to every bee. The student sees in the broad panorama the last frontier and stronghold of the wild flower, the emblem of primeval America. To the theologian, their recurrence after last year's withering is a portent of immortality, a floral symbol of the approaching Easter and its resurrection. And to the thousands, the vastness of the scene and its genuineness, no less than its great beauty, renew illusions and restore hopes. He has a broader

outlook, men say, who carried miles of poppies, evening primroses and wild hyacinths in his memory.

Each spring, from the Grapevine to Arvin, from Bakersfield to Woody, and from various other valley points to the Tehachapis, lovely mountains cutting a silvery skyline, the triumphant march of the flowers domineers the land.

There is an exemplary spirit of democracy in this flower kingdom. No pride of lineage or aristocracy of beauty manifests itself. The buttercup, which botanists tell us is the original from which "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest" evolved so many descendants, this genteel monkey of the flower kingdom crosses the mesa side by side with that country cousin of a vegetable, the large and showy lupine, a member of the humble pea family. Clambering up the mountains and creeping over the sandy soil, poorer in color than her relative, the poppy, and her namesake, the buttercup, the little, pale-faced creamcup outline the leading thoroughfares, confident that all are created equal.

And there is no race and color distinction. Here a spire of owls clover, there a flame of Indian paint brush, mingling with the azure of baby blue eyes, the heliotrope of wild hyacinth and the satin flecks of saffron poppies—a harmonious blend on nature's palette.

Not a proud kingdom, neither it is an imperialistic one. Roots go down in substantial citizenship rather than out in a policy of colonization. Knowing the flowers are rather on the defensive against the encroaching plow, than attempting to invade acres under cultivation, indeed, so loath are some to see the departure of the flowers they have contrived the ingenious practice of preserving great bouquets in thousand-pound slabs of ice. These decorate community booths at the Kern County annual fair six months later.

Kern has perhaps more desert, more wheat, more cotton, and certainly more oil than any other county in this entire robust northland. Kern is an empire of magnitude and of great wealth, and one that deserves far more population than

it actually has, although the cities of Taft, Delano, and Bakersfield tower in strength of population over, for example, Mojave or Button Willow.

It is the third largest county in California, and is characterized by a wide variety of climate and scenery ranging from pure desert to the view obtained from the tops of the Tehachapi Mountains, or from Mount Breckenridge and the Sierra foothills. It contains the largest artesian belt in the West, and is well watered by the Kern River. The crops produced range all the way from the best cotton grown in California to the earliest oranges of the state.

Afar off toward the western edge of the county is the city of Taft. On the 8th day of November, 1910, the city of Taft came into being. It had actually existed as a settlement before that date. There were a few frame houses, shacks would perhaps be the better word, stuck here and there atop the rolling hills or down on their sides or in the shallow valleys between. The hills in winter and spring were green and fit grazing pasturage for cattle; in summer the heat burned them brown, very brown, and very hot, and very dusty, just as they would have remained had not trees been planted and some cultivation been accomplished. In the start there were maybe 200 people in the vicinity. Few of them knew that underlying all of these dry, barren hills, far down, down, down in the earth there was petroleum—oil and lakes and lakes and oceans of it. But in spite of all obstacles the city of Taft was founded.

Approach it today via the Bakersfield, Button Willow, Ford City paved highway, and you will see buildings sufficient to accommodate the nearly 7,000 people who live here, and all of them more or less directly connected with the oil industry. The oil derricks run up and down the hills, stand between houses, shoot along the highways, cluster here and there in the flats and appear on otherwise isolated hilltops on the edge of the horizon. There is a forest of oil derricks, and the sound of the pumps and the exhaust of the gasoline engines permeates the air, quite as much as does the savory odor of petroleum.

Taft is a city built on oil and subsisting on petroleum. And when the oil is gone the city may also go, for there is little opportunity for agriculture, unless maybe some mighty and colossal irrigation project is completed.

To stand on the corner or to walk along Center Street, strolling up the slight hill on the right hand side and down the gentle slope on the other side, is to see and know all there is to see and know of Taft as it is pictured by its citizens. On this street are the main stores of the community, and they are of a frontier character. Frame buildings, apparently hastily constructed, brick structures of a later era, a few sturdy concrete masses used for theaters or garages, and many little one-story affairs scattered between taller neighbors. The people are working folks. There are almost no farmers, and even the shopkeepers look as if they had graduated from the oil fields. They are strong, tanned, robust men, fit to cope with nature in such a place. The business houses leave Center Street and run up and down hills along three or four cross streets, from First to Sixth. Fourth is the chief cross-town thoroughfare. At Center it forms the important corner, and as it climbs the not very steep hill, passing between oil derricks en route, Fourth Street becomes more of a business street, until finally it is lost in the hills which by that time have almost become mountains, as they hide one or two little oil communities buried behind them. Main Street is not to be despised as a place of business, nor are Fifth and Sixth, but none of them have the glory that belongs to Center and Fourth. And two or three blocks away from the central corner, beyond the business houses, begin the homes of the citizens of this oil city.

The homes of Taft are as a rule two or three or four room frame dwellings, some of them painted, many not painted. A good many front yards make a brave effort to remain green, and a goodly number of others make no such effort. The business as well as the residential streets frequently wander off among the hills until they collide with an oil derrick or a gas well, but some of them bend around, like the famous

cowpaths of Boston, until lo and behold they suddenly blossom out again as business centers, lined for a few yards with stores, garages, cafes and new names. Of such a suburb is Ford City, and it is not much more distant than two whoops and a holler from the corner of Fourth and Center in Taft. Ford City has some 3,000 people. The origin of the place was unique in that its founders petitioned the president of the United States to set aside 320 acres for a townsite. This was done about the year 1921, when the government gave the settlers the right to acquire their homes by pre-emption.

This entire west side of Kern County is perhaps one of the very richest sections in all the romantic Southland. Nature and her obstacles have been overcome and today Taft and the entire west side stands out as one example of just what the power of men is to create something from nothing, and yet that is hardly true, for Taft and the entire west side did have the oil, which fact has made possible the city, and especially the schools of this city.

Taft Union High School is said to be the richest high school in the United States. In structure it is faintly reminiscent of Moslem mosques, mingled with that delightful Spanish atmosphere of courts and plazas, and consists of a group of buildings. It is a rich, creamy-yellow stucco, used on all seven of the buildings. The administration building and the beautiful auditorium taking up the entire length of the block and the other buildings forming a pleasing arrangement around a court in the rear where palms are waving.

The Kern County town of Delano is back on the main north and south highway, some thirty-two miles north of Bakersfield. Delano is a trading center for the highly productive areas in northern Kern and southern Tulare Counties, with a large fruit packing industry. Almost directly west of Delano is the oil producing town of Maricopa. It is the surviving one of three hamlets that sprang to life in the Sunset oil field between 1890 and 1900, but its real growth began with the opening of the first Lakeview gusher in 1910. Highways

radiate in five directions from Maricopa, which fact makes of it rather a gate city to various other portions of Kern. Closer to Bakersfield on the north side, is Oildale, where the first building was erected in 1909. Located north of the beautiful Kern river, high and dry, it is deemed a choice residential district wherein many men and women who work in Bakersfield make their homes. A few miles north and east of the town are famous oil fields, and many superintendents of the leases live in Oildale in order that their families may have access to the schools, churches, library, business enterprises and social functions. This library is a branch of the Kern County institution whose parent office is in the Kern County Court House at Bakersfield. This library maintains more than seventy branch libraries in as many small towns in the county, and is one of the big influences for culture in the San Joaquin, and, with the possible exception of the county library located at Modesto, this is the largest library organization in the great valley.

Wasco is northwest of Bakersfield and is a center for cotton raising and for cotton ginning; also receiving stations of the Sun Maid Raisin Association to take the raisins; the finest farmers' creamery in the San Joaquin Valley, where the dairyman handles all his own products, trucking sweet cream to never failing Los Angeles markets; packing houses to handle the vegetables and fresh fruits and buyers always anxious to purchase the watermelon, cantaloupe and truck crops the Wasco district offers many golden opportunities to the hardy and thrifty.

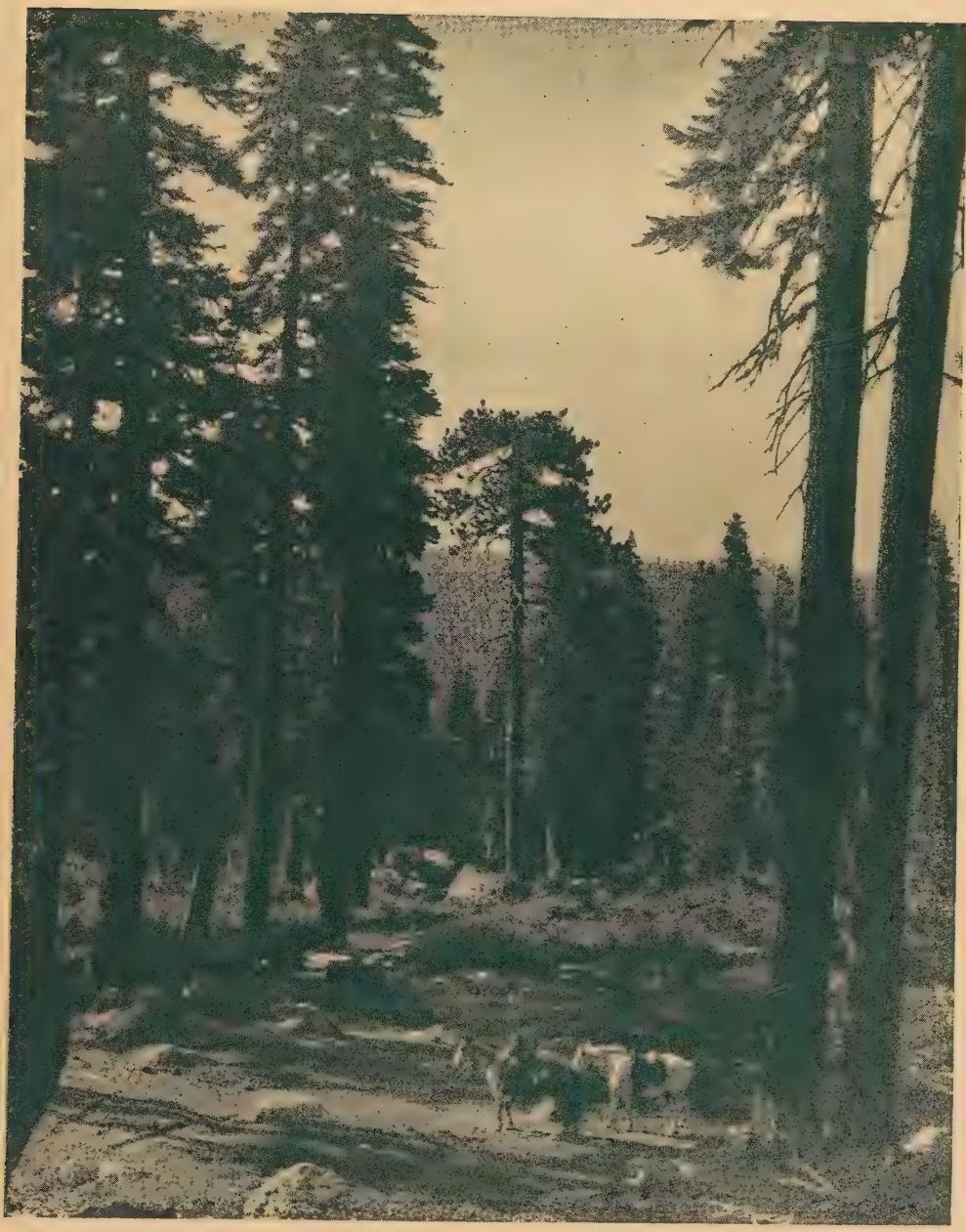
Over on the west side again are Fellows, McFarland, McKittrick, and Shafter, while Tehachapi lives its life near the mountains of the same name. Out into the desert stand Randsburg and Johannesburg, two historic mining centers.

And now we return to the chief city of the county and for a brief moment look at Bakersfield, the city that grew in the early days because a man named Baker conducted a ranch and wayside hotel for travelers in the Great Valley. In those days

the travelers would say, "When we get to Baker's Field we will have rest and water," and so the name grew from that man and his ranch.

Today it is a delight to approach Bakersfield from any direction. This because it is truly an oasis set in the desert. On all sides of the city is the desert, the brown, shimmering desert, yet even the desert is starting to change from brown to green, with the advance of irrigation and of agricultural efforts. Bakersfield is one of the finest examples of what toil plus brains, plus money, will do in any section of this Great Valley. Out of hardly anything a city has grown, a city of wide and beautiful streets, of modern stores, comfortable dwellings and enormous business and finance. Like so many cities of this romantic Southland, Bakersfield appears to be larger than it is because of the numbers of touring parties passing through. The city is on the main trunk north and south highway and it is almost necessary to pass down Chester Avenue and around the clock tower to get to any destination.

This clock corner is an interesting place. Here may be seen the life not only of Bakersfield, but of all the going and coming within the Great Valley itself. Here pass automobiles loaded with cotton, with fruit, with grain, with oil; machines containing traveling men with their samples piled around them, motor cars with tourists and cars with citizens going to their homes or returning from the distant city. The clock tower looks in four directions and every direction presents an entrancing spectacle. To the north lies Chester Avenue, a wide, straight street lined for many blocks with business houses, stores, banks, and hotels, until they lose themselves in the emptiness of the Great Valley that opens just beyond the edge of the town; to the West the view is of business and beyond it churches, and the homes of the people who live in this city; homes well built and sure to be surrounded with expansive gardens; to the North appear the distant mountains and between, lost in the purple haze, is all the forty and more miles of comparatively barren grazing lands waiting to be devel-



From Redlands the trails lead into the pines and the mountains to the "Rim of the World."



The people of San Bernardino walk under Palm trees, and live beside green lawns.

oped. Immediately to the north is the Kern county Public Building, wherein are housed the Courts and the county offices. To the East of the clock tower the industrial section of the city expands for quite a distance, only, however, to lose itself in the green of the trees surrounding the homes off toward East Bakersfield.

Because of the oil and mining and agriculture and stock raising, Bakersfield occupies a proud place financially among inland California cities. From the city paved highways in all directions afford rapid transportation and communication with all the surrounding country. Los Angeles is 128 miles to the south, paved highway over the scenic Ridge Route. San Francisco is 300 miles north; Mojave, at the edge of the Great American Desert and Death Valley, 68 miles east. The coast range of mountains lies 70 miles west of Bakersfield, with the Pacific Ocean only a few miles beyond. The city is noted for its schools, and the school district is not confined to the limited area of the city, but is twenty miles long and five miles wide, with motor busses bringing pupils from the ranches and farms.

There are many recreational features, including, of course, the not far distant mountains. Perhaps one of the outstanding clubs is the Kern Sports club, which promotes an annual snow carnival on Mount Breckenridge some thirty-six miles from the city. The Old River Golf Club and one or two others add to the gayety of this city that can truthfully be said to have, like the fabled Phoenix, grown out of nothing.

The paved highway leading south from Bakersfield goes, with one or two turns, in a straight line to the Grapevine some forty odd miles away. The Grapevine is where the paved road twists and turns as it climbs the first steep hills into the long and beautiful pass that eventually leads to the Ridge Route and thence out of the mountains and into Southern California. East of the Grapevine, and indeed, east of all of Kern county, is the high Sierra county of Inyo.

Inyo county seems to typify the lure of the developing West. Here lofty ranges of the High Sierras fling out the call

of the great outdoors, their summits mirrored in several score cool mountain lakes. There are high trails for the hiker, timber for the camper, trout streams for the angler, and deer country for the vacationist. Roads lead into this vacation land from the main cities of the valley to the largest town in the county at Bishop.



San Joaquin Valley.

CHAPTER XXX

BEVERLY HILLS

The township of Beverly Hills is well known to fame. It is the home of the moving picture magnates, including actors, actresses, producers, and directors, as well as that ever-growing gathering of men and women who reap big emoluments from the by-products of the industry. It holds in its fair and mountainous lap talent from Europe, beauty from France, strength from Canada, and brains from all the world. It joyously receives the wealthy who can afford to maintain the magnificent estate required of those who belong to the elite of this beautiful place. As Beverly Hills gathers more population, it grows more important in the scheme of Southern Californian life. In dozens of houses can be heard the click of the projecting machine, the applause of the "yes" men, the histrionic attempts of flickering heroes preparing for a fling at the legitimate stage or vaudeville. Imitation has tried to force Beverly Hills into the background, but it is an institution, and will not be relegated to a second place, for it is the locality of the homes and estates of the really successful film folks, and it is well known that, to succeed in any profession, it is best to live among the leaders of the profession.

To describe Beverly Hills adequately would be a task worthy of a Persian poet, but to describe the home of an actor is not so hard. An actor, however, may change his home, or a home may change its actor, so the effort at description will be a sort of composite affair, but will rightfully serve to give in a small way an idea of the lavishness displayed.

This composite house is on the top of a mountain well back in Benedict canyon, behind the splendid Beverly Hills

Hotel. The long winding road leads up to a white, rough-plastered house with gates of Italian grill work and with its foundation partly submerged in laughing waters. Far below is the city of Los Angeles and, closer, the homes of other movie stars in Beverly Hills. At the foot of the hill, but yet in the spacious grounds, lie the stables where several beautiful horses are stalled. Many dogs bark at the sound of strange feet, and the vicinity of the Great Dane kennels is made attractive by the gardening art. Around the house and throughout the grounds, on every hand is the evidence of ceaseless toil on the part of several Japanese gardeners. Nor can their work be better described than to mention briefly that portion of the ground closer to the house than the six-hole golf course which has been turned into a Rock Garden.

In this estate, Nature has provided hills and canyons strewn with boulders of every size and shape, lichen-covered and water-washed. Some of the rocks are scattered like sheep wandering in search of grass, and others are laid in a straight wall at the back of the edge of the brook and spring, but sloping down toward the front and curving out at the ends. The approach is across a wide lawn with a gradual rise which increased the rock-garden's elevation, and adds much to the perspective. Striking emphasis is made by a bank of rock which juts into the lawn under a eucalyptus citriodora, its towering white trunk standing straight, like an ancient gallant in satin breeches, wearing lemon-verbena in his buttonhole.

There are many shade-loving plants. The back of the rock wall is planted out with shrubs of graduated height. Along the top levels, Australian tree-ferns droop their great plumes, contrasting in tone and texture with the spreading branches of the cypresses. The large-flowered impatiens, daphne odora, and the broad leaf acanthus with its lavender spikes of bloom lend strength to the composition. Sword-ferns and maidenhair, columbines and rue, thyme, cerastium, tomentosum, nepeta, mussini, and convolvulus mauritanicus nestle in corners or hang over the rocks. Iris, violets, prim-

roses and bulbs rise in bloom, while a sweep of color from cinerarias in shades of blue and rose blend together in a rare picture. The slender bells of the Roman hyacinth coming up beside a clump of maidenhair fern look harmonious.

Water brings a special charm to this rock-garden. It falls in a stream from ledge to ledge, or trickles down the face of the mossy cliff, or lies in a still pool margined by creeping plants which are mirrored in the clear surface. And along the north line is a double row of orange trees which have to dodge the boulders to find root room.

Back to the house, the door proclaims to the world that here lives a man of fabulous wealth and one who is fundamentally a lover of the soil, even as he is a lover on the screen for pay which makes this home possible. Within there are many guns upon the walls. There is the glory of armor in its ancient beauty; fine pierced helmets of the long ago; breast-plates and spears and gloves mailed for a warrior's fist. Lamps stand here and there about the house and upon some of the parchment shades a scroll of music meets the eye.

The rooms are rich in imperial beauty, for all the wood was master-carved by men of long ago and imported especially for this Beverly home. Soft velvets, pressed close by years of contact are upon the low divans, and where the logs are laid upon the hearth old iron is used to give age as well as beauty.

Music and books are in the room set apart for them and for lounging. A room with its beams of oak pressed close to the low ceiling; but, even here, swords lie upon the piano, swords crusted with jewels and whispering of war and love, and a hand sure and strong. Ten rooms upon the top floor, as many more below. The house is large and holds many treasures; an old desk with lovely ivory insets and little figures standing out in rich, warm tints, each one a gem of carving.

And there is a house set on a hill overlooking Los Angeles stretching away to the south, a new home which brings an echo of fair Tuscany into Beverly Hills. Many levels make the house fit the hill, for no deep cutting is necessary

when a hill house is built on a hill; and much interest is added to the house when its fenestration can be made a delightful, decorative feature. Tile roof, dove cote and chimney, broken lines and overhanging story, all unite to make this house a climax to the hill.

The entrance is formal, as becomes the dignity of Californian hospitality. The garden is the intimate playground of the master, who loves to place his vines and plants where they will be happiest. On one eastern level is a great oak under which are the tables and chairs of those who live out-of-doors; on the next level below, to the southeast, is a great swimming pool, and in the forecourt a beautiful marble well-head from Italy.

The interior is most interesting. Opposite the entrance is a wide doorway into the handsome drawing room. Two or three steps lead down to this, the important level of the house. Wide windows open out to the glorious view of city and the distant harbor. In the immediate foreground is a half circle of lawn edged by a balustrade and centered in a great statue, the discus thrower. To the right, one steps down again into the library, and below it to the west is an open logia or billiard room. Thus every level is used and made to add to this interesting hill house; no one level could be so charming, no flattened hilltop so full of variety and beauty.

The dining room, whose three great windows are enclosed in a balcony railing of wrought iron work, is a room of dignity, and its accompanying breakfast room in the octagon adds its dainty beauty of morning-glory colors as a foil. Above it is the second-story porch, and each bedroom has its privacy increased by having its own level.

And, after all is considered, just what is the significance of Beverly Hills, the community itself? I do not know. The place is so new, evidences of its recent development from rough, uncultivated hills are on every hand. A gully, jagged like the great open heart of a wound, runs between open hills. Now it is turned into a paradise of flowers and trees, homes

and people working there all the time; while directly opposite this magnificent estate is another hillside or gully, wild, fit only for the habitat of a coyote. Even in the heart of this city of the moving picture folks uncouth, unkept spaces are surrounded by marble villas. The people who live there seem for the most part to prefer the grandeur of isolation. One star lives in a palace perched upon a receding mountain top, another has an orchard and a five-hole golf course surrounding his house, which cannot be seen from the curving road. The streets back in the hills are usually unpaved, or perhaps have once received a coating of oil.

The town itself is many colored or kaleidoscopic in character. One street is a succession of medium-sized houses, much like those of the Wilshire district or Hancock Park or South Pasadena, and at the very next corner, within the radius of a few hundred feet, a stalwart marble, brick or stone mansion is set in gardens of great grandeur. Do the servants in the great houses condescend to speak to the owner of the smaller place, as each is busy in the garden? There a hotel, a flat, and apartment may be sandwiched in between a hundred thousand dollar mansion and a cottage that rents for fifty dollars a month. The roofs and side walls are often colored, red, blue, green, yellow, mingling in some confusion, but adding a pleasing touch to the whole.

CHAPTER XXXI

CALIFORNIA PLACE NAMES DEFINED

The approximated pronunciation in English of the Spanish letters, and their names:

- A (ah), as in fad.
- B (bai), as in boom.
- C (thai), as in cat, or as in thick.
- D (dai), as in dark.
- E (ai), as in bed.
- F (ai-fai), as in farm.
- G (hai), as in golf, or hat.
- H (ah-tchai), is always silent in Spanish.
- I (ee), about the same sound as the English ee.
- J (hot-tah), as in harp.
- K (cah), not in the Spanish language, but is used occasionally.
- L (ai-lai), as in land.
- LL (ail-layai), as in lion.
- M (ai-mail), as in mat.
- N (ai-nai), as in noble.
- O (oh), as in organ.
- P (pai), pronounced as in English.
- Q (koo), pronounced like the English K.
- R (ai-ray), as in rabbit.
- S (ai-say), as in sense.
- T (tay) as in tap.
- U (oo), as in roof.
- V (vai), as in vain.
- W (doh-blai-vai), like K does not properly belong, but it is retained in important words.
- X (ai-kiss), as in excel.
- Y (ee-gree-ia-gah), as in yard.
- Z (thai-tah) as the English th in three.

THE PLURAL

Words ending in a vowel form their plural by adding an s. Those ending with a consonant by adding es. Words ending in z change the letter into e and add es for their plural.

THE GENDER

Nouns ending in o are masculine, with the exception of mano (hand) which is feminine. Nouns ending in a, cion and tion, tad, and dad, are feminine. But there are a few nouns in a that are masculine. The neuter has no plural and cannot be applied to persons or things, but to adjectives in an indefinite form only. The genders are manifested by the articles:

These articles are similar to the English the.
el, masculine, singular.
la, feminine, singular.
lo, neuter singular and plural.
los, masculine plural.
las, feminine plural.

Spellings and meanings are those generally accepted by various authorities.

- ABACERIA—Grocery.
ABAD—Abbot.
ABADEJO—Codfish.
ABAJO—Below.
ABALONE—A large California mollusk.
ABALORIOS—Glass beads.
ABANICAR—Fan.
ABECE—Alphabet.
ABEDUL—Birch tree.
ACOLITA—A woman acolyte or assistant.
ACAMPO—Portion of common given herds for pasture.
ACELGA—Sorrel.
ADELA—Adele.
ADELAIDA—Adelaide.
ADELANTO—Advance; progress.
ADIOS—Good-bye.
ADOBE—Sun-dried brick.
AGATHA—Pleasing to behold.

- AGENDA—Note book.
- AGRICOLA—Agricultural.
- AGUA CALIENTE—Warm water.
- AGUA CAYENDO—Falling water.
- AGUA DE VIDA—Water of life.
- AGUAJITO—Little water hole.
- AGUA MANSA—Still water.
- AGUA PUERCA—Dirty water.
- AGUILAR—The place of eagles.
- ALAMEDA—Poplar Grove.
- ALAMITOS—Small poplar or cottonwood trees.
- ALAMOS—Poplars.
- ALAMO—Cottonwood tree.
- ALAMORIO—A place covered with cottonwoods.
- ALBERTA—The feminine of Albert.
- ALCALDE—A judge.
- ALCATRAZ—A pelican.
- ALGODON—Cotton.
- ALHAMBRA—Named after a Moorish palace in Spain.
- ALICIA—Alice.
- ALISAL—Alder grove.
- ALISO—An alder tree.
- ALISOS—Alder trees.
- ALLA—There.
- ALMA—Soul.
- ALMADEN—A mine.
- ALMENDRA—Almond.
- ALMONTE—The forest or mountain.
- ALTA—High.
- ALTA LOMA—High slope.
- ALTA MAR—High sea.
- ALTA MESA—High table.
- ALTA VISTA—High view.
- ALTADENA—The high part of the valley.
- ALTO—High.
- ALTURAS—The heavens.
- ALVARADO—A noted Spanish explorer.
- AMADOR—A lover.
- AMARGO—Act of threatening.
- AMARGOSA—Painful or bitter.
- AMARILLO—Yellow.
- AMIGO—Friend.

- AMOS—Proprietors.
- ANACAPA—Indian tribe.
- ANGIELO—An angel.
- ANITA—Little Anne.
- ANTES—Before.
- ANTONIO—Anthony.
- AÑO NUEVO—New Year.
- APIO—Celery.
- ARABIA—Araby.
- ARCATA—An arch, a bow shot.
- ARENA—Sand.
- ARGUELLO—Faintness.
- ARMADA—A navy.
- AROMAS—Fragrances, perfumes.
- ARRIBA—Above, up, high.
- ARROYO—A creek, small river.
- ARROYO CHICO—Little creek.
- ARROYO DE LOS COCHES—Current of coaches.
- ARROYO DE LA ALAMEDA—Creek of the public walks.
- ARROYO DEL ALTO—Creek of the high.
- ARROYO DEL MONTE—Creek of the hill or wood.
- ARROYO DE LOS GATOS—Creek of the cats.
- ARROYO DEL PALVERO—Creek of the Palvero.
- ARROYO DE RODEO—The round-up creek.
- ARROYO DEL HAMBRE—Hunger stream.
- ARROYO GRANDE—Grand river.
- ARROYO SANTA ROSA—Saint Rose creek.
- ARROYO SECO—A dry river bed; underground river.
- ARROYO VALLE—Creek valley.
- ASCO—Loathsomeness.
- ASUNCION—An elevation.
- ATASCADERO—A deep, miry place.
- AURORA—Dawn.
- AVALON—Name of a mollusk found in California.
- AVENA—Oats.
- AVENAL—Field sown with oats.
- AVOCADO—Alligator pear.
- AZUCAR—Sugar.
- AZULE—Blue.
- AZUSA—A hidden trail.

- BALLENA—Whale.
BALICO—Rye-grass.
BARRANCA—Ravine.
BARRO—Clay, mud.
BARTOLO—Bartholomew.
BASTA—Enough.
BATATA—Sweet potato.
BEAUMONT—Beautiful mountain.
BELLOTA—Acorn.
BENICIA—A surname.
BERNARDINO—Little Bernard.
BERNARDO—Bernard, brave.
BERRENDO—Antelope.
BERROS—Water-cress.
BETABEL—Beet.
BLANCO—White.
BLAVO—Yellowish gray; reddish colour.
BOCA—Mouth.
BODEGA—Cellar, store-room.
BOGA RANCHO—Ox-eyed ranch.
BOLINAS—Noise.
BOLINOS—Buckshot.
BOLSA—Pocket.
BOLSA CHICA—Small pocket.
BONANZA—Prosperous times.
BONITA—Pretty.
BOSQUEJO RANCHO—Sketch ranch.
BRAZOS—Arms, part of the body.
BRIONES—Wall-moss.
BUARO—Buzzard.
BUCHON—Big craw.
BUENA—Good, fair.
BUENA VENTURA—Good fortune.
BUENA VISTA—Good view.
BUENOS AIRES—Good airs.
BURRO SPRING—Donkey Spring.
BUTTE—A small hill or mound of earth.
- CABAZON—A large cloak.
CABEZA—Head.
CABEZAN—Big Head.
CABRILLA—Little goat, female.

- CAJON—A large box or chest.
- CALABAZAS—Pumpkins.
- CALADA—Narrow road.
- CALAVERAS—Skulls.
- CALAVERITAS—Little skulls.
- CALERA—Lime-pit.
- CALEXICO—Combination of California and Mexico.
- CALIENTE—Warm.
- CALIFORNIA—A name first mentioned in 1510 in a book of adventure. (Some claim it means Hot Furnace.)
- CAMARILLO—A small room.
- CAMBIO—Change.
- CAMILLA—Stretcher; small bed.
- CAMINO—Road, journey.
- CAMINO REAL—King's highway.
- CAMPO—Field, camp.
- CAMPO SECO—Dry field.
- CAMULOS—My fruit.
- CANADA—Glen, valley.
- CANTARA—Large pitcher with a narrow mouth.
- CAÑON DE SANTA ANA—St. Anne Gorge.
- CAPISTRANO—An Indian saint.
- CAPITAN—Captain.
- CAPITAN GRANDE—Great captain.
- CARBON—Coal.
- CARLOS—Charles.
- CARLOTTA—Charlotte.
- CARMELITA—Flower of the great Indian cress.
- CARNE HUMANA—Human flesh.
- CARNEROS—Sheep.
- CARPINTERIA—Carpenter shop.
- CARQUINEZ—Crab.
- CARRIZO—Reed grass.
- CARTAGO—Carthage.
- CASA BLANCA—White house.
- CASA DESIERTO—Desert House.
- CASA LOMA—House on a slope.
- CASA VERDUGO—Verdugo, a family name.
- CASCADA—Waterfall, cascade.
- CASITAS—Little houses.
- CATALINA—Catherine.
- CAYUCOS—Small Indian canoes.

- CAZADERO—A hunting place.
CENTINELA—Sentinel.
CERRITOS—Little hills.
CERRO—Hill or highland.
CHAPARRAL—Thick and thorny shrubs in clumps.
CHICO—Small.
CHILENO—A Chilean.
CHILES—Peppers.
CHINO—A Chinese.
CHIQUITA—Very Small.
CHOLLAS—Skulls; or cactus.
CHORRO—A gushing stream.
CHOWCHILLA—Name of Yokuts tribe of Central Valley.
CHULA—Pretty.
CHULA VISTA—Pretty little view.
CIENEGA—A marsh.
CIMA—A summit.
CINCO—Five.
CODORNIZ—Quail.
COLETA—Nine-leaved coronilla.
COLONIA—Colony.
COLORADO—Red.
COLUSA—Indian word meaning scratcher.
COMANCHE—Named after the great Comanche tribe.
COMETA—Comet.
CONCEPCION—Conception.
CONEJO—Rabbit.
CONSUELO—Consolation.
CONTRA COSTA—Opposite coast.
CORDILLERA—A ridge of mountains.
CORONA—A crown.
CORONA DEL MAR—Crown of the sea.
CORONADO—Crowned.
CORONADO BEACH—Derived its name from the Coronado Islands; crowned.
CORTE MADERA—Cut of wood.
CORRAL—Yard or enclosure.
CORRALITOS—Small yards.
CORZAS—Fallow deer.
COSTA MESA—Coast table.
COVINA—A small cane.
COYOTE—A kind of wolf.

CRESTA—Crest.

CUERNA—A horn vessel.

CUEROS DE VENADO—Hides of deer.

CUESTA—Ground rising with a slope.

DEHESA—Pasture.

DEFENDER—To defend.

DEL ALTO—From high.

DEL AMO—Of the master.

DE LAS FLORES—Of the flowers.

DE LUZ—Of light.

DEL MAR—Of the sea.

DEL MONTE—Of the mountain.

DEL NORTE—Of the north.

DEL OSO—Of the bear.

DEL PASO—Of the pass.

DEL REY—Of the king.

DEL RIO—Of the river.

DEL ROSA—Of the rose.

DEL SUR—Of the South.

DEL VALLE—Of the valley.

DESCANSO—Repose.

DIABLO—Devil.

DOLORES—Sorrows.

DOMINIO—Dominion.

DON—A gentleman.

DOS CABEZAS—Two heads.

DOS PALOS—Two stakes, poles.

DOS RIOS—Two rivers.

DOS VALLES—Two valleys.

DULZURA—Pleasure, sweetness.

EL BAILARIN—The dancer.

EL CAJON—The large chest.

EL CAMINO REAL—The King's Highway.

EL CAMPO—The field.

EL CAPITAN—The captain.

EL CAPITAN GRANDE—The big captain.

EL CASCO—The helmet or cranium.

EL CENTRO—The center.

EL COJO—The cripple.

ELDORADO—The golden land.

- EL DORADOR—The gilder.
ELENA—Helen.
EL ENCINO—The oak.
EL ESCORPION—The scorpion.
EL JARRO—The jug.
EL MIRA—The expectation, or vigilance.
EL MIRADOR—The balcony.
EL MOLINO—The windmill.
EL MONTE—The mountain.
EL MORO—The Moor.
EL NIDO—The Nest.
EL NOGAL—The walnut tree.
EL PASO—The pass or crossing.
EL PINAL—The pine grove.
EL PORTAL—The portal.
EL POSO—The pool or well.
EL PRADO—The meadow; the lawn.
EL RANCHITO—The small farm.
EL REPOSÓ—The rest, repose.
EL RICO—The wealthy.
EL RINCON—The corner.
EL RIO—The river.
EL ROBLE—The oak tree.
EL SEGUNDO—The second.
EL SERENO—The serene; the night watch.
EL SOBRANTE—The left-over.
EL TORO—The bull.
EL VENADO—The deer.
EL VERANO—The summer.
ELVIRA—A proper name.
ENCANTO—Enchantment, charm.
EN CIMA—On top.
ENCINA—Evergreen oak.
ENCINAL—Oak woods.
ENCINITAS—Small evergreen oaks.
ENCINO—Evergreen oak.
ENSENADA—Formed like a bay.
ENTRE NAPA—Between Napa.
ESCALON—Step of a stair.
ESCONDIDO—A hidden spot.
ESMERALDA—An emerald.
ESPARTO—Spanish grass.

ESPERANZA—Hope.

ESPINASA—Large thorn.

ESPIRITU SANTO—Holy Ghost.

ESTEROS—Deep coves, estuaries.

ESTRELLA—A star.

FALDA—Slope of a hill.

FAMÓSO—Noted.

FARALLONES—Small, pointed islands.

FIGUEROA—Spanish family name.

FLORENCITA—A family name.

FLORIDA—Flowery.

FONDA—Inn.

FONTANA—Fountain.

FORTUNA—Fortune, chance.

FRESNO—An ash tree.

FRUTO—Benefit gained by an enterprise.

GABILAN—Hawk.

GALLINA—Hen.

GALLINAS—Hens.

GARVANZA—A wild pea.

GATO—Cat.

GAVIOTA—Seagull.

GLORIETA—Summer house, bower.

GOLA—Gullet, throat.

GOLETA—Schooner.

GORDA—Fat.

GRACIA—Thanks.

GRACIOSA—Graceful.

GRANADA—Pomegranate.

GUERRA—War.

GUINDA—Wild cherry.

HACIENDA—Landed property.

HALCON—Falcon.

HERMANOS—Brothers.

HERMOSA—Beautiful.

HERMOSILLO—A city in Mexico.

HIGUERA—Fig tree.

HILARITA—Feminine for Little Hilary.

HONDA—A sling; loop.

HONDO—Deep.

HORNITOS—Small ovens.

IGNACIO—Ignatius.

INDIO—Indian.

ISLETA—Small island.

JACALITOS—Small Indian huts.

JAMON—Ham.

JAMUL—A side saddle.

JAPATUL—A small, round basket.

JUAN—John.

LA ALAMEDA DE LA LAGUNA—The walk of the lake.

LA ASUNCION—The Assumption.

LA BARRANCA—The ravine.

LA BOLSA—The pocket.

LA BREA—The asphalt, pitch.

LA CANADA—The glen, the valley.

LA CAÑADA HONDA—The deep valley.

LA CARBONERA—The coal pit.

LA CRESTA—The crest.

LA ESPADA—The sword.

LA FRESA—The strawberry.

LA GLORIA—The glory.

LA GRANDE—The great.

LA HABRA—The opening or pass.

LA HONDA—The deep.

LA HEBRA—Mineral vein.

LA JOTA—A Spanish dance.

LA JOIE—The delight, joy.

LA JOLLA—The jewel.

LA JUNTA—The junction.

LA LIEBRE—The hare.

LA LOMA—Rising ground or hillock.

LA MESA—The table land or flat mountain-top.

LA MIRADA—The gaze.

LA PANZA—The paunch.

LA PATERA—The goblet.

LA PERA—The pear.

LA PERLA—The pearl.

LA PIEDRA PINTADA—The painted rock.

- LA PLAYA—The beach.
LA POSTA—The post-house.
LA PRESA—The dike; the capture; booty.
LA PUERTA—The door, gate.
LA PURISIMA CONCEPCION—The purest conception.
LA QUINTA—The country house.
LA RAMADA—The bower.
LA RICA—The wealthy.
LA SENDA—The path.
LA SIERRA—The mountain ridge.
LA VERNE—The alder tree.
LA VINA—The vineyard.
LAS AGUILAS—The eagles.
LAS ALTAS—The high ones.
LAS CASITAS—The small houses.
LAS CIENEGAS—The marshes.
LAS CHIMENEAS—The chimneys.
LAS CRUCES—The crosses.
LAS FLORES—The flowers.
LAS GRULLAS—The cranes.
LAS JUNTAS—The assemblies.
LAS LLAGAS—The wounds.
LAS LOMAS—The hills.
LAS MINAS—The mines.
LAS OLIVAS—The olives.
LAS PALMAS—The palms.
LAS PALOMAS—The pigeons.
LAS PILITAS—The little fountains.
LAS PLUMAS—The feathers.
LAS POSAS—The pools.
LAS POSITAS—The little pools.
LAS PULGAS—The fleas.
LAS ROSAS—The roses.
LAS SALINAS—The salt marshes.
LAS TRAMPAS—The traps.
LAS TRABLAS—The boards.
LAS UVAS—The grapes.
LAS VEGAS—The meadows.
LAS VIRGENES—The virgins.
LAS YEGUAS—The mares.
LADRILLO—Brick.
LAGOS—Lakes.

- LAGUNA—The lake.
LAGUNITAS—Small lagoons.
LANCHA PLANA—A flat boat.
LARGO—Long.
LATON—Brass.
LENTO—Slow.
LEON—Lion.
LEONA—Lioness.
LIANADA—A plain.
LIMA—Lime-tree.
LINDA—Handsome, pretty.
LINDA VISTA—Handsome view.
LINEA—Line.
LIO—Bundle.
LISTO—Ready, prompt.
LLANADA—A plain.
LLANO—Plain, level, field.
LOBITOS—Little wolves.
LOBO—Wolf.
LOBOS—Wolves.
LOCO—Crazy.
LOMA—Slope; a small hill.
LOMA ALTA—High slope.
LOMA LINDA—Beautiful hill.
LOMA PRIETA—A black hillock.
LOMA VISTA—Hill view.
LOMETA—A large hillock.
LOMO—Loin; back of an animal.
LONA—Canvas.
LORENZO—Lawrence.
LOSA—A square stone used for pavements.
LOS AGUILAS—The eagles.
LOS ALAMITOS—Little cottonwoods.
LOS ALAMOS—The poplars.
LOS ALISOS—The alder trees.
LOS ALTOS—The high ones.
LOS ANGELES—The angels. From “Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles”: Our Lady Queen of the Angels.
LOS BANOS—The baths.
LOS BERROS—The water-cress.
LOS CARNEROS—The sheep.
LOS CERRITOS—The little hills.

LOS COCHES—The pigs.
LOS DOS PUEBLOS—The two towns.
LOS GATOS—The cats.
LOS HUECOS—The gaps, hollows.
LOS LAURELES—The laurels.
LOS MANZANITOS—The little apple trees.
LOS MEDANOS—The sand banks; the dunes.
LOS MOLINOS—The windmills.
LOS MUERTOS—The dead.
LOS NIETOS—The descendants.
LOS NOGALES—The walnut tree.
LOS OJITOS—The little springs.
LOS OLIVOS—The olive trees.
LOS OSOS—The bears.
LOS PATOS—The ducks.
LOS PICACHOS—The summits.
LOS PALOS VERDES—The green trees.
LOS POSOS—Restful or reposeful places.
LOS PRIETOS—The dark ones.
LOS ROBLES—The oaks.
LOS TRANCOS—The thresholds.
LOS VAQUEROS—The cowboys.
LUNA—Moon.

MADERA—Timber.
MADRONE—Name of a tree.
MAGRA—Slice of pork.
MAL PASO—Bad step; bad pass.
MANTON—A large mantle.
MANZANA—Apple.
MANZANAR—Apple orchard.
MANZANITA—Little apple.
MARIPOSA—Butterfly.
MAR VISTA—Sea view.
MATADERO—Slaughter house.
MATAMORA—A mulberry shrub.
MEDANO—A sand-bank on the sea shore.
MEDIO—Middle.
MELON—Cantaloupe.
MELONES—Cantaloupes; melons.
MENDOCINO—Somewhat false.
MERCED—Mercy.

MERLE—Blackbird.
MESA—Table.
MESA GRANDE—Large table-land.
MESQUITE—Native shrub of locust variety.
MESTO—Prickly oak.
MILLAR—Number of a thousand.
MILPITAS—A thousand aloes.
MINA—Mine.
MIRADOR—A balcony.
MIRAMAR—Behold the sea.
MISION VIEJA—The old Mission.
MOCHO—Cropped; cut off.
MODESTO—Unassuming, modest.
MODA—Fashion; custom.
MODOC—Head of the river.
MOJAVE or MOHAVE—An Indian tribal name.
MOLINO—Mill.
MONETA—Coin.
MONO—Monkey.
MONO—Neat, pretty.
MONTECITO—Little mountain.
MONTE DEL DIABLO—The devil's mountain.
MONTEREY—King of the mountain.
MONTE VISTA—Mountain view.
MORADA—Residence; abode.
MORENA—Dark complexion.
MORENO—Brown.
MORRO—Headland.
MT. PINOS—Pine mountain.
MUNDO—World.

NACIMIENTO—Birth.
NACIONAL—National.
NAPA—Fish.
NARANJO—Orange tree.
NATIVIDAD—Nativity.
NAVARRO—A family name.
NEVADA—Snowy.
NOCHE BUENA—“Night good.”
NOGALES—Walnut trees.
NOVATA—New.
NUESTRO—Our; belonging to us.

NUEVO—New.

OCEANO—Ocean.

OJAI—The nest.

OJO CALIENTE—Hot spring.

OLEO—Oil.

OLLA—A round earthen pot.

ONEONTA—A small evergreen oak.

OPACO—Opaque.

OPTIMO—Best.

ORO—Gold.

ORO FINO—Fine gold.

ORO GRANDE—Large.

ORO LOMA—Gold slope.

OROVILLE—Golden city.

ORTEGA—Hazel grouse.

Oso—Bear.

Oso FLACO—Thin bear.

OTAY—A place full of rushes.

OZENA—An ulcer.

PAJARO—A bird.

PALA—Fire shovel.

PALMAS—Palms.

PALO ALTO—High stake.

PALOMA—The dove.

PALOMAR—Pigeon-house.

PALO VERDE—Green stake.

PANOCHA—Crude sugar.

PARAISO—Paradise.

PASADENA—Crown of the valley.

PASO ROBLES—Road of the oaks.

PASQUALITO—Little Pasqual.

PASTOREO—Pasturing.

PASTORIA DE LAS BORREGAS—Sheep's pasture.

PATATA—Potato.

PEDERNALES—Flints.

PENITENCIA—Penance.

PEÑON BLANCO—White large rock.

PERAL—Pear-tree.

PERMANENTE—Permanent.

PESCADERO—A fishmonger.

- PETALUMA—Little hills.
- PICACHO—Top; sharp points.
- PICO—Peak or hill.
- PIEDRA—Stone.
- PIEDRAS BLANCAS—White stones.
- PILAR—Pillar.
- PILARCITOS—Small pillars.
- PILITAS—Small basins.
- PINO BLANCO—White pine.
- PIÑON—Pine kernel.
- PINOS—Pines.
- PINTO—Spotted.
- PINTORESCO—Picturesque.
- PIOJO—Louse.
- PITAHAYA—Fruit of the cactus called “prickly pear.”
- PLACERITOS—Small gold fields.
- PLACIENTIA—A cheery spot.
- PLANADA—Level ground.
- PLANO—Plane.
- PLANTA—Plant.
- PLANTEL—Nursery garden.
- PLATEA—Pit, in theaters.
- PLAYA DEL REY—King’s beach or seashore.
- PLEYTO—Law suit.
- PLUMAS—Feathers.
- POINT DELGADA—Slender point.
- POINT LOMA—A slope ending in a point; a summit.
- POLVADERO—Dusty.
- POMAR—A garden of apple trees.
- POMONA—Goddess of fruit.
- POMPONIO—Pomponius.
- PONCHO—Blanket.
- PONTO—Starting-pole.
- PORQUE—Because.
- POSO—Well; pool.
- POTRERO—Cattle ranch or pasture.
- POWAY—A sigh, a yearning.
- POZO—A well.
- PRADERA—Meadow.
- PRADO—Meadow.
- PRENTA—Pledge.
- PRESIDIO—A garrison.

PRIETOS—Dark ones.

PRIMERO—First.

PROVIDENCIA—Providence.

PUEBLO—Town; village.

PUENTE ALTO—High bridge.

PUENTE—Bridge.

PUENTE GORDO—A wide broad bridge.

PUNTA—Point.

PURISIMA—Purest.

QUEMADA—Burnt.

QUIEN SABE—Who knows.

RANCHERIA—Large farm.

RAMADA—A bower; a thicket.

RAMAL—Branch; division.

RAMONA—Feminine of Raymond.

RANURA—Grove.

RAYO—Ray; thunderbolt.

REDONDO—Round.

REFINO—Double-refined.

REFUGIO—Refuge.

REMOLACHA—Beet-root.

RENO—Reindeer.

REPOLLO—Cabbage.

REPRESA—A dam.

REYES—Kings.

RINCON—Corner.

RINCONADA—Corner formed by two roads or two houses.

RIO BONITO—Pretty river.

RIO BRAVO—Wild river.

RIO CAMPO—Country river.

RIO GRANDE—Big river.

RIO HONDO—Deep river.

RIO OSO—Bear River.

RIO VISTA—River view.

RIPON—A bank.

RIVERA—Stream.

ROBLAR—Oak grove.

ROCA—Rock.

RODEO—Cattle round-up.

ROMERIA—A pilgrimage.

ROSARIO—Rosary.

ROSITA—Little Rose.

RUBIO—Ruddy; fair.

RUBIO CAÑON—Golden ruddy gorge.

SACATE—Grass; hay.

SACRAMENTO—Sacramento.

SACO—Sack; bag.

SAL—Salt.

SALADA—Salted.

SALIDA—Exit.

SALINAS—Salt pits.

SALTON—Grasshopper.

SALVADOR—Saviour.

SALVIA—Sage.

SAN AGUSTIN—St. Augustine.

SAN ANDREAS—St. Andrews.

SAN ANSELMO—St. Anselm.

SAN ANTONIO—St. Anthony.

SAN ARDO—St. Ardo.

SAN BENITO—St. Benedict.

SAN BERNABE—St. Barnaby.

SAN BERNARDINO—Little St. Bernard.

SAN BRUNO—St. Bruno.

SAN BUENA VENTURA—St. Good Fortune.

SAN CARLOS—St. Charles.

SAN CLEMENTE—St. Clement.

SAN DIEGO—St. James.

SAN DIEGUITO—Little St. James.

SAN DIMAS—St. Dimas.

SAN DOMINGO—St. Dominic.

SAN EMIGDIO—St. Emigdius.

SAN FELIPE—St. Philip.

SAN FERNANDO—St. Ferdinand.

SAN FRANCISCO—St. Francis.

SAN FRANCISQUITO—Little St. Francis.

SAN GABRIEL—St. Gabriel.

SAN GERONIMO—St. Jerome.

SAN GORGONIO—St. Gorgonius.

SAN GREGORIO—St. Gregory.

SAN IGNACIO—St. Ignatius.

SAN JACINTO—St. Hyacinth.

- SAN JERONIMO—St. Jerome.
SAN JOAQUIN—St. Joachim.
SAN JOSE—St. Joseph.
SAN JUAN—St. John.
SAN JUAN BAUTISTA—St. John the Baptist.
SAN JUAN CAJON DE SANTA ANA—St. John Canyon of St. Anne.
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—St. John Capistrano.
SAN JULIAN—St. Julian.
SAN JUSTO—St. Just.
SAN LEANDRO—St. Leander.
SAN LORENZO—St. Laurence.
SAN LORENZO ó TOPO—St. Lawrence, or Gopher.
SAN LUCAS—St. Luke.
SAN LUIS—St. Louis.
SAN LUIS GONZAGA—St. Aloysius Gonzaga.
SAN LUIS OBISPO—St. Louis, the bishop.
SAN LUISITO—Little St. Louis.
SAN LUIS REY—St. Louis, the king.
SAN MARCOS—St. Mark.
SAN MARINO—Holy mariner.
SAN MARTIN—St. Martin.
SAN MATEO—St. Matthew.
SAN MIGUELITO—Little St. Michael.
SAN MIGUEL—St. Michael.
SAN NICOLAS—St. Nicholas.
SAN ONOFRE—St. Onophrius.
SAN PABLO—St. Paul.
SAN PASQUAL—St. Pasqual.
SAN PEDRO—St. Peter.
SAN RAMON—St. Raymond.
SAN RAFAEL—St. Raphael.
SANTA BARBARA—St. Barbara.
SANTA CLARA—St. Clair.
SANTA GERTRUDIS—St. Gertrude.
SANTA LUCIA—St. Lucy.
SANTA MARIA DEL MAR—St. Mary of the Sea.
SANTA MONICA—St. Monica.
SANTA RITA—St. Rita.
SAN SIMEON—St. Simeon.
SANTA ANA—St. Anne.
SANTA ANITA—Little Ann.
SANTA CATALINA—St. Catherine.

- SANTA CLARA—St. Claire.
SANTA CRUZ—Holy Cross.
SANTA FE—Holy faith.
SANTA MARGARITA—St. Margaret.
SANTA MARIA—St. Mary.
SANTA PAULA—St. Pauline.
SANTA ROSA—St. Rose.
SANTA SUSANA—St. Susan.
SANTA TERESA—St. Teresa.
SANTA YNEZ—St. Inez.
SANTA YSABEL—St. Elizabeth.
SANTIAGO—James.
SAN TIMOTEO—St. Timothy.
SAN VICENTE—St. Vincent.
SAN YSIDRO—St. Isidor.
SAUCITO—Little alder.
SAUCOS RANCHO—Alder trees ranch.
SAUSAL—Willow grove.
SAUSAL REDONDO—Round willow grove.
SAUSALITO—A little willow.
SEGURO—Secure; sure.
SEÑORITA—Young lady; miss.
SERENA—Serene.
SERRANO—Mountaineer; a family name.
SIERRA DE SANTIAGO—St. James Ridge.
SIERRA MADRE—The Virgin Mother's mountain.
SIERRA MORENA—Dark Ridge.
SIERRA NEVADA—Snowy Ridge.
SIERRA PELONA—Hairless Ridge.
SIERRA VISTA—View of the mountain ridge.
SIESTA—Nap.
SIETE—Seven.
SISKIYOU—Lame horse.
SOBRANTE—Surplus.
SOBRE VISTA—Above view.
SOCORRO—Help; assistance.
SOLANO—Easterly wind.
SOLEDAD—Solitude.
SOLITA—A customary place.
SOLO—Alone.
SONOMA—Nose land.
SONORA—A cithorn.

SPADRA—A spade.

SUR CHIQUITO—Little South.

TALEGA—Bag; sack.

TAMALPAIS—Bay, mountain.

TECOLOTE—Owl.

TEJON—Badger.

TEMBLOR—Earthquake.

TEMECULA—An Indian name.

TEQUESQUITE—Saltpeter.

TERMINO—The term; the boundary.

TERRA BELLA—Beautiful land.

TIA JUANA—Aunt Jane.

TIBURON—Shark.

TIERRA ALTA—High land.

TIERRA BONITA—Pretty land.

TODOS SANTOS—All Saints.

TOPO—Gopher; mole.

TORO—Bull.

TORTUGA—Turtle.

TRABUCO—Blunderbuss.

TRANCAS—The stiles.

TRES PINOS—Three pines.

TRES VIAS—Three roads.

TRIGO—Wheat.

TRINIDAD—Trinity.

TRIUNFO—Triumph.

TROPICO—Tropical.

TUJUNGA—Extinct tribe.

TULARCITOS—Little rushes.

TULARE—Place of rushes.

TULE—Bull rushes.

TULE VISTA—Rushes view.

UNA—One.

USADO—Worn out; used.

UVA—Grape.

UVAS—Grapes.

VACAVILLE—Cow city.

VALENCIA—A city in Spain.

VALLA—Barrier.

VALLECITO—Little valley.

VALLECITOS—Vales.

VALLEJO—Named after a Spanish general.

VALLEMAR—Sea Valley.

VAL VERDE—Green valley.

VAL VISTA—The valley that is seen.

VECINO—Neighbor.

VEGA—An open plain.

VEJAR—To vex.

VENADO—Deer.

VENIDA—Coming; overflow of a river.

VENTA—Sale; a poor inn on roads.

VENTANA—Window.

VENTURA—Fortune, fate.

VERANO—Summer.

VERAS—Reality; truth.

VERDE—Green.

VERDEMONTE—Green mountain.

VERRUGA—Wart.

VIBORAS—Snakes.

VICENTE—Vincent.

VICTORIA—Victory.

VIEJAS—Old women.

VIENTO—Wind.

VILLA—Small town.

VINA—Vineyard.

VINO—Wine.

VISALIA—A lookout place.

VISTA—View.

VISTA DEL ARROYO—A view of the rivulet.

VISTA DEL MAR—View of the sea.

VISTA DEL VALLE—View of the valley.

VISTA GRANDE—Grand view.

VIVIENDA—Lodging; apartment.

VOLCAN—Volcano.

WYNOLA—Small Indian bird.

YERBA BUENA—Good herb.

YERMO—Desert.

YORBA LINDA—A fine herb.

YOLO—Place thick with rushes.

YOSEMITES—Large grizzly bear.

YUBA—Grape.

YUCA—Adam's needle.

YSIDORA—Feminine of Isidore.

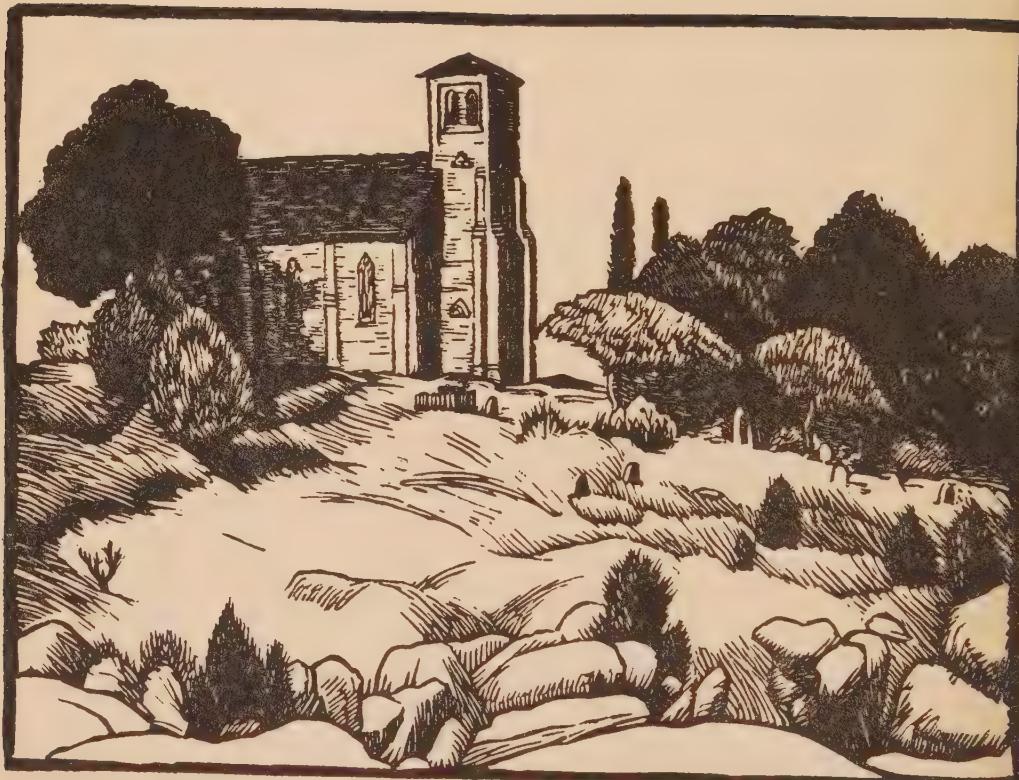
YSIDRO—Isidore.

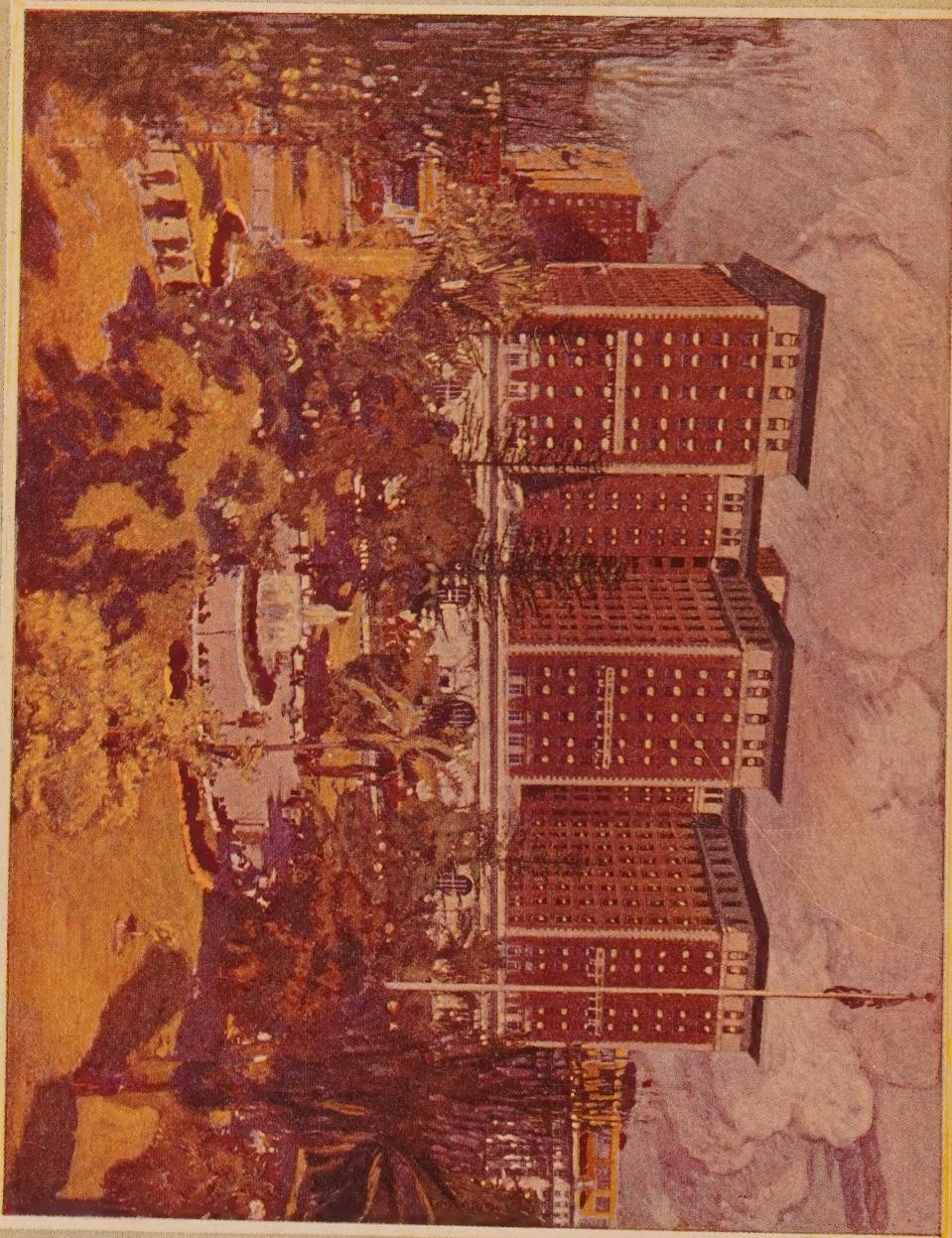
ZANJA—Ditch.

ZANJONES—Deep ditches.

ZAPATERO—Shoemaker.

ZAPATO—Shoe.





Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles, California.



A Mountain Lake.

